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Brief Chronicles.

BY

WILLIAM WINTER.

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PART I. - 3



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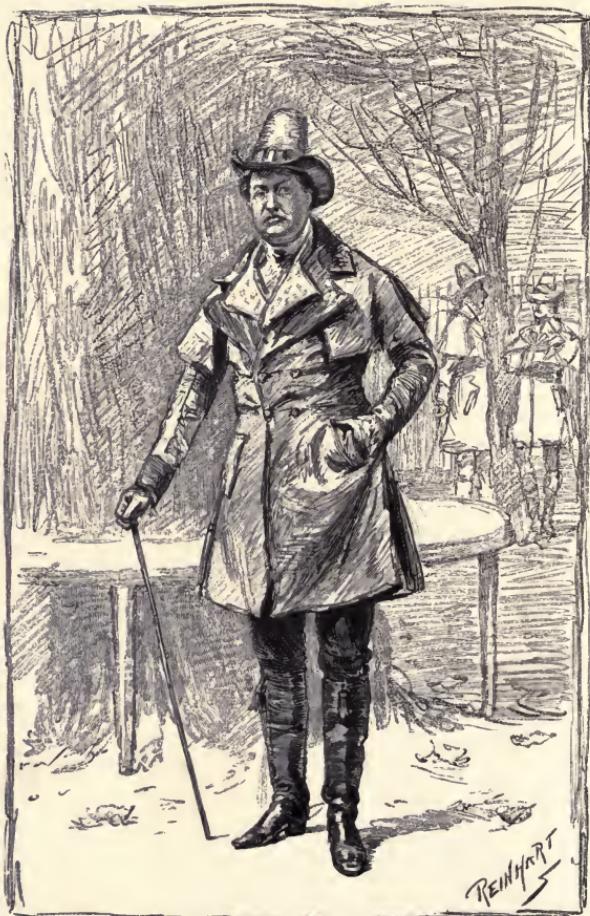


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BRIEF CHRONICLES.





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Drawn from life by C. S. REINHART.*

JOHN BROUGHAM,
AS SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

BRIEF CHRONICLES

BY

WILLIAM WINTER

*"For they are the abstracts and
brief chronicles of the time."*

HAMLET.



NEW-YORK
THE DUNLAP SOCIETY
1889



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TO MIAU
MIAU MIAU

TO

EDWIN BOOTH

THE LEADER OF THE AMERICAN STAGE
THE BENEFACTOR OF HIS PROFESSION
THE FRIEND OF ART AND ARTISTS
ARE DEDICATED THESE BRIEF CHRONICLES
OF TIMES AND ACTORS
THAT WE HAVE KNOWN TOGETHER

WILLIAM WINTER

+

*“Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili.
Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum
Poscis Quinctilium deos.”*

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PREFACE.

This book is mostly composed of biographical sketches of actors and of other persons who have been connected with the American stage in my own time. All these persons I have seen and most of them I have known. The sketches here collected and revised were written by me in various journals with which I have been, at different times, associated, as a contributor, since 1860. Among these may be named the "New-York Tribune," the "Weekly Review," "The Albion," "Harper's Weekly," the "Saturday Press," the "Leader," "Vanity Fair," and the "Boston Gazette." In almost every instance the sketch is one that was written upon the moment, to record the death of the person whom it commemorates. The present reader, accordingly, will find here the impressions, set down while still fresh, that were made by various distinguished and interesting men and women of the stage upon the mind of a writer of their own time. From this point of view I venture to hope that the book will be found a useful addition to the existent materials for the history of the stage in America.

WILLIAM WINTER.

New - York, February 22, 1889.



Brief Chronicles.

EDWIN ADAMS.

THE death of Edwin Adams has so long been expected that its occurrence (in Philadelphia, October 28, 1867), though it brings to his many friends a lonely dejection of feeling which is grievous and unspeakable, will bring them no surprise. They ought, perhaps, rather to be grateful that a lingering and hopeless misery is at last ended, though they will bitterly deplore the loss of a companionship that was exceptionally pleasant and dear. Those who knew Edwin Adams well—musing now over the past, and calling him back to view as he was in his brilliant manhood—will reflect that a man more brave, gentle, and tender, more wholesome in his nature and more winning in personal peculiarities, never lived. In his appearance and demeanor, as in those of his beloved friend J. W. Wallack, Jr., who preceded him “into the silent land,”

there was a happy frankness, an ingenuous glee, a strong, calm, and sweet manliness, which attracted every eye and captivated every heart. Edwin Adams looked like the handsome, gallant, dashing sailor lad of fiction; and so he filled to absolute perfection the ideal, at once popular and poetic, of breezy life and gay audacity. The death of such a man is the extinction of a light that cheered, a beauty that hallowed, a goodness that strengthened and encouraged all who came within the scope of his influence. He leaves sadness in many hearts; but also he leaves gentle and affectionate remembrance, which is better than either riches or fame.

A man must possess originality of mind and strength as well as sweetness of character, however, who makes an impression on the time through which he lives. Mr. Adams was a force as well as a charm in the dramatic life of his period. While thoroughly good and natively fine (and to be this is to be "one man picked out of ten thousand"), he yet excelled in other ways. He possessed emotional, creative power in the use of the methods of dramatic art. To define his potency as an actor was not easy, even in his stage-presence and while the impression it produced remained still fresh and familiar. The thought that now broods upon the memory of him must find the task still harder. He acted many kinds of parts. He was seen in Shakspere, in the old comedies, and in modern romantic drama. His range of character was large. He passed from *Mercutio* to *Richard the Third*; from *Rover* to *Iago*; from *Sir Thomas Clifford* to *Charles Surface*;

from *Edward Middleton* to *The Stranger*; from *Robert Landry* to *Enoch Arden*. He was not equally excellent in all lines; but he was versatile, and in all lines he was good; and it may be said of him that he did not stop short at the presentation of characters. He made them clearly visible and he made them influential; that is to say, he informed them with a vitality that empowered them to take and keep a distinct place in remembrance. The spectator of impersonations thus individualized and thus instinct with life felt his imagination fired, his feelings thrilled, and his senses pleased. If regard be given to the methods of his acting, it should be said that he reached his results rather through the heart than through the intellect. He was not a deep analyst, nor an inveterate student, nor a worker in the mosaic of details. But he did splendid things by impulse. He was spontaneously and gracefully dramatic. He went right because his nature could not go wrong. He was a man of genius. Those who heard his voice, which in its fresh days was one of the most beautiful that were ever heard,—rich, melodious, soulful, and lovely,—needed no more than this to announce the presence of the divine fire.

Edwin Adams was born near Boston, Mass., February 3, 1834, and he made his first appearance on the stage at the National Theater in that city, August 29, 1853, acting *Stephen* in the "Hunchback." Later, at the Howard Athenæum, he was seen as *Bernardo*, in "Hamlet." In these little parts he showed talent and gave promise of excellence. In the autumn of 1854 he was a member of the company of the

Chestnut in Philadelphia. His first appearance in that city was made as *Charles Woodley*, in the drama of "The Soldier's Daughter." Later he acted in Baltimore and there he met with marked favor. About 1860 he went to Buffalo, and came out there as *Hamlet*, and then played a round of great parts; and he there won a signal success. A little later H. L. Bateman engaged him to act with Miss Kate Bateman and J. W. Wallack, Jr., and he was seen at the Winter Garden, New York, as *Clifford*; Miss Bateman acting *Julia*, and Mr. Wallack acting *Master Walter*. In this bright alliance he remained for a considerable time and traversed the country. His reappearance in New York was effected conspicuously on September 10, 1866, at the Broadway Theater [Wallack's old house], as *Robert Landry*, in "The Dead Heart." He subsequently acted *Adrian de Taligny*, in R. T. Conrad's drama of "The Heretic"; and also he presented *Romeo* and *Rover*. On February 3, 1869, when Edwin Booth's Theater was first opened, he appeared as *Mercutio*; and shortly thereafter he was seen as *Narcisse*, *Iago*, *Raphael*, *Rover*, and *Claude Melnotte*. At that theater, on June 21, 1869, he acted *Enoch Arden*—with which part his name is so closely associated—for the first time in New York. As *Enoch Arden*, and in some of the other characters that have been named, he appeared in many cities, after that time. In 1876 he visited Australia, where he visibly declined in health and from which land his death was reported. He returned thence to San Francisco, and on February 12, 1877, at the California Theater, be-

ing in broken and declining health, he was the recipient of a benefit, generous in its sentiment and comfortable in its result. The tribute paid to him on that occasion, as was likewise the case subsequently in New York, took the form not so much of homage to the actor as of fealty to the man. Writers and speakers did not, indeed, forget his achievements in dramatic art; for they spoke of him as an excellent domestic and romantic actor. Great and peculiar emphasis, however, was laid on the extraordinary goodness of his heart. Edwin Adams was a type of worth that was not pretentious, amiability that was not insipid, virtue that was not dull. Nature, making him good and gentle, invested him also with a brilliant and fascinating charm, so that little children sported with love and pleasure in his presence and heroic ideals were realized in his art. He was one of the men who refresh mankind by splendid involuntary exposition of the loveliness inherent in human nature.

“ He made a heaven about him here,
And took, how much! with him away.”



LAURA C. ALEXANDER.

ON Monday, December 22, 1873, when, at Wallack's Theater, the comedy of "A Man of Honor" was for the first time represented, the character of *Catherine* in that piece was acted by Miss Laura Alexander. She continued to act the part for one week, when a sudden and serious illness caused her retirement from the stage and on January 13, 1874, she died. It is the melancholy fact that a sense of professional failure preyed upon this young lady's mind, embittered her last moments, and hastened her death. She presents, in brief, another instance of the broken heart that sometimes results from disappointed ambition. She was of a generous nature and an enthusiastic mind, and she made the mournful but common mistake of thinking that these are dramatic genius and trained mimetic skill upon the stage; and she had not patience to bear the burden of chagrin and sorrow that came of her thwarted aspiration. Her illness was more of the mind than of the body. The experience is one that ought to have its weight with the many crude and wayward aspirants who besiege the gates of the drama.

Miss Alexander was a native of Charlotte, North Carolina, and was only 24 years old. Her career in public began in 1870, at Ford's Theater, in Baltimore, and she subsequently made a professional tour of Southern cities, under J. T. Ford's management, winning much of that popular applause which it is

easy—and in youth natural—to mistake for solid reputation. At a later time she was a member of the traveling company of Fanny Janauschek, and her best professional experience appears to have been gained in the society of that excellent actress. More recently Miss Alexander was a member of the company at the Boston Theater. Her talents were considerable. Her mind was well cultivated. She would have adorned domestic life in polished society. She might, under happier conditions, have risen to a fair rank upon the stage. It was not a fair rank that she coveted, but a brilliant eminence, and, this being missed, her sad heart and broken hopes are laid in a premature grave.



H. L. BATEMAN.

ANOTHER of the old group of theatrical comrades—that numbered J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Mark Smith and George Jordan and Henry Placide among its choice spirits—has ceased from his labors and entered into his rest. H. L. Bateman—known throughout the United States as a theatrical manager and as the father of the distinguished American actress Kate Bateman—died in London March 22, 1875. Mr. Bateman was a man of such extraordinary vitality

that everybody who knew him received the news of his death with a thrill of surprise. He was one of those iron men who are expected, with universal concurrence, to outlive all their companions. He went on the stage in the West when a young man, and he was intimately associated with it for more than thirty years. The loss of such a veteran, even were there no personal cause for sorrow, would be sad to consider. It marks the flight of time and the steady encroachment of inexorable change.

Mr. Bateman was a distinct and formidable power in the world of the theater. He was acquainted with the vicissitudes of fortune, and yet he seldom failed in any enterprise upon which his heart was set. In 1860 he began, at the Winter Garden Theater, New York, to lay the foundation of the fame and fortune which have since been achieved by his daughter Kate. This was with his wife's play of "Evangeline." How persistently he worked in that cause is known to theatrical people and journalists in many cities of America and England. Earlier than that he had directed several seasons of brilliant effort, made by Matilda Heron, in his wife's play of "Geraldine." He brought the *Opera Bouffe* to America. He brought over Madame Parepa Rosa, and thus made the public acquainted with one of the true queens of song. For five years he managed the Lyceum Theater in London, and his especial favorite was Henry Irving — now a famous actor, but not heard of here till this indomitable will and tireless energy took up the duty of presenting him to the world. Mr.

Bateman was at times harsh and hard in his dealings, and he made enemies when in the mood of the tyrant. But the enmities did not last long. There was something almost comic in the fervency and resolute purpose of this earnest worker. It was not difficult to set the twinkle of suppressed mirth in the flashing eyes of this seemingly ferocious Boanerges, with his shaggy, iron-gray mane and his warlike voice. He could easily lapse into laughter and melt into tears. His stories were of the merriest order. His song was jovial. He had a kind heart and a liberal hand. It was his aggressive personality and his craze for some work of selfish devotion that made him sometimes fierce.

As an actor he displayed efficiency, with no especial bent of inclination or brilliancy of performance. The last parts that he played were the *Bard*, in "Geraldine," and the stern father in De Walden's play of "Rosa Gregorio." He will not be remembered as an actor, but his name will be kept bright in the hearts of surviving comrades who loved him, and it will hold a place in the history of the stage—to which he contributed more than one ornament and on which he helped to build up more than one honorable reputation.



HARRY BECKETT.

HARRY BECKETT, comedian, who died on Saturday, October 23, 1880, came to America with the Lydia Thompson Troupe, and made his first appearance on the New York stage at Wood's Museum, now (1889) Daly's Theater, as *Minerva*, in "Ixion." His performance was a hit on the opening night, and he became, and ever after remained, a favorite with the public. After several seasons of travel he settled at Wallack's Theater, in October, 1873, as the low comedian of the company, and when he left it, in 1879, to go to England, he did so with the intention of returning in about one year.

His professional career became more conspicuous in America than it had been in England. He acted many standard parts while at Wallack's, among which were *Goldfinch*, *Zekiel Homespun*, *Acres*, *Tony Lumpkin*, *Moses*, and *Touchstone*. He was truthful and fine, also, as *Krux*, in "School," and *Meddle*, in "London Assurance." At the Holland Benefit, in 1871, he acted in "Box and Cox" with G. L. Fox. He was excellent as *Graves* in "Money," and as *Aminadab Sleek*; and he afforded brilliant proof of his varied ability by his great success as *Harvey Duff*, in "The Shaughraun," and *Sergeant Buster*, in "Forbidden Fruit." A greater contrast could not be easily found. In these parts he was the original, and he seized them with clear perception, drew them in bold outline, and painted them with strong and fine color. He made another marked hit

as the serious son of "My Awful Dad." His latest success was gained as *Clicquot*, in "Contempt of Court," with which Mr. Wallack opened the season of 1879-80.

Mr. Beckett's signal power as a comedian consisted in his prodigious gravity of aspect in humorous situations. He had a nature in which imagination and deep feeling blended with humor and strong animal spirits. He was comical in all his ways, yet not consciously so—and that added to his charm. He was, likewise, a man of delicate sensibility and affectionate temperament; and those who became attached to him cherished his friendship with deep devotion.

There is something almost sinister in the repeated bereavements of the stage which have so darkened this year (1880). The loss of this kind, gentle, merry creature,—who diffused so much innocent pleasure and led such a blameless life, respected in all its relations, whether at the hearth-stone, in the club, or on the stage,—is not the least of these afflicting dispensations. Beckett's grave is in Brompton Cemetery, marked by a stone that was placed there by the Lambs Club, of New York.



JOHN BELLEW.

MR. BELLEW, the famous dramatic reader, died in London on June 19, 1874. The full name of this artist was John Chipendale Montesquieu Higgin, for which he substituted his mother's name of Bellew. He was the son of Capt. Robert Higgin, and was born in 1823. In his sketch of the life of Dean Swift ("The Poet's Corner," p. 439), he speaks of himself as "nearly related to the family of Swift, and to her who now inherits the property at Goodrich, which has descended from Swift's grandfather in a direct line to its present possessor." He was educated at Oxford, entered the pulpit in 1848, and in 1851 went, as a clergyman, to Calcutta, where he remained four years. In 1855 he returned to London, and for some time thereafter preached in a chapel in St. John's Wood, where he enjoyed a great popularity. He presently became a Ritualist, afterward a Roman Catholic, and still later reverted to the English Church. He has been mentioned as the basis of Thackeray's sketch of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, in the novel of "The Newcomes." After leaving the pulpit he became a public reader, and some of his elocutionary experiments upon Shakspere's plays attracted much attention in English cities. He was at one time the teacher of Mr. Fechter in English language and drama. His visits to the United States remain in pleased remembrance. His fine presence, his snow-white hair, and

his deep and well-modulated voice, combined with dramatic intuitions and an impressive and polished style of delivery, made him a unique and popular platform actor; and, while the novelty lasted, he was successful. Failing health compelled his return to England at an early period of his second American season. His chief contribution to literature is the work already mentioned, "The Poet's Corner," published by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, London, in 1868. This is a manual for students of English poetry, and it contains selections from 110 authors, together with biographical sketches of them by Mr. Bellew. The first date is 1328, and the last is 1813, so that the compilation covers a period of 485 years. The book is a good one, since the selections are made with taste and the sketches are written in a compact, sensible, and fluent style. The work, indeed, displays an intimate acquaintance with British poetry and many fine qualities of mind and temperament in its editor. Mr. Bellew was a genial man, and had he possessed a large fortune he would have dispensed hospitality in the good old baronial style. There is this taste of his quality in a private letter that he wrote from the Lake of Como in August, 1873: "Your ideal manor-house, with stained-glass windows, is quite to my taste (archæology is my pet vice), but I fear there is many a weary mile for me to tread before the Tudor gables and the 'front of timber-crossed antiquity' break upon the vision." In the same letter he says: "As for the hospitality and kindness shown to a stranger in America I never can speak too emphati-

cally." Mr. Bellew made friends in the United States, by whom he is kindly remembered; and he has left an example and an influence that will tend to make public readings fresh, crisp, and animated. Whatever were the defects of this artist, he was not a bore; he did something more than to stick a rose in his button-hole and tire a back parlor with "Hohenlinden" and "The Song of the Shirt."



GEORGE BELMORE.

GEORGE BELMORE died at No. 64 Fourth Avenue, New York, at about 3 o'clock A. M., November 15, 1875. In losing Mr. Belmore the stage loses a comedian of great ability and the public loses a source of innocent and salutary pleasure. He acted but two parts on the American stage, and to the local public, accordingly, he is less a fact than a name. In those two parts, however, he revealed a nature delicately sympathetic with the finer and sweeter emotions of the human heart, together with perfectly competent skill to give those emotions an effective expression in spontaneous and graceful forms of art. Upon the British stage Mr. Belmore was known for nearly twenty-five years and he was seen in many important and exacting parts—requiring the glow of genius for their soul and the deft combination

of many amiable, humorous, pathetic, and eccentric traits for their form.

He was of theatrical lineage. His grandfather was James Carr, a stage-manager under John Philip Kemble and indentified with active theatrical life in the days of Elliston. His mother, Caroline Carr, became the wife of George Garstin. In adopting the stage he adopted a professional name. His first appearance was made in June, 1848, at Devon, in a strolling company; and thereafter he had much experience of the provincial stage. His first appearance in London was made at the Marylebone Theater, December 26, 1856, as *Bokes*, in a drama named "The Creole, or Love's Fetters." He was afterward connected, successively, with the Strand, the St. James's, Astley's, the Adelphi, Drury Lane, and the Lyceum, and his reputation as an actor constantly increased as the years drifted on. At length,—when in 1867, taking advantage of the exceptional public excitement then prevalent on the subject of the Turf, Dion Boucicault wrote the drama of "The Flying Scud," and that piece was brought out at the Holborn Theater,—Mr. Belmore was cast for *Nat Gosling*; and in that character he made a hit which speedily became famous throughout Great Britain. At the Holborn he acted the old horse-jockey 276 consecutive nights, and he then made the circuit of the provincial theaters and gave upward of 400 additional performances of this part. One of the consequences of his brilliant success in this peculiar direction was excessive intimacy with the sporting men of the time, and the adoption by him of some of their

customs. At first Mr. Belmore prospered in betting, but eventually he became a heavy loser and his fortunes were swamped. In 1872 the final crash came upon him, and he had a bitter experience of adversity. In 1874 he made arrangements for a professional trip to America, and a farewell dinner was given to him in London by his professional associates and friends,—at which he made an address not devoid of indications of what his sensitive spirit had suffered. The manager who had engaged him for America faded out, however, and the expedition had to be postponed. Later,—notwithstanding an edict of restraint issued, at the suit of Mr. Chatterton, by the Lord Chancellor,—Mr. Belmore determined to try his fortunes in America, and accordingly he came over to New York, under the management of Samuel Colville. His first appearance in America was made on September 20, 1875, at Booth's Theater, N. Y., as *Nat Gosling*, in "The Flying Scud." He acted three weeks. The last two nights of his engagement,—ending October 9,—were devoted to *Newman Noggs*, which he personated in a new adaptation of "Nicholas Nickleby," made for him by George F. Rowe. He afterward appeared at the Brooklyn Theater, and elsewhere, fulfilling with difficulty a few other engagements. His last appearance upon any stage was made on November 9, 1875, at the Boston Theater, in "The Flying Scud."

Mr. Belmore was distinguished for his impersonations of *Caleb Plummer*, *Newman Noggs*, *Silas Wegg*, *Stephen Hargreaves* (*The Softy*, in "Aurora Floyd"), and *The Deal Boatman*. His acting had the

magnetic power of sweet temperament and his method was marked by beauty of repose and by unerring discretion. He knew when to pause and when to cease. He could make tenderness respected and virtue reverenced. Few finer things have been seen on the stage than his exhibition of old *Nat Gossling's* solicitude for the animals committed to his care and fostered by his love; and his portrayal of an old man's sympathy with the grief of a broken-hearted girl. The images that will long be associated with his acting are those of the rose-covered cottage porch and the humble fireside of the happy poor. He was at home with the loves and trials and afflictions of the lowly and amidst the kind oddities of the human race. His life ended in misfortune and misery, and it might easily be used to point a conventional moral; but that is always dreary platitude. He tried to the last to do his duty, and he left the fragrance of a gracious memory to many friends—and to many whose friendship he never knew that he possessed. His last days were made as comfortable as it was possible to make them by the kind care of Samuel Colville, H. J. Montague, George Honey, and Harry Wall. He wanted for nothing. He died in poverty, but he had made provision, to some extent, for his widow and children, by leaving to them an insurance on his life. His grave is at Greenwood.



MRS. W. R. BLAKE.

AT Long Branch, on Saturday, the 21st of May, 1881, died Mrs. Caroline Blake, widow of the comedian, William Rufus Blake, in the eighty-fourth year of her age. She survived her husband eighteen years — his death having occurred on April 22, 1863. Mrs. Blake was born Caroline Placide, being a daughter of Alexandre Placide, formerly manager of a theater at Charleston, S. C., and sister to Henry, Thomas, Eliza, and Jane Placide, all known upon the stage, and all dead. Her first husband was Mr. Leigh Waring, to whom she was married on June 23, 1814, and by whom she had one daughter, Anna Duff Waring, who became Mrs. W. Sefton and then Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr. Leigh Waring died, and his widow was wedded on August 26, 1826, to William Rufus Blake. She went upon the stage when about ten years old, and in her mature womanhood she became an excellent actress, in many lines of business. She was a fine vocalist, also, and her rendering of simple ballads was accounted exquisite and unsurpassed by any artist of her time. In person she was a sparkling brunette and best suited to comedy. Her last professional appearances were made in old women characters, and she was last seen upon the stage in May, 1862, at the Winter Garden Theater, when Miss Kate Bateman was acting there, in her mother's play of "Geraldine," and in T. B. De Walden's play of "Rosa Gregorio." This lady came of a direct

theatrical ancestry, and her name sends the thought of the dramatic student a long way back in theatrical annals: her mother, Mrs. A. Placide,—who had been Mrs. Pownall, and who became Mrs. Lafolle,—was the daughter of James Wrighten, a member of Garrick's Company, at Drury Lane, in 1774, and for many years prompter at Drury Lane and the Hay-market. Mrs. Blake was buried beside her husband, at Greenwood.



HUMPHREY BLAND.

THE well-known actor and theatrical manager Humphrey Bland died in New York on Sunday, January 15, 1869, at the age of fifty-seven. Mr. Bland was born in England, where, at an early age, he adopted the pursuit of acting, in which he was speedily successful, and of which he lived to become a distinguished ornament. Many of his early successes were won at Liverpool. In that city he married Miss Harriet Faucit, elder sister of Helen Faucit, whom, however, he survived many years. In youth Mr. Bland won distinction as *Romeo* and *Orlando*, and in other parts of that order. In his latter years he appeared only in character parts. The hit that he made as *Melter Moss*, in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," when W. J. Florence brought out that piece at the Winter

Garden in 1863, was exceptionally brilliant. The performance was a thorough and admirable work of art, and its definite outline and vivid coloring attracted the more attention from the fact that it was, to a certain extent, based upon a personage well known in dramatic circles of New York — Capt. Jack Myers [long since dead]. Mr. Bland passed many years of his active life in America, and attracted to himself a large circle of friends. The last enterprise that occupied his attention was the management of Wall's Opera House, in Washington, which he undertook in conjunction with Mr. Lewis Baker. Mr. Bland was a diligent and devoted student of his art, and a faithful, conscientious actor. Estimable in private life, he enjoyed the respect of all who knew him; while to his intimate friends he was endeared by his geniality of nature and manners and the agreeable quaintness of his individuality. He left a widow and children. His death occurred at No. 39 Lafayette Place, N. Y.



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH — THE 2D.*

IN the death of this well-known manager and actor (who expired at the Masconomo House, Manchester, Mass., September 16, 1883), it cannot rightly be said that the stage suffers a serious loss, for Mr.

* The widow of the famous tragedian Junius Brutus Booth, the elder, died at No. 339 West Twenty-third Street, New York,

Booth, though long connected with the theater, was never an actor of exceptional powers, and he had, in a great measure, withdrawn from the dramatic profession. His lineage, however, and his labors, both as manager and actor, had made him a conspicuous figure in the stage history of his time, so that his removal from the busy scenes of life is a reminder alike of the rapid flight of years and of the vanishing legends of a storied past. He was the eldest son of one of the great actors of this century, and the brother of the foremost American tragedian. He was born in 1821, at Charleston, S. C., and he went on the stage in 1834; so that his professional career extended over a period of nearly fifty years. In 1843 he was a member of the stock company at the Bowery Theater, New York,—in the days of T. Hamblin and J. R. Scott. About the time of the gold fever, 1848-49, he went to California, and on returning he drew such a rosy picture of the prosperity of that region that he induced his famous father to make a trip to the Pacific shore. This was in 1852, and both Junius and Edwin accompanied the tragedian and became members of his stock company at the Jenny Lind Theater in San Francisco. It was on his home-

on October 22, 1885. She had passed her eighty-third birthday and for some time had been infirm. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Holmes. She was married to the elder Booth in England and came with him to America. She was never on the stage, but her recollections of theatrical life, as associated with her husband and children, were many and interesting. She was the mother of ten children, of whom only her sons Edwin and Joseph survive (1889). Her remains were buried in the same grave with those of her husband, at Baltimore.

ward journey from California that the elder Booth died, November 30, 1852, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Junius and Edwin remained in California,—the former becoming a manager, and the latter laying the foundations of the great power and fame as an actor that he has since acquired. Junius managed the theater called the San Francisco Hall,—in which Edwin acted “utility” parts, and presently made his first signal hit as *Richard III*,—and he remained in California for many years after Edwin had returned to the East. In 1867 Junius was one of the managers of the Boston Theater, and on quitting that house he came to his brother’s theater in New York, where, in February, 1872, he was seen as *Cassius* in “*Julius Cæsar*”; and of that house he became manager in June, 1873, upon Edwin Booth’s retirement. Booth’s Theater was conducted by him for one season, in the course of which he revived Shakspere’s historical play of “*King John*,” and himself personated the monarch, with John McCullough as *Falconbridge*, and Agnes Booth as *Queen Constance*. This was the most important effort in acting that he ever made before the New York public; but it was far from being his best impersonation. He acted, in his day, various lines of character and many parts, both great and small; but no performance of his displayed the faculty of imagination, the power of embodiment, and the intensity of dramatic feeling more brilliantly than that of the ruffian *Lowrie* in “*That Lass o’ Lowrie’s*,” which was first done at Booth’s Theater and afterward on the country circuit. He was thoroughly

versed in the technicalities of his profession, but he never could be considered the inheritor of his father's genius. That was a bright and memorable occasion when, at the old Winter Garden Theater, the three brothers, Junius, Edwin, and John Wilkes Booth, acted together, as *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Antony*—an occasion when the superiority of Edwin Booth was distinctly manifested.

J. B. Booth was thrice married. His first wife was Miss De Bar, a vocalist and comic actress, born in Ireland, in 1810, who came out in 1836 at New Orleans, and was seen the next year at Niblo's, in New York. His second wife was Miss Harriet Mace, formerly of the National Theater, Boston, who died in 1859. He married, in 1867, Mrs. Agnes Perry, widow of Harry Perry. (She is now, 1889, the wife of Mr. John B. Schoeffel.) Mr. Booth also left a daughter, Miss Marian Booth, who has often been seen upon the stage. The Booth family now (1889) consists of Edwin and Joseph. Originally there were ten children of the famous elder Booth, namely, Junius Brutus, Rosalie Ann, Henry Byron, Mary, Frederick, Elizabeth, Edwin, Asia Sydney, John Wilkes, and Joseph Addison. During his last years Mr. Booth was concerned in the ownership and management of the Masconomo House, a summer hotel, at Manchester, Massachusetts. In person, except that he was somewhat larger and heavier, he resembled his father. The similarity was especially perceptible in the shape of the jaw and in the air of command and predominance that marked the carriage of the head. The elder Booth, however, had blue eyes, which at

moments of excitement shone with a terrible light. In the face of Edwin Booth, when acting *Sir Giles*, *Richard*, or *Pescara*, this hereditary peculiarity becomes visible, but it never was perceptible in the face of Junius. He was of a reserved temperament, capable, however, of genial cordiality and humor, and he was of simple manners.



MARY McVICKER BOOTH.

MARY McVICKER, the second wife of Edwin Booth, who died in New York November 13, 1881, was born in a Western city in 1849. Her maiden name was Mary Runnion. Her mother subsequently became the wife of Mr. J. H. McVicker, the manager,—for many years the leader of theatrical enterprise in Chicago,—and the child took the name of her step-father, and grew up as Mary McVicker. At an early age she evinced unusual talent for music and in that art she was carefully educated. When only nine years old she sang in concerts with Signor Brignoli, and she was then considered a remarkable type of precocious talent. She also appeared on the dramatic stage in juvenile parts, such as *Little Eva*, in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” Edwin Booth first saw her about 1858. Their next meeting occurred in 1867, when Booth was acting at McVicker’s Theater, Chicago,

and when she came forward as *Ophelia* to his *Hamlet*. They were then betrothed, and in that relation they acted together during this Chicago engagement and several others. They were married on June 7, 1869, at Long Branch, New Jersey, where for a time they resided. Mrs. Booth, as Miss McVicker, had in the meanwhile made her first professional appearance in New York, on the occasion of the opening of Booth's Theater, February 3, 1869, when she appeared as *Juliet* to Booth's *Romeo*. This tragedy was succeeded, on April 12, by "Othello,"—Booth acting the *Moor* and Mary McVicker appearing as *Desdemona*. "Othello" held the stage till May 29, on which date Miss McVicker made her farewell appearance. She then retired from the stage, and she never acted again, although she was her husband's companion in his professional travel and labor. They had one child, a boy, born July 3, 1870, who lived but a few hours. Their married life extended over a period of twelve years. Mrs. Booth has passed away in the thirty-second year of her age. Edwin Booth's first wife, Mary Devlin, to whom he was married on July 7, 1860, in New York, died on February 21, 1863, in her twenty-third year, leaving a daughter, Edwina, who still lives, to be, as she has ever been, her father's comfort and hope, his chief care in life, and the mainstay of his existence.

The second Mrs. Booth was remarkable for energy of character and for practical administrative ability in the affairs of business and social life, rather than for especial talent in acting. She had neither the figure, the countenance, the voice, nor the personal charm

that are essential for success upon the stage, and her acting, although intelligent, was devoid of both tenderness and power. She acted all along the range from *Lady Macbeth* to *Ophelia*. Her courage was audacious; her ambition knew no bounds; and the fiery energy of her spirit kept her in restless activity and ultimately consumed her life. As an actress she did not reach the height to which she had aimed, and her mind never resigned itself to this disappointment. Her best effort on the stage was *Desdemona*—a performance that had sweetness, feeling, and a touch of ideal heroism. Her singing of the Willow Song was an exquisite bit of plaintive melody and forlorn pathos. Her thoughts on dramatic subjects were marked by a good power of discrimination and by practical sense. Reared in a theater and long associated with theatrical persons and affairs, she had a real and positive knowledge of the stage, and thus she could, and did, render valuable assistance to her husband in his professional toil. It is known that she expressed the intention of writing a descriptive account of every one of Edwin Booth's impersonations, and that she made copious and minute notes, night after night, during a period of years, of all the "readings" and "business" employed by him, and often of his remarks on the various characters he had assumed. This work she designed should be copiously illustrated; and had her purpose been fulfilled there is no doubt that the literature of the theater would have gained a treasure. The most delightful quality of her mind was its faculty of humor. She had a keen sense of the comic and the ridiculous,

and her felicitous language and animated manner, in describing eccentric character or humorous incident and conduct, were excessively droll. Had she chosen to play Irish girls, in farces, she would have succeeded. In appearance she was singular,—of a slight figure, small stature, and dusky aspect. She had an infantile countenance, small features, dark hair, and gray eyes, and her movements were quick and nervous. She had been in ill-health for many years. The mental disturbance which became sadly obvious in her last days made itself manifest early to her husband, and he watched and tended her with patient devotion throughout the vicissitudes of painful and sorrowful decay.

Mrs. Booth was seriously ill when she went to England with him in June, 1880, and while abroad she had the attendance of eminent physicians, and everything was done for her that skill could compass or affectionate care provide. After her return her mental malady took such a shape that he was presently compelled to keep out of her presence—although his practical care of her never ceased. This unfortunate and distressing state of domestic affairs led to the publication of many slanders against Edwin Booth, as obnoxious to truth as they were cowardly and brutal. In his affliction,—thus deeply embittered by the malice of inveterate and willful enmity,—he had the sympathy of all right-minded persons, no less than the consciousness of duty thoroughly, honorably, and tenderly fulfilled, in the most delicate relation of life and under circumstances calculated to shake the strongest spirit.

JOHN BROUGHAM.

I.

THOSE who have known and loved John Brougham—and of him truly it may be said, “none knew him but to love him”—should be grateful that his earthly pilgrimage is over. For a long time he had been in sickness and sorrow. The malady from which he suffered was very painful, and it was incurable. He was more than seventy years of age; he had seen many of his friends drop away; he had outlived his once brilliant popularity with the public; he was, without being aware of it, losing his intellectual vigor; and the circumstances of his fortune were such as constantly preyed upon his mind. He still labored with his pen, and he still cherished plans for the future; but these labors were mostly frustrated by the weakness of age, and these plans were mostly of an impracticable character and destined to disappointment. There seemed to be nothing left for him but trouble, and, therefore, the hearts to whom he was endeared should find their comfort in the thought that his toil-worn, sensitive, suffering spirit is now beyond the reach of earthly care and pain.

“Alive, we would have changed his lot—
We would not change it now.”

The life of John Brougham (who died, June 7, 1880, at No. 60 East Ninth St., New York), notable for many

things, has been especially remarkable for two qualities — its brilliancy and its goodness. Fifty years of it he passed upon the stage; and, both as actor and author, his influence always tended to gladden and sweeten the human experience of which he was a part. The reason of this was that back of the actor and author there was a true man. His heart was large, warm, and charitable; his mind was eager, hopeful, cheerful, and actively creative; his instincts were virtuous and kindly; his temperament was gentle; and his consideration for others — which extended to the humblest of living creatures, was thoughtful of the most minute point of delicacy, found excuse for every fault, and gave forgiveness for almost every wrong — sprang from the spontaneous desire that everybody should be happy. His thoughts, and often his talk, dwelt upon the great disparity of conditions in society, the struggles and sufferings of the poor, and the relation of evil to the infirmities of human nature. He did not live for himself alone, but he was profoundly and practically interested in others; and this feeling, as potent as it was genuine, animated all his life, colored all his work, and so commended him to the responsive sympathy and good-will of his generation that his name, on every lip, was the name of a friend.

In his writings as in his acting the characteristic quality was a sort of off-hand dash and glittering merriment, a commingling of bluff, breezy humor with winning manliness. The atmosphere of his works was always that of sincerity, but it never had the insipidity of strenuous goodness. He was highly intellectual,

and at times poetic and romantic; but he was human and he was gay, and he loved to saturate life with the Celtic sparkle. His rich, rolling voice, with a touch of the brogue in it, sounds in all he wrote, and his happy, infectious laughter, for all who recall his acting, will ring on in memory as long as they shall live. The scope and variety of his labors were great. He threw himself with the keenest zest into the passing moment; he dreaded no task; he shunned no emergency; he attempted all sorts of composition, to which either his agile fancy impelled him, or which the need of the hour exacted; and, while he was not equally successful in every line of literature, or every walk of the stage, he produced a surprising quantity of sterling dramatic work, and he acted many and diversified parts in an admirable manner. During the first twenty years of his life — which were passed in and around the city of Dublin, where he was born, May 9, 1810 — he was provided with opportunities of liberal education; and these he improved, acquiring knowledge, however, as he has said of himself, rather by absorption than application; and all his life he was a reader and a student; so that his labors were based on a solid foundation of good mental discipline. In other words, he was a scholar; and the operations of his mind, however impulsive and erratic they sometimes may have been, were usually guided and restrained by that knowledge of the intellectual field, and that sense of proportion and harmony, of fitness and of taste, which only scholarship can give.

He began life as a student of surgery, and for sev-

eral months walked the Peter-Street Hospital, Dublin ; but a sudden stroke of adversity deprived him of the prospect of fortune, and threw him upon his own resources, and he thereupon went up to London, and by chance became an actor. This was an accident ; for, when destitute of money, he had offered himself as a cadet in the East India Company's service, and had only been restrained from enlisting by the recruiting officer,—a stranger, but a kind old man,—who gave him a guinea and urged him to seek some other and fitter employment. A chance encounter with an old acquaintance, within an hour or two after this incident occurred, led to his engagement at what was then the 'Tottenham-Street Theater, afterward the Prince of Wales's ; and there, in July, 1830, acting six characters in the old play of "Tom and Jerry," he began that sparkling professional career which death has closed, and which now is only a memory. In 1831 he was a member of the company organized by Madame Vestris for the London Olympic, and his name appears in the cast of "Olympic Revels" [“*Mars, Mr. Brougham*”] in the first full bill issued by that once famous manager. From the Olympic he made professional trips into the provinces, and played all sorts of parts. His first play was written at this time, and was a burlesque, prepared for William E. Burton, who then was acting in London, at the Pavilion Theater. When Vestris removed from the Olympic to Covent Garden, Brougham followed her thither, and there he remained as long as Vestris and Charles Mathews were at the head of the theater ; and it was while there that [as he

always claimed] he coöperated with Dion Boucicault in writing the comedy of "London Assurance."

In 1840 he became manager of the London Lyceum, which he conducted during summer seasons, and he wrote for production at this time "Life in the Clouds," "Love's Livery," "Enthusiasm," "Tom Thumb the Second," and, in conjunction with Mark Lemon, "The Demon Gift."

His American career began in 1842, when, as *O'Callaghan*, in "His Last Legs," he came forward at the old Park Theater, in New York. Those days, he said, were "the palmy days of light houses and heavy gas-bills." A starring tour of the country followed, and, incidentally, the comedian lost all his earnings, while endeavoring, aboard a Mississippi River steamboat, to learn our national game of "draw-poker." A little later he was employed in Burton's company, in New York, and for Burton he wrote "Bunsby's Wedding," "The Confidence Man," "Don Cæsar de Bassoon," "Vanity Fair," "The Irish Yankee," "Benjamin Franklin," "All's Fair in Love," "The Irish Emigrant," and a play on "Dombey and Son." Still later he managed Niblo's Garden, producing there his fairy tale called "Home," and the play of "Ambrose Germain," written for Mlle. Blangy. On December 23, 1850, he opened Brougham's Lyceum, in Broadway, near the south-west corner of Broome Street; and while there he wrote "The World's Fair," "Faustus," "The Spirit of Air," "Row at the Lyceum," a dramatization of "David Copperfield," and a new version of "The Actress of Padua"—the latter for Charlotte Cushman.

The demolition of the building next to his theater, however, made it appear to be unsafe, and so his business, which had begun well, was seriously injured; and he always said that the misdealing of a false friend took that property out of his hands and left him burdened with debt — all of which, however, he subsequently paid. In theatrical management he was always unfortunate — partly because he always acted from principle and never from expediency, partly because he would not consider the caprices of public taste, and partly because he was gentle and yielding in nature.

From the Lyceum — which afterwards became Wallack's Theater, and so remained till 1860 — he went to the Bowery (July 7, 1856), where he revived "King John," with superb scenery by Hilliard, and with a cast that included Edwin L. Davenport, Mrs. Davenport, William Wheatley, J. B. Howe, and Kate Reynolds; but this did not succeed, and he then wrote and produced a large number of Bowery dramas, among which were "The Pirates of the Mississippi," "The Red Mask," — based on a current tale called "The Gun-Maker of Moscow," — "Orion, the Gold Beater," "Tom and Jerry in America," and "The Miller of New Jersey." He then accepted employment in Wallack's company, and, for "the veteran's" theater, wrote "The Game of Love," a version of "Bleak House," "My Cousin German," "A Decided Case," "The Game of Life," the famous burlesque of "Pocahontas," "Neptune's Defeat," "Love and Murder," "Romance and Reality," "The Ruling Passion," and

“Playing With Fire.” After several seasons at Wallack’s he rejoined Burton — then at the Metropolitan Theater, formerly Tripler Hall, and finally the Winter Garden, in Broadway, nearly opposite to Bond street,— and there he produced his burlesque of “Columbus,” “This House to Be Sold,” and several other plays. In September, 1860, he went to England, where he remained five years. While there he adapted from the French, for Mr. Fechter, “The Duke’s Motto” and “Bel Demonio,” and wrote, for Miss Herbert, dramatic versions of “Lady Audley’s Secret,” and “Only A Clod.” He also wrote “While There’s Life There’s Hope,” acted at the Strand; “The Might of Right,” acted at Astley’s; “The Golden Dream,” produced at Manchester; the words of three operas: “Blanche de Nevers,” “The Demon Lovers,” and “The Bride of Venice”; several songs and poems, and several pieces of music, one of which, “The Bob-o-Link Polka,” subsequently became popular. His comedy of “Playing With Fire” was produced at the Princess’s Theater, and he himself acted there, and also at the Lyceum. His reappearance in America was effected on October 30, 1865, at the Winter Garden Theater, and he never afterwards left this land. He acted in a round of parts at that time, beginning with *Dr. Savage*, and continuing with *Foxglove*, in his own “Flies in the Web,” *Powhatan*, *Columbus*, and *McShane*, in “The Nervous Man and the Man of Nerve,” and he wound up the engagement, which lasted three months, with his drama of “O’Donnell’s Mission,” in which he acted *Roderick O’Donnell*.

In February, 1867, a new piece by Brougham, entitled "The Christian Martyrs," was produced at Barnum's Museum, and in May of the same year he filled a brief engagement at the Olympic, appearing as *O'Donnell*, *Captain Cuttle*, *Micawber*, and *Powhatan*. In the following August he again played there, and at the same time his drama of "Little Nell and the Marchioness," written for Lotta [Miss Charlotte Crabtree], was brought out at Wallack's Theater (August 14, 1867). In the summer of 1868 he produced, at the Walnut in Philadelphia, "Hearts; or, The Serpents of Society," and on June 8th, in that year, he brought forward, at Wallack's Theater, his melodrama of "The Lottery of Life," and himself acted the chief part. This had a run of nine weeks. In December, that year, his play of "The Emerald Ring," written for Barney Williams, was produced at the Broadway Theater—Wallack's old house—which Williams then managed. On January 25, 1869, he opened Brougham's Theater, on the site of what is now the Madison-Square Theater, with a comedy by himself, called "Better Late Than Never,"—in which he acted *Major Fergus O-Shaughnessy*,—and "The Dramatic Review for 1868." He subsequently produced an adaptation called "Irish Stew," and his capital burlesque, in which he used to act *Shylock*, entitled "Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice." This theater was taken out of his hands by the owner, the notorious James Fisk, Jr., who behaved in a dishonest, tyrannical, and brutal manner, and on April 3 Brougham closed his season with a performance of "His Last Legs." On the 4th a banquet

in his honor was given at the Astor House, and on May 18th he received a farewell benefit—performances being given at the theater which is now [1889] called the Fourteenth street, and at Niblo's Garden. The attempt to establish Brougham's Theater was his final effort in management. After that time he was connected with various stock companies, but chiefly with Daly's Theater and with Wallack's. Among his later works may be mentioned "The Red Light," in which he acted at Wallack's Theater, June 6, 1870, "Minnie's Luck," produced at the same house, "John Garth," given at Wallack's, December 12, 1871; "The Lily of France," brought out December 16, 1872, at Booth's Theater, by Miss Helen Temple, who enacted *Joan of Arc*, and "Slander," and "Good-Bye," in which he made his last professional tour of the country, in the fall of 1877. In 1852 Brougham edited a bright, comic paper in New York, called "The Lantern," and he published two collections of his miscellaneous writings, entitled "A Basket of Chips," and "The Bunsby Papers." On January 17, 1878, he received a testimonial benefit at the Academy of Music, at which the sum of \$10,278.56 was received; and this fund, after payment of the incidental expenses, was settled on him, in an annuity,—which expired at his death. It was thought that he would live for many years, and the desire and design of his friends, in the arrangement then made, was to insure his protection from want, in his old age. He began, years ago, the composition of an "Autobiography," at the earnest solicitation of a friend [the present writer],

but this remains unfinished. His last work was a drama entitled "Home Rule," in which he treated political and social affairs in Ireland. His last appearance on the stage was made as *Felix O'Reilly*, a detective, in Mr. Boucicault's play of "Rescued," at Booth's Theater, New York, October 25, 1879.

The recital of these facts is indicative of the current of his career, the great vitality and industry by which it was marked, and the variable success with which it was crowned. Actors, more than most of the persons who live by their labor in the realm of art, are necessarily affected by the immediate influences of their time. Their characters, in other words, are, to a considerable extent, bent and molded by public opinion and caprice. They feel the necessity of the instant response; and, accordingly, they are not slow to make that direct appeal in which very often there is more of impulse than of judgment, the tinsel of artifice rather than the pure gold of art. Brougham, like many of his contemporaries, recognized this necessity; but his sincerity of feeling, his sturdiness of character, his scholar-like taste, and his intense loyalty to the higher principles and best ideals of art were all combined in antagonism to worldly prudence and expediency; and, all through the story of his life, it is easy to trace, not merely a roving, drifting, careless disposition,—the light-hearted heedlessness and yielding amiability of Goldsmith, whom, in some ways, he resembled,—but the resolute bent of a mind that spontaneously insisted on going its own way and fulfilling its own laws. There was, indeed, in his intellectual

existence, no continuity of movement towards a definite goal, clearly seen afar off. But he was born to be a man of letters, a poetic artist, and a wit, and he could not, except in a fitful manner, take his cue from his circumstances. His experience, therefore, was often that of conflict with prevailing notions, and, towards the last, of considerable spiritual discontent.

The fact that fortune always, sooner or later, slipped through his fingers was, doubtless, chiefly ascribable to his buoyant Hibernian recklessness of the ordinary precautions of prudence, and to his heedless trust in everybody. He adapted “The Duke’s Motto” for Fechter, for instance, and it had a prosperous career in London ; but, all that he ever received for his work upon it was a box of cigars ; and with transactions of this kind his whole business career was spangled. But, even with a harder temperament, he would still have been at odds with the practical spirit of his time. He had originality as a man, even more than as a writer, and he was often a dreamer in the midst of the battle. Those of his dramatic works in which he himself took the most pleasure, and in which the student will hereafter discern the most of the man, are the burlesque of “Columbus,” the blank-verse drama of “The Lily of France,” and the comedy of “Playing With Fire.” They contain delicate thought, poetic suggestion, sweet-tempered satire, contemplative philosophy, and pathos. He often chose to appear to be, in a mild and elegant way, “the rantin’ roarin’ Irishman”; he was, in fact, nothing of the kind, but a pensive moralist, a poetic dreamer, a delicate, sensitive

gentleman, as frank and honest as a child, and as gentle as a woman.

His rank among actors it is difficult to assign. He excelled in humor rather than in pathos or sentiment, and was at his best in the expression of comically eccentric character. Among the parts that will live in memory, as associated with his name, are *Stout* in "Money," *Dennis Brulgruddery* in "John Bull," *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* in "The Rivals," *Cuttle, Micawber, Bagstock, O'Grady* in "Arrah-Na-Pogue," *Dazzle* in "London Assurance," *Captain Murphy Maguire* in "The Serious Family," and *O'Callaghan* in "His Last Legs." His animal spirits, dash, vigor, and brilliancy in these parts were great; he entered deeply into their spirit; he could be consciously joyous or unconsciously droll; he was never for an instant out of the stage picture; and he spoke the language with delicious purity. He has given an immense amount of pleasure; he has done no harm; he has gone to his grave in the fullness of years and honors; his best works live after him, in the usage of the stage and the admiration of the public; he is honestly and deeply mourned; and it will be a long time before any one who ever knew him can speak, without a sigh, the name of John Brougham.

II.

The bereavement which the stage has suffered in the death of John Brougham is also the bereavement of society; for Brougham was one of those exceptional

men who, while leading an intellectual life, devoted to art and its ambitious and engrossing labors, are at the same time able to win the heart of their generation, and make themselves the chosen comrades and cherished friends of the public. He was widely known; he was much and sincerely beloved; and at many a hearthstone throughout the land the news of his death has been felt with a sense of personal loss. There was great force of character, singular beauty of spirit, and versatile, engaging, sustained industry, to cause this feeling and to justify it. In life John Brougham deserved his fame; in death he merits every tear that has been shed for him, and every kind and honoring word that can be spoken for his memory.

In the life of a man of letters, who is also an actor and a theatrical manager, there is room for much vicissitude. Brougham was each of these; and as he possessed prodigious vigor, much eccentricity of character, and a sunshiny, yielding, drifting temperament, his life naturally exhibited a surprising plenitude of incident and change. He was born May 9, 1810, at Dublin, Ireland, and he died June 7, 1880, in New York, in the seventy-first year of his age. His youth was passed at home, and he received a good education. He was at Trinity College in his native city, and he walked St. Peter's Hospital there, and it was intended that he should be a surgeon; but the rich uncle whose favorite he was, and from whom he had been taught to expect an inheritance of wealth, fell into poverty, and so the youth was forced

to change all his plans of life and to seek his fortune in new channels. He went to London and became an actor, appearing at a little theater in Tottenham Street, in July, 1830, in the rough old play of "Tom and Jerry." From that time onward he never left the stage. For half a century he was an actor and a writer of plays. He came to America in 1842, remained here till the autumn of 1860, when he returned to London; came back to New York in the autumn of 1865, and never afterwards quitted this country. At intervals within the last two or three years of his life Brougham was engaged in writing an autobiography. His talk of old times was deeply interesting, full of anecdote, and various with sketches of character, witty comment, and professional learning. His recollections extended back to the days of Vestris at the London Olympic and afterwards at Covent Garden. He had seen Munden and Liston and many another worthy of the old school. He knew Charles Mathews in his youth, and could have traced the whole growth of that sparkling mind and vigorous career which finally became so famous. The first play that he wrote—it was in 1831—was a burlesque for Burton, then acting in London. He saw the incidents which attended Sir Walter Scott's last sad journey through London, when that intellectual giant was forced to pause there, as he was going home to die. He was familiar with the last days of Campbell and Rogers, and contemporary with the opening careers of both Dickens and Thackeray. He was the comrade of Dion Boucicault when that author was

little more than a boy, and he said that he aided him in the composition of "London Assurance." His memories of the Kembles and the Keans were perfectly distinct, and his descriptions of Macready and of Charles Kean in particular—with both of whom he had acted, and for both of whom he had managed the stage—were remarkably vivid, richly humorous, and not a little pungent with drollery. To hear his account of a performance by Charles Kean, with all the people about the stage shod in list slippers, was to realize a truthful and instructive picture and to enjoy a complete exhilaration. He possessed an unerring faculty of mimicry; and, as he said, "you take my life when you do take the *beans* whereby I live," the listeners heard again the living voice of Charles Kean. In felicity of theatrical anecdote there has been no one like him since George Jamieson and John Sefton, and in this matter of simulation of unconsciously comic attributes he did not leave an equal among actors, aside from Chanfrau and Jefferson.

On the American stage he was an important and prominent figure from 1842, when he came forth at the old Park Theater as *O'Callaghan* in Bernard's farce of "His Last Legs," one of the strong characters of the brilliant Tyrone Power. He was at different periods associated with Burton, for whose stage he wrote many plays and with whom he acted in various versions of the works of Dickens. He opened "Brougham's Lyceum" in 1850; managed the Bowery Theater in 1856; acted for many seasons at Wallack's; made starring tours of America; opened

“Brougham’s Theater,” in Twenty-fourth Street, in 1869; edited a bright paper called “The Lantern”; published “A Basket of Chips” and “The Bunsby Papers”; wrote plays for many of the popular stars of his profession; associated himself with the stock companies managed by Daly and by Boucicault; and to the last kept busily at work, dying, as he lived, in harness. His last play, finished at Easter, 1880, was called “Home Rule,” and was designed to exhibit the social and political condition of Ireland and to suggest a remedy for some of the evils which afflict that country. Brougham was an Irishman, though of French descent, and he loved his native land and always desired and strove to promote the welfare of its people.

Of the brilliant attributes of his mind, the charm of his character, the vital force that he brought to bear upon his work, and the wholesome influence that he exercised upon society, it would be difficult to speak with too much admiration. He was the author of over seventy-five dramatic pieces of all kinds, and many of them, by their sterling qualities of invention, movement, character, poetry, style, humor, and pathos, will long endure in literature to testify to the solidity and sparkle of his intellectual powers. His comedies of “Playing With Fire,” “Romance and Reality,” “The Ruling Passion,” and “The Game of Life,” are among the most ingenious and brightly written of modern works of their class. His melodramas of “O’Donnell’s Mission” and “The Emerald Ring” are pieces of marked originality, exciting inter-

est, and picturesque stage effect. His “Lily of France”—a dramatic exposition of the story of “Joan of Arc”—is fraught with the imaginative glow and the soft romantic glamour of a true poem. His burlesques of “Pocahontas” and “Columbus” are wildly droll, exuberant in animal spirits, and—especially the latter—noteable for melodious eloquence. He touched many styles, but, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, he touched nothing that he did not adorn. Although he lived in the library and maintained and cherished a high ideal of what the literary artist should strive to accomplish, he had neither the erudite prosiness nor the exclusive isolation of the abstract scholar: he lived also in the world and with the life of his time. He clasped the hands of men and women; he spoke to their hearts; he was interested in their fortunes; “their welfare pleased him and their cares distress”; and wherever he went he carried the benediction of good deeds and left the sunshine of love and laughter. The multitudes who have heard his off-hand speeches before the curtain will often call to mind what a ring of genuine kindness there was in his voice, what a light of sweetness there was in his face, what a glow of animal spirits he diffused around him, what a winning ideal of manliness he suggested,—with his native elegance of bearing and the breezy heartiness and joyous dash of his manners. The men who were brought near to him in the business of life will not forget his thoughtful consideration, his delicate courtesy, his simple goodness. The poor had cause to bless him, though himself was poor. As he lay in

his coffin, his noble face, grand in the awful serenity of death, was like the face of Shakspere. The light, the merriment, the trouble, the pain, were all gone, and nothing but the majesty remained ; and looking on him there I thought of Shakspere's words :

Our cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.



DAN BRYANT.

DAN BRYANT died on Saturday, April 11, 1875, in New York. Mr. Bryant was one of the merriest and gentlest of men, and he passed his life in making innocent laughter for everybody and in doing good. Privately and publicly he was a generous, unselfish, genial person. He was a native of Troy, New York, where he was born on May 9, 1833. He made his first appearance on the stage when a child at the Chatham-Street Theater, N. Y. On February 22, 1856, he opened a negro minstrel entertainment at Mechanics' Hall, in Broadway. He was a manager for nineteen years, and he was successful, although he left no property. On July 2, 1863, Mr. Bryant appeared on the dramatic stage at the Winter Garden, where he acted *Handy Andy*, under the management of W. R.

Floyd, to the last his most intimate and dearest friend, and in an arrangement of Lover's play made by that actor. In the summer of 1864 he came forward at Wallack's in an Irish drama called "Shamus O'Brien," and in 1866 he filled another summer engagement at that theater, bringing out an Irish play called "The Bells of Shandon." On August 27, 1874, when Mr. J. L. Toole was acting at Wallack's, and became ill and was unable to appear, Mr. Bryant was engaged to fill up the vacant time, and he was then again seen in Irish drama. He had a droll humor and fine animal spirits, and his Irishman was natural and interesting. His chief successes, however, were made on the minstrel stage. In 1869 he removed to Twenty-third Street and established the opera house which bore his name. His last prominent appearance on the stage was made on the 1st of April, 1875, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, in "The Skidmores," at a morning performance for a charitable purpose. No man was readier than he to serve a cause of that kind. He played twice, on the 3d of April, at his own opera house, and so made his last appearance. His disease was pneumonia—the same that carried off his comrades, Nelse Seymour, Budworth, and Unsworth. He left a widow and five children.



JAMES G. BURNETT.

MENTION of the demise of an actor of true ability comes from Chicago. James G. Burnett died there on March 24, 1870, at the age of 51. He was born at Edinburgh in 1819, but came to America at the age of 15, and in New York was apprenticed to a printer. Removing to Boston he went on the stage at the Howard Athenæum. Subsequently he acted in New York,—at the Bowery, at Laura Keene's Theater, at Niblo's, and elsewhere. His career on the stage was that of a studious, conscientious, faithful actor. His professional talent lay in the direction of "old men." He had a fine, manly presence, a handsome, genial face, and a breezy, sympathetic voice. His appreciation of character and his sense of humor were just and quick. Upon the stage he was always welcome, because always cheerful, merry, and quaint. In private life he was remarkable for the simplicity of his manners and the abiding gentleness of his conduct. In 1868 Mr. Burnett removed his residence to Chicago. The last post that he occupied was that of stage-manager and "first old man" at Crosby's Opera House in that city. Many playgoers remember Mr. Burnett as the representative of *Puffengruntz*, in "The Black Crook," at Niblo's. He played the part 380 times. It was much beneath his abilities. Mr. Burnett had long been a sufferer with rheumatism, and that distressing disease, striking to his heart, carried him off. His grave is at Greenwood.

ADA CLARE.

A NAME that was once well known in New York journalism, and afterward was associated with the stage, is now written in the list of the dead. Ada Clare died, at Depau Row, Bleecker Street, New York, on March 4, 1874, of hydrophobia. On January 30 she was bitten, in the face, by a pet dog. Her wounds were severe; but these hurts were promptly cauterized and she began to recover, and presently she went to Rochester, to fulfill an engagement in the dramatic company of Miss Lucille Western. On March 2, a month after the accident, she was stricken with hydrophobia. Her friends immediately brought her to New York, and every possible measure was taken to mitigate her sufferings and save her life. She lingered in agony for twenty-four hours, when the great mercy of death was granted and she passed away.

The life of Ada Clare, suddenly and prematurely ended in such an awful manner, was, for the most part, a life of trouble and sorrow. She was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1836. Her real name was Jane McElhenney. She came of a reputable family, and was the cousin of the poet Paul Hayne. Her parents died when she was a child, and she was left to the guardianship of her grandfather, with whom she first came into the North. At an early age she left her home, adopted the name of Ada Clare, and, after some vicissitudes, determined to follow the profession of the stage. Her advent was made at Wal-

lack's old theater, where she represented Knowles's *Julia*. Her effort failed; and thereafter, for a considerable time, she devoted herself to literature—writing stories, sketches, and miscellaneous articles for "The Atlas," "The Saturday Press," "The Leader," and other journals. In 1860 she wrote a novel entitled "Asphodel"; but this, though it got into print, was never published, owing to the suspension of a Boston firm that had undertaken to bring it out. Her only published novel appeared in 1865, and is entitled "Only a Woman's Heart." This venture likewise failed to attract the public attention, and she then formed anew the resolution of succeeding upon the stage. This purpose she pursued with sense, discretion, and quiet energy, and this time her efforts were rewarded—for she found congenial employment and earned a worthy place in her profession. The name under which she acted was Agnes Stanfield. In September, 1868, she was married to Mr. Frank E. Noyes, an actor, and in his society the latter years of her life were passed in honorable industry and quiet happiness. Her remains are buried at Hamerton, New Jersey.

The friends that Ada Clare made she "grappled to her soul with hooks of steel." Many false and harsh words have been said of her, but it is right that this record of her cruel death should be made with remembrance of her virtues. She was truly known only to a few persons; but by them, in the solemn, grief-stricken words of an old poet, she will be "mourned till Pity's self is dead."

N. B. CLARKE.

THE popular actor, N. B. Clarke,—whose death, though sudden, had been expected,—passed away on April 13, 1872, in his 64th year. The real name of this actor was Nathaniel H. Belden. He was a native of Connecticut, born in 1808. The son of a clergyman, it was designed that he should pursue the calling of his father. His taste, however, led him to adopt the stage, and he came out at the Chatham Garden, N. Y., in 1830, as *Lord Rivers*, in “A Day After the Wedding.” His career, extending over a period of more than forty years, was chiefly fulfilled in the theaters of the Bowery. He was stage-manager of the New Bowery, under J. W. Lingard’s management, during the existence of that house, and when the New Bowery was burnt he went to the Old Bowery. His last performance, given there in the fall of 1871, was in the play of “Bertha, the Sewing-Machine Girl.” Mr. Clarke was esteemed in his profession and enjoyed popularity. He was a well-trained actor, and useful in every company that he joined. Worth of character and a copious stock of reminiscence made him an esteemed friend and an entertaining companion. His grave is at Cypress Hills.



JOHN COLLINS.

THE Irish actor, John Collins, who died in August, 1874, was one of the most eccentric figures ever seen on the stage. His last appearances in New York were made at Niblo's Garden, where he fulfilled an engagement of five weeks, beginning June 12, 1871. The parts he then acted were *Paul Clifford* and *Myles-na-Copaleen*, and in these he suggested an impression of what he had been at his best. His voice was then almost gone. In his prime Mr. Collins simulated, very well and to good purpose,—since he became popular and prosperous,—the dashing and gallant swaggerer of old-fashioned melodrama. To hear him sing “Hurrah for the Road” was to know him in his element, as the happiest of swashbucklers and the most ambient of dandies. He had a sweet voice and a graceful figure, and he bore himself right valiantly. In his latter years he became a veritable old beau, of the Major Pendennis order; and there was something about him that irresistibly suggested a venerable and jocund locust. He was so old, so thin, so stately, so chirrupy, and so involuntarily amusing! He had a kind heart and a pleasant manner, and his quaintness tempered his inordinate conceit as an actor. He respected his profession. He gained prominence rather than eminence; but, though he made no mark that will last, he will be remembered in stage history as a humorous oddity, both finical and grotesque. One

kind of dramatic literature in which John Collins used to be conspicuous seems to have died from the stage. There is pleasure to be derived from genuine melodrama, competently performed and sung, and its adequate revival may one day be prosperously accomplished.



FREDERICK B. CONWAY.

FREDERICK B. CONWAY, the admired actor, died September 7, 1874, at Manchester, Mass., in the fifty-third year of his age. He was a native of Clifton, England, born February 10, 1819. His first appearance on the American stage occurred August 18, 1850, at the Broadway Theater, New York, when he played *Charles Surface*. In October following he acted *Claude Melnotte* at the Walnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia. These parts were favorites with him, and he made himself popular in them, and in kindred characters, for a long time. In May, 1852, he espoused Miss Sarah E. Crocker, sister to Mrs. D. P. Bowers. Mr. and Mrs. Conway visited England in 1861, and acted at Sadler's Wells Theater, London, the lady appearing

as *Ion*. For ten years they conducted a theater in Brooklyn, at first the Park, but afterwards the Brooklyn Theater. Mr. Conway was seldom seen on the New York stage. Now and then he generously gave his services for a benefit. He appeared in a scene from "Ingomar," on the night of the Holland Benefit, at the Academy of Music, in January, 1870, and enacted the barbaric chieftain,— his wife playing *Parthenia*.

He was a man of strongly individual and eccentric character, and in his demeanor, conversation, and general views and conduct of life one of the most humorous men that ever lived. His bearing was marked by a ludicrous but entirely unaffected pomposity; and this was intensified in effect by the spontaneous magniloquence of his speech and by his use of an inexhaustible store of orotund epithet and stately marching phrase. He was a strenuous because a natural stickler for the proprieties in all the relations of life, and he contemplated the least violation of them with a horror so vast and earnest that it was indescribably comical. He was, in brief, a pageant, and men's eyes followed him wherever he went. He had something of *Falstaff's* humor, as one sees it in the knight's thoroughly characteristic soliloquy concerning *Shallow*. He saw the comic side of things, but his seeing of it was more comical than itself. As an actor he did not largely excel mediocrity, yet he was more than merely correct. In person he was large, stout, and of a pleasing aspect; gravely cheerful and complacently commanding. His relish of life was keen and he had many convivial com-

rades. His career in Brooklyn had won for him the general esteem of the public. His death was felt, in theatrical circles, as a severe bereavement—as the hush of happy laughter and the drying up of a silvery spring of mirth.



MRS. CONWAY.

MRS. F. B. CONWAY died on April 28, 1875, in the theater building at Brooklyn, after a protracted illness, from gastric fever. She was buried beside her husband, at Greenwood Cemetery.

Mrs. Conway was a native of Ridgefield, Connecticut, and the daughter of a clergyman named Crocker. She went on the stage at the age of fifteen, making her first appearance November 27, 1849, at the National Theater, N. Y. Afterward she went to Baltimore and passed one season under the management of John E. Owens. In 1851 she was at the Broadway Theater, and there she met Mr. Conway, whose wife she became. In 1852 she was a member of Wallack's company, and on the secession therefrom of Laura Keene she became leading lady. A little later she was engaged by William Wheatley, for the Arch-

Street Theater, Philadelphia. She then became a star and so remained for ten years. On April 2, 1864, she, with her husband, opened the theater in Brooklyn—with which she remained associated until her death. She did not attain to specific eminence on the stage, but she became popular, both as actress and manager. She was a person of statuesque and graceful figure, and her countenance presented a strong and unique sort of beauty. It was a sensitive countenance and its expression passed easily from tenderness to haughtiness and from vivacious pleasantry to fiery passion. She acted the usual round of conventional leading parts in her profession, but was not conspicuously excellent in any one of them. Her *Parthenia* was typical of her powers and adaptability. She did all things with earnest zeal and careful intelligence, and her industry and energy were unusual and admirable. Her tall form, strong voice, and supple movement made her an impressive object to the eye, and there was a charm about her that won regard and kept it. She had something of the strange, weird, passionate, melting force that—given in greater abundance—has made her sister, Mrs. Bowers, one of the strongest and most brilliant actresses of the time. Her age was 41.



TOMB OF GEO. FREDERICK COOKE.

ONE of the most interesting theatrical relics in New York is the tomb of George Frederick Cooke, in St. Paul's churchyard. Cooke died in 1812 and his remains were buried in the strangers' vault in that church, where they rested nine years. In 1821 Edmund Kean, who was acting in New York at the time, caused the remains of his famous exemplar and predecessor in the tragic art to be disinterred and laid in a grave in the churchyard, over which he erected the tomb that marks this storied spot. It was at this time that Dr. Francis took possession of Cooke's skull and Kean secured the bone of his fore-finger — an act of reverential desecration described by the Doctor himself, in his book about old New York. In 1846 the tomb of Cooke had fallen into decay, and Charles Kean, who had come to New York to act, caused the structure erected by his father to be repaired. Time and the storms dealt with it severely after that, and in the summer of 1873 it was seen to be again in a dilapidated state. Edward A. Sothern observed this, and at his direction and expense the tomb was put in order in 1874. The stones were firmly cemented and the whole structure was bound together in the interior with iron anchors; so that now the tomb is more substantial than it ever was, and is likely to resist decay and tempest for many years. Mr. Sothern did a worthy action in thus contributing to secure the permanence of this memorial to a great

actor. The lettering on the tomb was recut, and it should be noted, in recognition of the fidelity of a good man and a conscientious actor, that Mr. T. E. Mills, of Wallack's Theater,—by whom the subject was brought to Mr. Sothern's notice,—personally attended to the repairs, and acted as the Old Mortality of this proceeding. The inscriptions on Cooke's tomb are as follows:

[South Side.]
ERECTED TO THE MEMORY
of
GEO. FREDK. COOKE
by
EDMUND KEAN
of the
Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,
1821.

Three kingdoms claim his birth,
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.

—
[North Side.]
REPAIRED BY CHARLES KEAN,
1846.

—
[East Side.]
REPAIRED
by
E. A. SOTHERN,
Theatre Royal, Haymarket,
1874.



ROBERT H. CRAIG.

ROBERT H. CRAIG died at St. Louis on December 8, 1872. He was born in New York, March 24, 1842, and made his first appearance on the stage at Barnum's Museum, September 10, 1860. He subsequently acted at the Boston Howard Athenæum, under E. L. Davenport's management. For several years he was connected with the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia, where he began to rise in public favor as a comedian. In 1870 he came forward at the Boston Museum and made a signal success as a burlesque actor, and with remarkably clever imitations of noted players. His last appearance in New York was made at the Grand Opera House, as *Prince Fridolin*, in "Le Roi Carotte"—a part that did not admit of the display of the talent peculiar to the man, but in which, nevertheless, he was efficient and pleasing. He left the Grand Opera House and went to St. Louis to fulfill an engagement. Death overtook him with strange suddenness. He was a popular actor and an amiable and worthy man. He left a widow and two children. Mr. Craig was under engagement to appear at the Boston Museum on December 30th. He was a painter of respectable talent, and the author of burlesques on the subjects of "Faust and Margaret," "Don Juan," "Hamlet," and "Camille."



CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

THERE is something so awfully impressive in the vanishing of a great genius and a great force of noble intellect and character out of this world that reverence must pause before the spectacle, no less in humility than in sorrow. The historian of our time will review many important and significant lives and will lay the laurel upon many a storied tomb; but he will honor no genius more stately or more singular than that which now sleeps in the coffin of Charlotte Cushman. It is difficult if not impossible at once to do justice to such a life. The end, which came February 18, 1876, in Boston, though not unexpected, was sudden; and it comes upon the mind with a solemn force that prompts to silent thought and fond remembrance more than to words. The future will speak of Charlotte Cushman with pride and gladness; the present can only tell her story in the quiet accents of grief.

Charlotte Cushman was a member of one of the original Puritan families. Her first ancestor in America, Robert Cushman, a minister, came over with the Pilgrims to New England. Her father was a merchant of Boston, and she was born in Richmond street, in that city,—being the eldest of five children,—on July 23, 1815. Her mother's name was Saunders, and Saunders was her own middle name, though she did not habitually use it. Her birthplace was next door to that of John Gilbert, the comedian, and they played together as children. A schoolhouse bearing the

name of Cushman now stands on the site of these buildings. Charlotte's father died while she was yet a young girl, and left his family in poverty; and this bereavement was ultimately the means of embarking her upon a public career. Her first appearance was made at a concert in Boston, on March 25, 1830; at which time she made a good impression and was fortunate enough to attract the notice of a generous patron, who subsequently paid the expenses of giving her a thorough musical education. On April 8, 1835, she came out at the Tremont Theater as the *Countess Almaviva* in "The Marriage of Figaro." This may be called her first regular professional appearance, and her career upon the stage, accordingly, extended over a period of a little more than forty years.

Miss Cushman's advent was made during an engagement, at the Tremont Theater, of Mrs. Maeder (Clara Fisher), then in the enjoyment of her fresh laurels, and in days made brilliant and memorable in the history of the American Theater by the presence of Cooper, Booth, Addams, Sheridan Knowles, Dowton, Charles and Fanny Kemble, Celeste, Mary Duff, Emma Wheatley, and Ellen Tree. The second character assumed by Miss Cushman was *Lucy Bertram* in "Guy Mannering." Her success was immediate and decisive, and Mr. and Mrs. Maeder presently secured for her an engagement to sing in New Orleans. There, however,—whether because of some malign influence of the climate or in consequence of an effort that she made to change her voice,—she totally lost the capacity to sing, and so ended her experience as a

vocalist. This disaster made her an actress. J. H. Barton, an English tragedian, then acting in New Orleans, advised her to act, and gave her instruction; and at length, on the night of this actor's benefit, she appeared as *Lady Macbeth*. This was the beginning of her dramatic career.

The performance of *Lady Macbeth* aroused in New Orleans much public interest and even enthusiasm, and with the prestige of this success Miss Cushman returned to the North and sought an engagement in New York. Hamblin gave her an opening at the Bowery, and her first appearance was effected there. This portion of her life was much fretted with various kinds of trouble. She had to make her way against many obstacles, and she gained no victory without hard fighting. On April 23, 1837, she appeared at the National Theater, under the management of James H. Hackett, in the character of *Romeo*; and it was during this engagement—namely, on May 8, 1837—that she first acted *Meg Merrilies*.* In the fall of that

* An incorrect story with reference to Charlotte Cushman's first appearance as *Meg Merrilies* has been adopted and repeated in various obituary sketches. It states that her first appearance as *Meg Merrilies* was made when the English tenor, Braham, was starring in New York. This was at the Park Theater in 1840-41. The fact is that "Guy Mannering," in which *Meg Merrilies* occurs, was not announced for performance during Mr. Braham's engagement at the Park Theater, and if the piece was played at all it must have been as a substitute for some other that had been promised. Miss Cushman, moreover, was not a member of the Park Theater Company at that time, but was in Philadelphia; and if she then acted *Meg Merrilies* at all

year she was enrolled as a member of the dramatic company at the Park Theater, where she acted many parts—notably those of *Goneril*, *Emilia*, and *Gertrude*, with Forrest; and where she made a remarkable hit as *Nancy*, in “*Oliver Twist.*” From this house she went to Philadelphia, where, for a time, she was the manager of the Walnut-Street Theater. In 1844, when Macready came for the second time to the Park, she was engaged, at his special request, to coöperate with him; and her success at that time was such as materially

at the Park, she must have done so as a visitor from Philadelphia, at a period when she was playing, with great success, at Burton’s National Theater, in the character of *The Naiad Queen*. Finally, the essential fact is, that Miss Cushman’s first appearance as *Meg Merrilies* was made on May 8, 1837, several years before the date alleged in these erroneous accounts, not at the Park Theater, but at the National Theater, Italian Opera House, on the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, N. Y. She also acted the part at the Park Theater, January 25, 1839, for Mr. Brough’s benefit, the cast including the beneficiary as *Col. Mannerling*, little Jones as *Henry Bertram*, Morley as *Gabriel*, Peter Richings as *Dirck Hatteraick*, Mrs. Bailey as *Julia Mannerling*, and Mrs. Richardson—now Mrs. Fisher—as *Lucy Bertram*. At several later dates in that season “*Guy Mannerling*” was announced, with Mr. and Mrs. Martyn, Miss Poole, Manvers, and Giubilei in the cast; and, as Miss Cushman remained a member of the Park company, she doubtless repeated her performance of *Meg Merrilies*. This was some time before Braham’s début in New York, and consequently the romantic yarn respecting his experience of her acting [that he was almost paralyzed by her terrific aspect] is unfounded. Miss Cushman’s *Meg Merrilies* attracted no considerable attention in America, comparatively speaking, until after her return from her first visit to Europe.

enhanced her reputation. It led, also, to one of the most important steps of her life, since it inspired her with the resolve to win a name on the English stage.

Miss Cushman went to London in 1845. Mr. Forrest was acting at the Princess's Theater, and an opportunity was obtained of effecting her appearance there. She made the plunge as *Bianca*, in "Fazio"; and though coldly received during the first two acts, she aroused, in act third, unequivocal enthusiasm. The personation was, in fact, a splendid triumph of mind and fire, and Miss Cushman was at once acknowledged as an actress who, in a certain class of characters, had no superior in England. Her engagement at the Princess's Theater was continued through eighty-four nights, and she afterward made the British provincial tour with extraordinary success. In 1850 she returned to America, and was thereafter seen in many cities by great assemblages of admiring spectators. In New York she appeared at Brougham's Lyceum, at the Astor-Place Opera House, and at the old Broadway Theater. Her name and her fortune had now been made, and on May 15, 1852, at the Broadway, she received a benefit and took a formal farewell of the American stage. Her second visit to England ensued; and upon her return she reappeared in New York, at Burton's New Theater, as *Bianca*, and afterward made the tour of the provinces. This period of professional exertion lasted from September 28, 1857, to July 6, 1858, when she again took leave of the American public. It was during this engagement that she first enacted *Cardinal Wolsey*, giving an embodiment which

was justly ranked with great impersonations of Shakspearean character.

It is not difficult to understand — when we consider that Miss Cushman was a woman of weird genius, somber imagination, great sensibility, and celibate condition ; that she had been victorious by force rather than by sweetness ; that for her conscientious mind and highly nervous organization the practice of the dramatic art was terribly earnest ; and that frequently she was the victim of disease — in what way she often came to believe that the limit of her labor was reached ; that the end of her life was near, and that her retirement from the public view was needful. With natures that see widely and feel deeply, such despondent views of personal destiny and worldly affairs are not unusual. Thackeray, long before he wrote “*The Newcomes*,” said of himself that his work was done and he should accomplish no more. In the several farewells that she took of the stage Miss Cushman acted like a woman, and precisely like the woman that she was ; and the censors who have misjudged her upon this point have done so through failing to consider the probable effect on conduct of that element of feminine weakness — that unsatisfied, and therefore forlorn, tenderness of woman’s heart, which was the core of her rugged and stalwart nature. All of her adieus were sincere. None of them, till death, was final or possible. Let us bring to the coffin of this great genius, dead and at rest after such trials and such anguish, not only the gentleness of charitable judgment but the justice of intelligent appreciation.

In the autumn of 1860 we find Miss Cushman again acting in New York. She came forward on the 1st of October, at the Winter Garden, and she remained forty-eight nights. In February and March, 1861, she filled another engagement at the same theater, and this time was once more seen as *Nancy* in "Oliver Twist." In June of that year she said good-bye, at New Haven, and in July she went to Europe. Her residence was established in Rome, where she gathered around herself a delightful society of artistic persons, and where she remained during the greater part of the ensuing ten years. Her love of country was ardent; and this emotion, during the dark days of the civil war, was strongly aroused. Once she came home to help the cause of the Union, and by a series of professional appearances, made in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, and Washington, earned nearly \$10,000 for the Sanitary Commission. Her health toward the close of this period of residence in Europe—namely, in 1869—was first impaired by encroachments of the disease which at last proved fatal. In 1870 her life was seriously imperiled, and it was thought that she would die. The indomitable spirit prevailed, however, and in 1871 she returned to the United States and resumed her public avocation, appearing as a reader of Shakspere. In this department she has had no equal, excepting Fanny Kemble; and in simplicity, imaginative weirdness, personal magnetism, humor, and stalwart force of execution, her readings have never been rivaled.

On September 25, 1871, Miss Cushman acted in

Booth's Theater as *Queen Katharine*, in "Henry VIII."—William Creswick personating *Wolsey*; and in the course of the engagement then begun, which lasted till November 4th, she also represented *Lady Macbeth* and *Meg Merrilie*s. These, together with *Bianca*, *Emilia*, *Elvira*, *Helen McGregor*, and *Nancy*, may correctly be specified as the parts in which her genius was revealed upon all of its sides. The ardent public sympathy that Miss Cushman's acting elicited at this time testified in an eloquent and delightful manner to the esteem in which she was held and to the effect of the power which she was still able to exert. Her New York engagement was succeeded by a few others in other cities of the Union. Then for a time she was but seldom seen, and only as a reader. The beautiful readings that she gave at Steinway Hall, in March, 1873, and again at the Academy of Music, in January, February, and April, 1874, will long dwell in the recollection of many who had the privilege and the happiness to hear them. Great public excitement and important literary demonstrations accompanied and signalized, in the autumn of 1874, her final performances on the New York stage. These, consisting of *Queen Katharine*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Meg Merrilie*s, were given at Booth's Theater, between October 19th and November 7th. Her last embodiment there—that of *Lady Macbeth*, presented on the latter date—was seen by a vast assemblage; and after it was ended an ode by R. H. Stoddard, an address by W. C. Bryant, a laurel crown, the plaudits of a great multitude, and the tears

of proud and saddened friendship were commingled in farewell homage to the queen who then and there laid down her scepter and departed from her throne.

A few subsequent appearances closed her dramatic career. The most important of these was made in Boston, at the Globe Theater, on May 15, 1875, as *Lady Macbeth*, when she was the recipient of public homage in that city, and when she tenderly took leave of her native and favorite community. The last months of her life were passed at Newport, Ashfield, and Boston. Toward the end she had recourse to a Boston chemist, who inspired her indomitable mind with renewed hopes of recovery. Only twenty days before her death, at the Parker House, in Boston, she spoke to me with cheerful confidence of her anticipated restoration to health.* Her eyes were bright; her voice was firm,—though suffused in every tone with an unconscious sadness deeply touching and quite indescrib-

* The immediate cause of Charlotte Cushman's death was pneumonia. On Saturday, February 12, she went out from the Parker House and took a short walk, and she then caught cold. Pneumonia ensued, and her system, long enfeebled by cancer, proved unable to resist this new enemy. She was quite cheerful up to the 17th, but a change took place about 2 o'clock on Friday morning; at 7 she lost consciousness, and at ten minutes past 9 she died. It is known that the subject of death had been in her thoughts; yet she fully expected to recover. As lately as February 13th she addressed a note to John McCullough, in which she said: "I wanted to ask you if next November and December were engaged at your theater in California. I hope to be able to get well and go there, but I cannot positively decide till the middle of May."

able,— and her noble head and reverend face indicated such a vitality as it seemed impossible that death could conquer. To the last she was an image of majesty. The pain that consumed her suffering body could never quell her royal spirit. She could look back upon a good life; she was sustained by religious faith; she felt upon her gray hair the spotless crown of honor; she met death, as she had met life, a victor; and she passed from the world with all the radiance of her glory about her—like sunset from a mountain peak, that vanishes at once into the heavens.

The greatness of Charlotte Cushman was that of an exceptional because grand and striking personality, combined with extraordinary power to embody the highest ideals of majesty, pathos, and appalling anguish. She was not a great actress merely, but she was a great woman. She did not possess the dramatic faculty apart from other faculties, and conquer by that alone; but, having that faculty in almost unlimited fullness, she poured forth through its channel such resources of character, intellect, moral strength, soul, and personal magnetism as marked her for a genius of the first order while they made her an irresistible force in art. When she came upon the stage she filled it with the weirdness and the brilliant vitality of her presence. Every movement that she made was winningly characteristic. Her least gesture was eloquence. Her voice, which was soft or silvery or deep or mellow accordingly as emotion affected it, used now and then to tremble and partly to break, with tones that were pathetic beyond description. These were

denotements of the fiery soul that smoldered beneath her grave exterior and gave iridescence to every form of art that she embodied. Sometimes her whole being seemed to become petrified in a silent suspense more thrilling than any action — as if her imagination were suddenly enthralled by the tumult and awe of its own vast perceptions. It made no difference that, toward the last, her person was somewhat bulky and cumberous, that her countenance was homely, and that some of her mannerisms were mannish. The commanding character, the authentic charm of genius, the lofty individuality — strange, weird, sweet, and fascinating — was victorious all the same.

As an actress Miss Cushman was best in tragedy, whether lurid or pathetic, and in somber melodrama. Theatrical history will probably associate her name more intimately with *Meg Merrilles* than with any other character. This production was unique. It embodied physical misery, wandering reason, delirious imagination, and the wasted tenderness of a loving but broken heart; and it was tinted with the graphic colors of romance. The art method by which it was projected was peculiar in this — that it disregarded probability and addressed itself to the imaginative perception. When *Meg Merrilles* sprang forth in the moonlight and stood, with towering figure and extended arms, tense, rigid, terrible, yet beautiful, glaring on the form of *Henry Bertram*, the spectator saw a creature of the ideal world and not of earth. This conception may have been in the brain of Sir Walter Scott; it was never in his page. Miss Cushman could give free rein

to her frenzy in this character, and that was why she loved it and excelled in it, and was able by means of it to reveal herself so amply and distinctly to the public mind. What she thus revealed was a power of passionate emotion as swift as the lightning and as wild as the gale—an individuality fraught with pathos, romance, tenderness, grandeur, the deep knowledge of grief, and the royal strength of endurance. Her *Meg Merrilies* was not her greatest work, but it was her most startling and effective one, because it was the sudden and brilliant illumination of her being. In dealing with the conceptions of Shakspere Miss Cushman's spirit was the same, but her method was different. As *Meg Merrilies* she obeyed the law of her own nature. As *Queen Katharine*, which was her greatest personation, she obeyed the law of the poetic ideal that encompassed her. In that stately, sweet, and pathetic character, and again, though to a less extent, in the terrible yet tender character of *Lady Macbeth*,—both of which she apprehended through an intellect always clear and an imagination always adequate,—the form and limitations prescribed by the dominant genius of the poet were scrupulously respected. She made Shakspere real, but she never dragged him down to the level of the actual. She knew the heights of that wonderous intuition and potent magnetism, and she lifted herself—and her hearers—to their grand and beautiful eminence. Her best achievements in the illustration of Shakspere were, accordingly, of the highest order of art. They were at once human and poetic. They were white marble suffused with fire.

They thrilled the heart with emotion and passion, and they filled the imagination with a thoroughly satisfying sense of beauty, power, and completeness. They made her illustrious. They did much to assert the possible grandeur and beneficence of the stage and to confirm it in the affectionate esteem of thoughtful men and women. They remain as a rich legacy in the remembrance of this generation; and they will pass into history among the purest, highest, and most cherished works that genius has inspired and art has accomplished to adorn an age of culture and to elevate the human mind.



N. T. DAVENPORT.

N. T. DAVENPORT, who died in Boston in August, 1867, aged 36, had attained distinction as an actor, and his death was a loss to the stage. The greater part of his life was spent in Boston. He was a member of the first Boston Theater company, when that house was opened by Thomas Barry. "The Rivals" was played on the opening night and Mr. Davenport, as *Fag*, spoke the first lines of the first play ever presented on that stage. He was a careful and conscientious actor, and wherever engaged he maintained a good position and was respected for his talents and integrity. He was a draughtsman and a writer of sketches. He left a wife and daughter.

BOGUMIL DAWISON.

BOGUMIL DAWISON, the distinguished German actor, died at his residence, near Dresden, on February 2, 1872, aged 54. He had been insane for several years. His appearance when he was in America indicated a more advanced age. The specified date of his birth is May 18, 1818. Mr. Dawson was a Polish Jew, the son of a peddler, born at Warsaw. His youth was passed amid sordid surroundings and darkened by penury. Good results sometimes follow this sort of painful experience in early life—but that must always depend on the character that is harassed. That of Mr. Dawson was not improved by it. The temperament that gleamed through his acting was hard and selfish, and he was accounted, by persons who knew him well, a cold, self-seeking, avaricious, ambitious man. It is not unlikely that a kind heart and an ardent mind, so constituted as to be dependent for happiness on external rather than internal resources, were chilled and embittered by the enforced endurance of early hardships. That his nature was capable of profound suffering and agonizing passion was clearly evident in his portrayal of the awful frenzy and grief of *Othello*, over the dead body of the innocent and wronged *Desdemona*. No one who saw can ever forget the pathetic spectacle that he presented when he snatched up the corpse of the murdered angel and rocked to and fro, in a convulsion of wild remorse and desolate anguish, with that ghastly burden on his

bosom. There was a touch, in that scene, of the true electrical fire which sometimes radiates from greatness and lights it up for the dull eyes of men. But, whatever his nature may have been, and whatever his claims to the lofty estate of genius in art, it is certain that he possessed signal talents, and that he mounted to a high rank, alike in professional station and the esteem of his generation. He went on the stage before he was twenty years old, at Warsaw, and was afterwards seen at Vilna and Lemberg—in utilitarian studies and labors. At first he played in Polish, but subsequently he learned German; and his first appearance on the German stage was made at Breslau, in 1847. He succeeded, and he rapidly rose to the apex of popularity in Germany. Some of his brightest triumphs were made at Hamburg—a city always sympathetic with art and cheering to artists. Mr. Dawson came to America in 1866, and acted at the Stadt Theater, in the Bowery. On December 29, 1866, by invitation of Edwin Booth, he acted at the Winter Garden, as *Othello*, with Edwin Booth as *Iago*, and Mrs. Methua-Scheller as *Desdemona*—Mr. Dawson speaking German, Mr. Booth speaking English, and Mrs. Methua-Scheller speaking both languages. This singular experiment had a finer effect than might be supposed, owing to the great earnestness and true and tried ability of the chief players. Symptoms of mental derangement showed themselves in Mr. Dawson's conduct before he left America, which was in the spring of 1867. He had not been long in Europe before news of his illness, and then of his

removal to an asylum for the insane, was transmitted to our public. As an actor he was versatile, passing with ease from the extreme of tragedy to that of domestic drama. He acted *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Shylock*, *Macbeth*, *Richard III.* and other parts in Shakspere, and while his ideals were in some respects low and narrow, his method was a skillful and often a felicitous compound of the colloquial and the heroic—a blending of what is loosely styled the natural with the studied movement and measured delivery compelled by the forms and necessities of dramatic poetry.



JULIA DEAN.

THE admired actress Julia Dean died in New York on the morning of March 6, 1868, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. The date of her birth was July 22, 1830. Her parents, Edwin Dean and Julia Drake, were members of the dramatic profession. Her maternal grandfather, Samuel Drake, was also an actor. Springing from a theatrical family and educated in the ways of the stage, Julia Dean naturally drifted into that pursuit. At sixteen she made her first appearance in New York at the Bowery Theater, May 18, 1846, as *Julia*, in "The Hunchback." This was a favorite character with her, to the last, and one

in which she excelled. On October 26, 1846, she made her first appearance in Boston, at the old National Theater, as *Juliet*. After that she went to the South, where her success was remarkable. On her return to New York she received a cordial welcome and won a great popularity. On January 20, 1855, at Galveston, Texas, she was married to Dr. Hayne, a son of the Hayne whose name is associated in political annals with that of Daniel Webster. From this person, with whom she lived unhappily, she subsequently procured a divorce. Her second marriage was contracted with Mr. James Cooper of New York.

Julia Dean was better and more widely known than most actors. In San Francisco and in all the theatrical cities of the Pacific slope she was a favorite. In the summer of 1867, after an absence of twelve years, she reappeared in New York, at the Broadway Theater (formerly Wallack's, the Broadway and Broome Street house), where also she played a second engagement in 1867. The last characters that she personated there were *Ann Catherick* and *Laura Fairlie*, in a dramatic version of the "Woman in White." In person, Julia Dean was tall, stately, graceful, and interesting. Her voice was sweetly plaintive, the soft and gentle expression of her countenance harmonized with her voice, and both fitly expressed a delicate, sensitive, refined, affectionate nature. As an actress, while she always manifested a quick imagination and gave a sense of power, she was most successful in delineating gentle phases of character and emotion and

the milder aspects of human experience. Her *Julia*, her *Griseldis*, her *Ann Catherick* were excellent embodiments.

The range of characters that she played, however, comprehended many intense and exacting parts. She was the original *Norma*, in Epes Sargent's "Priestess," which was acted in Boston, and she was also the original *Leonor*, in Boker's tragedy of "Leonor de Guzman." Whatever she did was earnestly done. Her soul was in her art, and she neither did nor suffered anything to degrade it. The last years of her life were happy. Admired in her profession, beloved by her friends, and contented with the measure of her distinction, she could look serenely toward the future. Her death occurred in child-birth. Her funeral took place on Sunday, March 8, from Christ Church, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, where the Rev. F. E. Ewer read the service over her remains.



BENEDICT DE BAR.

THE death of Ben De Bar, long known as actor and manager, occurred in St. Louis, August 28, 1877. It was not unexpected. The deceased had been seriously ill with disease of the brain. It should soothe the natural sorrow of mourning friendship to think that he did not linger long in his misery. Upon

the stage of the East Mr. De Bar was comparatively unknown, although in 1837 he acted in New York, at the National Theater, and from 1843 to 1848 was associated chiefly with the New Chatham Theater. He first appeared in America in 1835, at New Orleans, and his career for the most part was run upon the stage of western and southwestern cities. It was a career chiefly remarkable for its industrious length. Mr. De Bar managed various theaters for many years, and he was active and diligent all along the line of the Mississippi River, from St. Louis to New Orleans. He devoted close attention to the accumulation of wealth; and in this pacific and creditable but not entirely unusual pursuit he was energetic, shrewd, and successful. A list of the theaters that he managed and of the incidental peregrinations that he made would doubtless illustrate his many virtues as a man of business, but it might, at the same time, prove of kindred prolixity with the celebrated catalogue of the ships in the *Iliad*. Mr. De Bar was not accustomed to perform actions of uncommon importance looking toward the advancement of dramatic art for its own sake. He was simply, in the western states, a pioneer of theatrical management; and he managed in a sensible, practical, matter-of-fact manner, looking steadily to pecuniary profit. "All men are not alike, good neighbor," says the sapient *Dogberry*; but men who devote their lives to the gathering of property acquire a similarity which well-nigh baffles the attempt at characterization. Mr. De Bar was more a manager than an actor. Yet he acted much and he found many voices

to say that he acted well. Toward the last it was his pleasure — rather more his than that of the public — to illustrate the character of *Falstaff*. He did not act the part in New York, but he came as near as Brooklyn, and his performance is remembered. In youth he was especially admired for his performance of *Strapado*, the drunken corporal.

Mr. De Bar was an Englishman, but of French descent; of large person and rubicund aspect; and his carriage, his method of speech, and his singular expressions were invested with a rosy and juicy humor that commended him to personal popularity. He was both kindly and droll; and in acts of practical goodness towards the suffering members of his own profession he was liberal. As a citizen he was public-spirited, and, accordingly, in St. Louis, which was his home, he was properly esteemed. Viewed as an actor, his art lives in recollection as of that mechanical order to which, in all periods of its history, the stage has been most accustomed. He was not a man of genius, and he did nothing that could be celebrated as much out of the usual course of theatrical achievement. A strong voice, a strong physique, an India-rubber mobility of face, a sense of character, good animal spirits, and abundant stage experience were his chief qualifications. The reader will often come upon glimpses of this departed gentleman in old Sol Smith's "Theatrical Recollections." His life would, fully told, be an epitome of the history of the stage in the West for the thirty years ending in 1877. It happened, after Caldwell, to be Mr. De Bar

who stood at the gateways of the drama in that region; and so his name was made a familiar word and his presence a familiar image. He passed away at the age of sixty-four, leaving a widow and children and a large fortune. He was a companionable comrade, and even strangers looked upon him with a feeling of amusement. His death again suggests the rapid lapse of the older period of the stage and the preponderance of new names, new fashions, and a new atmosphere. There is but little left of the old school — to which Mr. De Bar, without being a brilliant type of its merits, nevertheless belonged.



CHARLES DILLON.

CHARLES DILLON, the well-known English actor, fell dead in the street, at Hawick, England, on June 27, 1881; and thus perished a man of extraordinary talents and one whose labors, had he not been afflicted with the propensity for drink, would have given him a permanent rank among the best actors of his time. Mr. Dillon came to the United States and attracted much attention by his performance of the serio-comic part of *Belphegor*, and subsequently he was seen in *King Lear* and in other characters of tragedy. He was deficient in statuesque attributes and in the qualities that are termed classi-

cal, and he was not a fine disclaimer ; but he was an actor, and as such he revealed a surprising depth of tender feeling and imitated nature so well that it was hard to say where his art began. He was not "natural" in the sense of that abused word as it is used by wild talkers about spontaneity, who think that there can be natural acting without preconceived intention ; but he felt deeply, and at the same time could direct and control his feelings so as to make others feel deeply also. No one who saw will ever forget his beautiful, pathetic stage-business with the shawl, when as *Belphegor* he realized that his idolized wife had deserted him. It was one of the loveliest touches of pathos ever seen upon the stage—and it was always done in the same way, yet always seemed to be done for the first time. He possessed in rare perfection the art to conceal art.

His powers in tragedy were extraordinary. He was massive and had repose, and could seem ominous, and always rose to the necessity of a vehement outburst ; and his voice had tones of great richness and mournful beauty. His tragical domain was of the heart rather than the intellect, and therefore he excelled in the human portions of *Lear* and *Othello*—the moments of shipwreck and misery. But he never rose higher—and dramatic art could never rise higher, in the simple expression of genuine sorrow—than in the scene of *Belphegor's* effort, when quite broken down with grief and hunger, to give his exhibition of buffoonery in the public square. The ideal of manliness, constant amid troubles, supreme

above a broken heart, and unconsciously sublime in friendless misery, was colossal in its magnificence. After that, in the dress-coat portion of the piece, the performance dwindled away; but in the main it was a great work. "Belphegor" is a version of "Paillasse," by MM. Fournier and D'Ennery, originally produced with Frederic Lemaître in the chief character.

Mr. Dillon made his best success in America during his first engagement. He acted at what had been Wallack's Theater, when it was managed by George Wood, and afterwards at Wood's Museum (now Daly's Theater); but his popularity did not become great and did not last. There was a certain commonness in his general appearance, which told against him; and probably this element was in his nature. He had an inordinate fondness for beer, with which his finer faculties were submerged and dulled. It was a great misfortune — for he was a man of good heart, and of many winning, companionable qualities, and his powers and resources in acting were exceptional and fine.

Charles Dillon was born in 1819, and early in life was a player in Richardson's Show — so that his schooling was elemental and thorough. He first gained distinction in Dublin, and in 1856 appeared in London, at Sadler's Wells Theater, and in 1860-61 he left England and made a tour of the globe. He was for a long time in Australia. He had traveled much and seen the world under many aspects, and his talk was full of the interest that attaches to anecdote, shrewd observation of character, genial manners, and a quiet, good-natured, indolent humor. His attributes

as an actor made him unique and difficult to define. He resembled, in some respects, G. V. Brooke, and he had merits kindred with those of Edwin Adams. He will be remembered less as a tragedian — though his *Lear* was, in some respects, a great work, and his *Macbeth* was finely colored with superstitious tints — than as a romantic and human actor, in the realm that is represented by *Belphegor* and *Jean Valjean*. His school was not deformed by hair-splitting refinements and Japanese tea-pot eccentricities, and though neither a Kemble, a Cooke, nor a Kean, he understood and respected the traditions that were left by those masters, and continued by Macready and Young. His influence was good; his example in art should have salutary results; and his memory, as a kindly, amiable, gentle, and interesting man, is cherished by many friends. Peace be with him. The tears that he caused were those that comfort and exalt mankind, and thousands of kind thoughts bless him in his grave.



AMY FAWSITT.

AMY FAWSITT died on Tuesday night, December 26, 1876, at No. 300 West Twenty-eighth Street, New York. Miss Fawsitt was a native of London, born in 1836. Her first appearance on the stage was made at Edinburgh, in 1865. She afterwards acted at Glasgow and other places, and on

May 1, 1869, made her first appearance in London, at the Holborn Theater, acting *Flora Granger* in "The Mistress of the Mill." Subsequently she was at the London Vaudeville, where she acted, 400 times, *Lottie* in "The Two Roses." In 1876 she came to America, and on September 27 appeared at the Fifth-Avenue Theater as *Mrs. Masham Mallory*, in the play of "Life." This was the last part that she acted. "Life" was produced by Augustin Daly. Miss Fawsitt was unsuccessful in it. She was taken ill and steadily languished. Her disease was consumption. Her last days were passed in want. Circumstances signify but little to those who are soon to shake off the burden of this life, yet it is distressing to think that they should be sordid and bleak to a woman who had been accustomed to pleasant surroundings and the public applause. Miss Fawsitt was but little known to the American audience. The indications that her acting gave were those of skill and good training. She was of large person and pleasing aspect, and she evinced a merry temperament and played in an easy, volatile manner. Upon the London stage, where she was better known, she had earned the public goodwill and the approval of critical judgment. Hearing of her death in destitution, John Brougham, a stranger to her, offered for her remains a grave in his lot at Greenwood, and she was there buried.



CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.

THE time has been when the news of the death of Mr. Fechter would have caused, in all intellectual circles, a deep sense of loss and a vivid sentiment of grief. As it is—and notwithstanding the self-imposed clouds that have darkened his latter years—the sad intelligence comes with a painful shock to many minds. Mr. Fechter was a man of genius; and he might have led for many years yet a gracious, beautiful, and beneficent life. It is sad to think that such rare faculties and such a capacity for usefulness should have given so little happiness to their possessor and so little benefit to the world. Mr. Fechter, once the idol of fashion in the capitals of France and England, dying, at fifty-four, in an obscure town in Pennsylvania, passed away in comparative neglect, a disappointed and embittered man, whom all will deplore, but whom few will sincerely regret. The reason is obvious to all the world. He was intensely selfish; devoured by self-esteem; arrogant and sensual in nature; and, though devoted to art for the sake of its beauty and passion, conscious of no moral purpose to be served in its ministration. There are some lives which create love and diffuse kindness. That of Mr. Fechter was constantly attended with strife, bitterness, and trouble. Dickens, by whom he was greatly admired, said of him that he had “a perfect genius for quarrelling.” The defect was deeper than this. It was perhaps the craze of

genius. It certainly was a fatality of evil—and it has been the means of bringing an exceptional life to shipwreck and a premature end.

Charles Albert Fechter was born in London, England, October 23, 1824, and died at Quakerstown, Pennsylvania, August 5, 1879. His father, a native of France, was of German lineage; his mother, a native of Flanders, was of Italian lineage; so that in him were united distinct and opposite characteristics of race. In boyhood he was taken to France, and sent to school, for a short time, at Boulogne-sur-Seine. In 1840 he acted, in a private theatrical entertainment, at the "Salle Molière," in Paris. In 1841 he was a member of a strolling company that acted in Florence. In the same year he returned to Paris, and, for a short time, studied at the Conservatoire, with a view to the Théâtre Français. The next three years were devoted to study of the art of sculpture. In 1844 he made his débüt at that theater as *Seide*, in Voltaire's "Mahomet," and subsequently he played *Valere*, in Molière's great comedy. He was next heard of at the Theater Royal, of Berlin, where he acted miscellaneous parts under the management of M. St. Aubin. In 1847 he again appeared in Paris, acting at the Vaudeville, and in the same year he took a theatrical company over to London. In 1848 he filled a third engagement in Paris, and from this time till 1860 he was a reigning favorite on the French stage. His great success, in those days, was gained as *Armand Duval*, in "Les Dames aux Camelias," of which he was the original representative.

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In 1860, on October 27th, he made his débüt in English drama, acting at the Princess's Theater, London, as *Ruy Blas*. Afterwards he appeared in "The Corsican Brothers," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "Hamlet," and "Othello." On the 10th of January, 1863, he opened the Lyceum Theater, London, under his own management, with "The Duke's Motto,"—adapted by John Brougham from the French,—and here he continued to manage and to act till the autumn of 1867. "Bel Demonio," "Hamlet," "The King's Butterfly," "The Mountebank" ("Belphegor"), "The Roadside Inn," "Ruy Blas," and "The Master of Ravenswood" were among the pieces that he produced. After leaving the Lyceum he came out as *Obenreizer*, in "No Thoroughfare," at the London Adelphi; and subsequently he made a professional tour of the British provincial theaters. In 1870 he came to America, appearing, January 10th, at Niblo's Theater, as *Ruy Blas*. He afterwards acted *Legardere* (January 26th) and *Hamlet* (February 14th). His next important undertaking was the management of the Globe Theater (which had been called Selwyn's), in Boston. There he was to have unlimited sway and \$10,000 a year; but he had not been there long before he quarrelled with James W. Wallack, Jr.,—one of the most amiable and kind of men,—and presently with Arthur Cheney, the proprietor. The remainder of his career was full of painful vicissitudes. The Lyceum Theater in New York was built for him, upon the remains of the old French Theater [now, 1889, called the 14th Street], but he did not open it. In 1874 he was asso-

ciated for a little while with the Park Theater, which was opened—April 13, with “Love’s Penance”—under the management of William Stuart. [This house was at the south-east corner of Broadway and 22d street, and was burnt down, October 30, 1882, the time appointed for the first appearance in America of Lilly Langtry, who was to have played there. William Stuart died, in New York, December 27, 1886.] There he appeared in conjunction with Miss Lizzie Price, whom he subsequently married. He retired, after that time, to a farm which he had bought, in Quakerstown, Pennsylvania, where he died. In 1871 Mr. Fechter had the misfortune to meet with a fall on the ice, which broke one of his legs. His last appearances in New York were made at the Broadway Theater in December, 1877, and January, 1878, when he acted *Monte Cristo*, *Obenreizer*, *Hamlet*, and *Ruy Blas*; but those performances exhibited enfeebled powers and were environed with imbecility, and they attracted no attention.

As an actor Mr. Fechter excelled in the domain of melodrama—by which is meant the drama of situation; and in this he required moments of convulsive passion for the full display of his peculiar powers. At such moments he became inspired with a kind of frenzy—reckless and lawless, yet not ungoverned—which sometimes produced thrilling effects upon sensibility and imagination, causing intense excitement and suggesting splendid images of human nature exalted by emotion into the avenging Fury or the dreadful and invincible Fate. His performance of

the "Corsican Brothers" was, for example, as nearly perfect in this way as anything that has been seen upon the stage. His performance of the *Count of Monte Cristo*, though a little prolix with details and therefore tedious,— for he was rather a prosaic artist in his mechanism, and not used to deal much in suggestiveness,— contained many of these stormy and thrilling moments. His third act of *Ruy Blas*, his fourth act of *Claude Melnotte*, his *Legardere*, and his Alpine scene in "Obenreizer" might be cited and dwelt upon as illustrating the special excellence of his acting. With Shakspere he was not successful, for the reason that he carried into poetical tragedy the colloquial tone and the familiar manner; and thus, in striving to be "natural," he sometimes became trivial. His idea of speaking blank verse was to make it sound like prose, and he invariably laid his emphasis on movement, to the destruction of character and of poetry. It was his expressed opinion that *Hamlet's* soliloquy on life and death is an impediment to the action of the tragedy and ought therefore to be discarded. He made striking points in *Hamlet's* scene with the *Queen*, in act third, and in *Hamlet's* killing of *Claudius*. This was exactly what might have been expected from a nature essentially melodramatic and theatrical. Those persons who like to see large, fine, and true ideals of Shakspere's conceptions personified in a poetical manner could not be content with Mr. Fechter's Shaksperean efforts. With his romantic ideals of melodrama, and with his effective methods of expressing them, all persons were content.

The American public was not slow to reach a just conclusion as to Mr. Fechter's acting. It was speedily seen that he was a great actor in a small field; that he elevated little subjects; and that the illumination of his subject was always secondary to the display of himself. There have been, and there still are, actors who can express high poetic ideals and in themselves suggest lovely and noble and elevating images of character and action, giving high thought a high personality, and wielding the influence of splendid example. Mr. Fechter chiefly announced and interpreted his own picturesque and spasmodic self. Such an actor could not last in the esteem of his age, since that sort of nature is not the stuff of which permanent affections come, or on which they anchor. Mr. Fechter's name, accordingly, had ceased to be of much practical value to managers and to the people. He will probably be remembered in dramatic history rather as what Garrick used to call "an exotic"—a bizarre individuality—than as a power in the dramatic art. His acting, however, has been useful in its teachings of lessons of grace. It always was notable for elegance of treatment. Mr. Fechter acted in French as well as in English, and was finer in the former than the latter. He spoke English fluently, but with a cadence which at times was comical. His schooling in English was received from J. M. Bellew, so eminent in his day as a public reader. Mr. Fechter's acting was, in 1870, the subject of a cordial encomium, published in *The Atlantic*, from the pen of Charles Dickens, and his life was enthusiastically

sketched by Miss Kate Field, in the same publication, at about the same time. It was in some respects a brilliant life, but it was fruitless, and the close of it was lamentably sad.



MRS. J. M. FIELD.

RECORD is made of the sudden death of Mrs. Field, which took place on board the steamship *Russia*, at Queenstown, Ireland, on the 26th of May, 1871. Mrs. Field was the widow of Joseph M. Field,—an able man, and, in his day, a favorite actor,—and her own achievements as an actress entitle her to an honorable place in theatrical history. Her maiden name was Eliza Lapsley Riddle. She was born in Philadelphia, and may be said to have inherited the profession of the stage, with which she was connected from childhood until the year 1855. She had ample professional experience, acquired in years of active industry, and she rose to a respectable rank. Her chief successes were won in the South and West. She first became prominent under Edwin Forrest's management, in Philadelphia, and was the original representative, in America, of *Julia*, in "The Hunchback." When Sheridan Knowles visited America, in 1834, she acted with him, in this character, in Philadelphia. Subsequently

she went into the Southern and Western theaters as "a leading lady."

In 1836 she became the wife of Mr. J. M. Field, who was also acting in that part of the Republic. Mr. Field was born in Stockton, England, in 1810. He was the author of "Griselda," "Family Ties," "Such As It Is," "Married An Actress," and other pieces. His career on the American stage dates from 1827, when he made his début in Boston, to the time of his death, which occurred in Mobile, in 1856. With this gentleman Mrs. Field's married life was prosperous and happy. She continued acting and won celebrity in domestic drama. One of her best personations was *Martha Gibbs*, in "All That Glitters Is Not Gold." She played *Juliet* to Miss Charlotte Cushman's *Romeo*, and it was her fortune to afford professional support to the elder Booth and to Charles Kean. Mr. Macready was so well pleased with her acting that he asked her to accompany him in a tour of the Western theaters. Her last appearance on the stage was made at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, in 1855, when she enacted *Mrs. Mildmay*, in "Still Waters Run Deep," which was then produced for the first time in America. Mrs. Field was the sister of Mrs. W. H. Smith, whose ability as an actress made her popular on the Boston stage, and whose death occurred in 1861. Mrs. Field was the mother of Miss Kate Field, with whose achievements as a writer and a lecturer the public is acquainted, and whose labors and successes in literature and art show her to be a

worthy child of talented parents. In character Mrs. Field was interesting and lovable. Her mental apprehension was quick and just; her heart was kind, and her manners were simple and winning. She was faithful to duty in every relation of life, and she endeared herself to many friends by the thoughtful kindness of her conduct and the gracious influence of her unselfish nature.



WILLIAM R. FLOYD.

THE death of Mr. Floyd, which occurred in New York, November 25, 1880, strikes all persons who knew him with surprise no less than sorrow. He was in the prime of life, and his life was one of constant and extraordinary industry. He was a familiar figure upon the New York stage for the best part of twenty years. His name is inseparably identified with Wallack's Theater, and in most of the successes of that house he bore a conspicuous and honorable part. He managed the Varieties Theater, in New Orleans, in its brighter days, and made a splendid record there, and he was long associated with Arthur Cheney in the management of the Globe Theater in Boston. He was one of the best actors that have ever trod the stage in Irish character parts, ranging from *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* to *Danny Mann*; while in light, satirical comedy, as typified

by *Sir Charles Pomander* or *Percy Ardent*, he had not his peer upon the American theater. In all the fops, from *Osric* to *Sir Frederick Blount*, his excellence was superlative. He had wonderfully good judgment in matters relative to the stage, and he was one of the most accomplished stage-managers that have appeared in our time. He was the main-stay of Wallack's Theater, in stage-management, for several years, and his work was done thoroughly and with perfect taste. He was a model of fidelity to duty, and he had, in a rare degree, the temperament that makes a man capable of gentle and cheerful self-sacrifice. His ambition was to excel in acting, but his responsibilities constrained him to undertake the drudgery rather than the more brilliant toils of his profession; and the actor had become well nigh submerged in the stage-manager. But Floyd was an actor of rare powers and of wide range, a scholar, and a man of varied accomplishments; and, in the characteristic turn of his mind, the felicity of his ideas, his readiness of the right words, and his bubbling, exuberant mirth, one of the wittiest talkers that ever charmed a social circle. His acting had the solid merit of repose and his execution was apt and crisp. He was one of the last of the comedians who wear with grace the rapier and the ruffles of the eighteenth century. In his domestic and social life he was deeply loved. Memories of him extend over many years and are interwoven with many bright and loved and lamented figures. It is only possible, in adding his name to that melancholy

list, to say that a truer heart than that of William Floyd never answered to the voice of affection or was stilled by the hand of death. His grave is in a little churchyard in Ocean Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey.



EDWIN FORREST.

I.

ON the night of November 22, 1872, while listening, in Steinway Hall, to Edwin Forrest's reading of the tragedy of "Othello," a presentiment that he would soon and suddenly die was borne in upon my thoughts with such affecting force and solemnity that I was impelled to choose what words from his lips should be the last ever heard by me, and, obeying that impulse, I left the hall immediately upon his conclusion of the heart-broken utterance of desolate agony which ends with "*Othello's occupation's gone.*" He spoke that speech with more than a mournful beauty of intonation. He spoke it from his inmost soul—pouring out in those few words an agonizing sense of utter failure, forlorn wretchedness, and irremediable woe. The memory of that relentless trouble and hopeless sorrow is still fresh, as I learn — without surprise — that Edwin Forrest is dead. He expired yesterday morning (December 12, 1872), at his house in Philadelphia, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

The death of this remarkable man is an incident which seems to prompt more of indefinite emotion than of definite thought. A great vitality, an enormous individuality of character, a boundless ambition, a tempestuous spirit, a life of rude warfare and often of harsh injustice, an embittered mind, and an age laden with disappointment and pain are all at rest. Mr. Forrest — partly from natural bias to the wrong and partly from the force of circumstances and the inexorable action of time — had made shipwreck of his happiness; had cast away many golden opportunities; had outlived his fame; had outlived many of his friends and alienated others; had seen the fabric of his popularity begin to crumble; had seen the growth of new tastes and the rise of new idols; had found his claims as an actor, if accepted by many among the multitude, rejected by many among the judicious; and, in wintry age, broken in health, dejected in spirit, and thwarted in ambition, had come to the “last scene of all,” with great wealth, indeed, but with little of peace or hope. Death, at almost all times a blessing, must, in ending such an experience as this, be viewed as a tender mercy. His nature — which should have been noble, for it contained elements of greatness and beauty — was diseased with arrogance, passion, and cruelty. It warred with itself and it made him desolate. He had long been a wreck. There was nothing before him here but an arid waste of suffering; and, understanding him thus, one cannot but think, with tender gratitude, that at last he is beyond the reach of

trouble, and where neither care, sorrow, unreasoning passion, resentment against the world, nor physical pain can any more torment him.

The life of Edwin Forrest was unusually crowded with such incidents as naturally attend the career of a popular actor, and also with such incidents as are but too apt to attend the development of a rudely energetic character, struggling,—from worldly motives and by worldly processes,—out of the obscurity of poverty into the distinction of riches. In his bright days he was the conspicuous figure in many popular ovations, and he was also the originator of many quarrels and the center of much strife. He filled a great space in the history of the American stage. His name and his personal presence were familiar to the people in many cities. He was the founder of a distinct school of acting. There were elements in his rugged and turbulent individuality which made it interesting, significant, and usefully responsive to intelligent study. Such details, therefore, as shed light upon his character and the value of his achievements possess manifest importance.

Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia on March 9, 1806. His father was a native of Scotland; his mother a native of Germany. His father was a commercial traveler, in which avocation he came to America. In boyhood Edwin's health was delicate, and until he reached the age of fourteen, when he began to get strong, his relatives doubted whether he would survive to man's estate. At about the age of fourteen he went into the West, and from this

change of residence he derived great benefit; his constitution turned out to be hardy, and eventually he became one of the most athletic men of his generation. As a child he exhibited taste and aptitude for declamation. At the age of eleven he participated in a theatrical representation — being then a member of a private amateur dramatic club in Philadelphia. Once, in a performance given by this club, he played *Harlequin*, wearing nankeen trousers, which he had himself marked in squares and painted for this use. Another time he acted a female part, and, on being hissed by a young companion in the auditory, whom he recognized, he came to the footlights, and addressed the sibilant spectator in these words: “D—n you, Davis, you wait till I get through with this part, and I’ll lick you like h—l.” The incident is significant. To “lick like h—l” everybody who presumed to disapprove either his acting, his conduct, or his character, was, during many years, the spontaneous and intense desire of Mr. Forrest; for he thought that the disapproval was always fictitious and hostile, and that the “licking,” accordingly, would be a just and suitable resentment. His first appearance on the regular stage was made at the Walnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia, on November 27, 1820, when he acted *Douglas*, in Home’s play of that name. This was an ambitious attempt to be made by a boy of fourteen. It attracted little attention, but it seems to have been in so far successful that it showed precocity, both physical and mental. His next part, played in the same engagement, was *Frederick*, in “Lover’s Vows”—

the play that Mrs. Inchbald made out of Kotzebue's drama of the "Natural Son." That production, shelved for many years, used to be popular, and *Frederick* was a favorite part with beginners on the stage. Still later, for his benefit, the young actor appeared as *Octavian*, in Colman's play—on episodes in "Don Quixote"—of "The Mountaineers"; and this closed the first chapter of his professional record.

Then came the removal into the West. Mr. Forrest went thither under engagement to Messrs. Collins and Jones, actors and managers well-known in their day on the south-western theatrical circuit. They were then managing the Cincinnati Theater; and it was there, in the early part of 1822, that Mr. Forrest made his first appearance under their direction. The part that he acted was *Young Melfort*, in Andrew Cherry's now disused comedy of "The Soldier's Daughter"; and subsequently, for his benefit, he made his first attempt at "Richard III." Mention of these performances occurs in the Autobiography of Sol Smith, who was then editing a paper in Cincinnati. "When I gave a very favorable opinion of Forrest's acting, in the comparatively trifling character of *Melfort*," says that writer, "my brother editors laughed at me; and afterwards, when he played *Richard* for his benefit, and I prophesied his future greatness, they set me down as little less than a madman. 'He was a clever boy, certainly,' they said, 'but puffing would ruin him.'" The stock company of which Mr. Forrest was a member comprised, besides Messrs. Collins and Jones and

himself, Messrs. Scott, Davis, Eberle, Henderson, and Groshon; Mrs. Pelby, Mrs. Riddle, Miss Riddle, Miss Eliza Riddle, then a child, and Miss Fenton. In the summer of 1822 they all went to Louisville; but business proved bad, and a party of them, including Mr. Forrest, presently returned to Cincinnati, and appeared at the Globe Theater. It was there that he first acted *Othello*. It was there also that he acted what had never before been presented on any stage, an American negro. This was in a local farce, written by Sol Smith, called "The Tailor in Distress." It must have been during this engagement, also, that he first played *Corinthian Tom*, in "Tom and Jerry," of which part he was the original representative in America.

Enterprise in the Globe Theater, however, did not thrive, and that establishment was soon relinquished. Mr. Forrest, accompanied by the Riddle family and some other players, then made a trip from Cincinnati, performing as occasion served, or could be made, in the small towns of Ohio. This was a time of hardship and trial to the adventurous young actor, and first and last he fell into straits of misfortune. Once, near the town of Dayton, he applied to a farmer for employment and was set at work sawing wood, by which means he earned something to eat and a little money for traveling expenses. Once he assumed the character of an itinerant preacher, and having delivered a sermon, in the alleged interest of a missionary cause, "took up a collection" from his "hearers," and so relieved his pressing necessity. On one occasion he traveled, with his party of players, twenty-two miles on foot—from

Lebanon to Cincinnati, and then across the Ohio to Newport—where the tired Thespians acted “*Douglas*” and “*Miss in her Teens*,” to an auditory that had paid in only one dollar at the door. All this while Mr. Forrest was enduring the rough weather of hard fortune and the preliminary drudgery, without which, in some form, there is no success in the actor’s art. In the Autumn of 1822 Mr. Forrest and his companions joined their old managers, Messrs. Collins and Jones, at Lexington, Ky., but these gentlemen presently relinquished theatrical business, and Mr. Forrest then engaged himself to Mr. James H. Caldwell of the American Theater, New Orleans. Sol Smith says that the young actor proposed to break this New Orleans engagement and stay with him at Lexington; and that, because this rash and indiscreet proposal was declined, he went off in a pet, and procured employment in a circus at a salary of twelve dollars a week. “By dint of hard lecturing and strong argument,” adds Mr. Smith, “I finally prevailed on him to abandon his new profession.” Mr. Forrest’s first appearance in New Orleans, February 4, 1823, was made as *Jaffier*, in “*Venice Preserved*,” and he remained in that city and its neighborhood for about two years. His way of life while he was there appears to have been somewhat loose and violent. He was less remarkable as an actor than as a reveler. When he came again to the North he drifted into Albany, where he got an engagement at the Albany Theater, under the management of Mr. Charles Gilfert, who paid to him \$7.50 a week. It was during this engagement that he was fortunate

enough to attract the notice and approbation of Edmund Kean, to whom he played second parts. It was during this engagement, also, that he made his second appearance in his native city. This was at the Walnut-Street Theater, where, for the benefit of Mr. C. S. Porter, he acted *Jaffier*. Three nights later he acted *Rolla*. Both these personations were much admired. Then came his first emphatic hit in New York. A friend of his — Mr. Woodhull of the Park Theater — was to have a benefit, and Mr. Forrest was fortunate enough to get an opportunity to act for it. The part that he chose for this first appearance at the leading theater in the metropolis was *Othello*. It was deemed an audacious presumption. Mr. Gilfert, fearing the worst of failure, strongly counseled him against the undertaking, and even went so far as to say that in case of an ensuing fiasco the actor would be discharged. Mr. Forrest, however, was not to be dissuaded nor intimidated. On the 23d of May, 1826, the performance, accordingly, took place. The house was full, and when the curtain dropped upon the third act of the tragedy the new actor had won the first great success of his life.

The tide of success now began to rise. Mr. Simpson immediately offered him an engagement on excellent terms at the Park; but Mr. Gilfert, who had just taken the Bowery Theater, of which he was the first lessee, succeeded in securing him for that theater, for a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. The Bowery, under Mr. Gilfert's management, was the scene of great triumphs for Mr. Forrest. Among the parts which he there represented with extraordinary popu-

lar success were *Damon*, *Jaffier*, *William Tell*, and *Mark Antony*. He remained there nearly three years; but at the death of Gilfert, in 1829, he accepted an engagement at the Park. It began October 17th, in that year, when he appeared as *Damon*. At this theater Mr. Forrest long enjoyed a high popularity. It was here that he first acted *Metamora* and *Spartacus*, in John H. Stone's tragedy of "Metamora" (produced December 15, 1829), and Robert M. Bird's tragedy of "The Gladiator" (produced September 26, 1831), both of which plays were written with a special view to fit his talents and peculiarities, and in both of which his acting was the perfection of physical realism.

Time passed, and the tragedian grew more and more in the cordial estimation of hosts of New York admirers. In the summer of 1834 a company of citizens tendered to him the formal courtesy of a public banquet, and presented him with a gold medal in token of their homage. This medal, designed by the artist Ingham, and engraved by C. C. Durand, bore on one side a portrait of the actor, inscribed with the words, *Histrioni optimo Edwino Forrest, viro præstanti*; and on the other a figure, emblematic of tragedy, with the words from Shakspere, "Great in mouths of wisest censure." Mr. Forrest was now in the prime of manhood and the first flush of popularity, a person remarkable for muscular beauty, a voice of glorious volume and melodious sweetness, and an intensely forcible style of depicting the emotional experience of turbulent characters. He had,

within a brief time, acquired a prodigious vogue and distinction. The local stage, not then able to exult in much tragic talent distinctively American, proudly claimed for this American actor an equal rank with the best foreign representatives of tragedy. The local newspapers teemed with his praises. All the favoring gales of fortune, indeed, concurred to blow in one direction, and thus far the young actor sailed before the wind. When, therefore, Mr. Forrest went over to England — which he did at this time — it was natural that he should attract attention as a typical American actor. His reception was such as might well have touched the heart and flattered the intellectual pride of an ambitious and sensitive man.

Mr. Forrest made a pleasure trip through France, Italy, and Germany before entering England; but on October 17, 1836, at Drury Lane, he appeared as *Spartacus* in "The Gladiator." This performance stirred the theatrical public with a sensation different from any it had known before, since it offered an unprecedented union of enormous physical vigor with uncommon talent for tragic acting. Great popularity ensued, and Forrest became a lion of the hour. It is worthy of mention that he received, at this time, especially kind treatment at the hands of Mr. Macready and from other persons eminent in the profession of the stage. Many and pleasant tokens of courtesy were also extended to him by members of the literary craft. Talfourd presided at a dinner which the Garrick Club tendered to the American

actor, and Charles Kemble and Stephen Price gave to him swords which had once been the property, respectively, of John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Talma. This period was, probably, the happiest in Forrest's life—though, had his nature been gentle, his ambition noble, and his conduct pure, it would have been, there is good reason to think, only the joyful dawn of a long day of ever-increasing happiness.

An event now occurred which was destined to shape and color all the rest of his career. This was his meeting with Miss Catherine Norton Sinclair, daughter of the vocalist, John Sinclair, whom he wooed and won, and to whom he was married on June 23, 1837. The meeting and the marriage had been predicted before Mr. Forrest left America. There was every reason to suppose that the union would prove a happy one; but, twelve years later, it ended in a separation, in misery to both parties, in a bitter strife between their friends and adherents, and in distressful counter-suits at law betwixt husband and wife which were the fruitful source of scandal. The course pursued by Mr. Forrest, in a portion of his married life, is said to have been a course of cruelty and licentiousness. The line of conduct that he followed in the matter of the divorce was, to an astonishing degree, ignoble, ruthless, and wicked. It is not an exaggeration to say that it alienated from him, at once and forever, the sympathy of the better classes of the people. His wife was victorious in this contest. She procured her divorce from him, forfeiting none of her honors and legal rights; and,

surviving many wrongs and much suffering, she lived to cast the flower of pity and pardon on his grave.

Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Forrest came to America. The actor made his professional reappearance at Philadelphia, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. A public banquet, given in his honor in that city, at which Hon. J. R. Ingersoll presided, emphasized this greeting and indicated the pride and pleasure with which his prosperity and fame were generally recognized. From Philadelphia, still pursuing his triumph, Mr. Forrest proceeded to New York and appeared at the Park Theater. The receipts at the box-office on the first three nights of that engagement amounted to \$4,200. One of the especially important incidents of his career, at this period, was the production of "Jack Cade," in which he played *Aylmere*—one of his most original and characteristic personations. This tragic drama was written for him by Robert T. Conrad of Philadelphia, and it was first acted on May 24, 1841, at the Park Theater.

Forrest's second visit to London was made in 1845. His wife went with him, and they moved at this time in circles of the intellectual and polished society of that metropolis, and also of the Scottish capital, which they presently visited. Mr. Forrest acted at the Princess's Theater, London. Here Sheridan Knowles—so great was his satisfaction with Mr. Forrest's *Virginius*—played, by his own offer, the part of *Dentatus*, on the occasion of the tragedian's benefit. Here, also, it happened that the public hissed Mr.

Forrest's performance of *Macbeth* — one of the most ludicrous personations that ever mistaken sincerity submitted as a serious effort in tragedy. The misfortune which befell Mr. Forrest, in this instance, he chose to attribute, without reason or justification, to the hostile machinations of Mr. Macready; and thereupon his conduct was what might have been expected from a man overfreighted with selfishness, conceit, and an explosive temper, and deficient in dignity of character. Happening to be in Edinburgh shortly afterwards, where Mr. Macready was acting, he went to the theater to see the English tragedian as *Hamlet*, stood up conspicuously in a private box, and hissed at him. This proceeding, childishly petulant even if there had been a good reason for it, naturally inspired disgust for the American actor. Mr. Forrest strove to justify himself by a letter to the London "Times," which, as first written, the editor of that journal declined to print — objecting to some abuse it contained of the respectable Edinburgh journal, "The Scotsman." Ultimately, however, Mr. Forrest having amended his epistle so as to restrict it to the statement of his own case, the London "Times" published the composition. The sequel is known. Out of this vain and silly resentment for an imaginary wrong grew, in later days, the shocking and disgraceful Astor Place riot and massacre in New York. Mr. Macready came to America in the season of 1848-49, making his third and last visit to this country, and acted at the Astor-Place Opera House, then managed by Niblo and James H. Hackett. The

riot occurred on May 10, 1849. Mr. Macready acted *Macbeth*. A successful attempt to prevent him from finishing a performance of this part had been made, by riotous adherents of Mr. Forrest, on the night of the 8th; but it was determined, by the respectable part of the play-going public, that Mr. Macready should have a chance to act unmolested the character of *Macbeth*, and hence the piece was immediately announced for repetition. Mr. Forrest was fulfilling a contemporary engagement at the Broadway Theater, from which place—as there is reason to believe, though perhaps the statement may not, at this late day, be susceptible of positive proof—he promoted the outbreak of brutal rowdyism which ensued, and which ended in the killing of twenty-two men, and the wounding of thirty-six others. Hard upon the heels of this riot came the domestic trouble between Mr. Forrest and his wife. The case went into the courts in 1850, and after the widest publicity of discussion and a liberal allowance of the law's delay, it resulted in the lady's complete justification.

On January 9, 1852, Mr. Forrest—riding on the storm—appeared at the Broadway Theater, and acted for sixty-nine successive nights, beginning and ending with *Damon*. After that time the story of his life concerns itself with a long series of professional engagements in different cities of the Union; with the piling up of immense wealth; with the eliciting of extravagant praises and of equally extreme vituperation; with his castle of Fonthill on the banks of the Hudson, his palace in Philadelphia, his theatrical library, his reclu-

sive habits of living, his misanthropy, his frequent illness, and his gradual decline out of active professional labor and the fashion of the passing age. His last engagement in New York began on February 6, 1871, and continued three weeks. He appeared at the Fourteenth-Street Theater as *Lear* and as *Richelieu*. A sudden illness afflicted him and he was compelled abruptly to desist. His final appearances occurred on the 19th and 22d of November, 1872, when at Steinway Hall, N. Y., he read from "Hamlet" and "Othello."

Mr. Forrest was remarkable for his iron repose, his perfect precision of method, his immense physical force, his capacity for leonine banter, his fiery ferocity, and his occasional felicity of elocution in passages of monotone and colloquy. Strength and definiteness are always comprehensible and generally admirable. Mr. Forrest was the union of both. He resembled, in this, a rugged old castle, conspicuous in a landscape. The architecture may not be admired, but the building is distinctly seen and known. You might not like the actor, but you could not help seeing that he was the graphic representative of a certain set of ideas in art. That, in a world of loose and wavering motives and conduct, is much. But while Mr. Forrest illustrated the value of earnestness and of assured skill, he also illustrated the law of classification in art as well as in humanity. All mankind — artists among the rest — are distinctly classified. We are what we are. Each man develops along his own grade, but never rises into a higher one. Hence the world's continual wrangling

over representative men—wrangling between persons of different classes, who can never possibly become of one mind. Mr. Forrest was continually the theme of this sort of controversy. He represented the physical element in art. He was a landmark on the border line between physical and spiritual power. Natures kindred with his own admired him, followed him, revered him as the finest type of artist. That was natural and inevitable. But there is another sort of nature—with which neither Mr. Forrest nor his admirers could sympathize—that asks continually for some great spiritual hero and leader; that has crowned and uncrowned many false monarchs; and that must forever hopelessly pursue its ideal. This nature feels what Shelley felt when he wrote of “the desire of the moth for the star.” To persons of this order—and they are sufficiently numerous to constitute a large minority—Mr. Forrest’s peculiar interpretations of character and passion were unsatisfactory. They admired his certainty of touch, his profound assurance, his solid symmetry. But they felt that something was wanting to complete the artist. They did not belong to his audience, and they were as much out of place in listening to him as a congregation of ultra Methodists would be when listening to Emerson. He had nothing to say to them. He was great in his way, they perceived; but, like the Gallic wit, they also perceived that his way was small. To his natural admirers, on the contrary, he was great in his way, and his way was the greatest of ways. These two parties long assailed and defended him. Fruitlessly,—for

this kind of dispute cannot in nature come to an end or even to a compromise.

It has often been said of Mr. Forrest that he was a melodramatic actor. He was not; he was a tragedian. His *Othello*, his *Virginius*, and, of later years, his *Lear* were the sufficient proof of this. He had imagination,—though it was seldom informed by fine intelligence and never by spirituality,—and he had passion and tenderness. Even in *Spartacus*, though the method was melodramatic, there was a noble assumption of tender and manly attributes, which dwarfed the physical ebullitions. That which marred his acting, to the judicious, was that which marred his character as a man. He was utterly selfish. He did not love dramatic art for its own sake, but because it was tributary to himself. The motives of his conduct were vanity, pride, self-assertion, and avarice of power, praise, and money. Aided by great physical strength, manly beauty, and natural talent, they impelled him—over many obstacles and much hardship—to prosperity and precarious eminence. But they did not conduct him to real greatness. His nature fulfilled itself, and for that reason his life was a failure. It was this which made him a pathetic object. He was never able, as a matter of destiny, to reach the goal which, nevertheless, he vaguely saw. To a man of imaginative temperament, picturesque attributes, and a heart susceptible of suffering this was a sad fate. It resulted, not by reason of what he did, but by reason of what he was—a vast animal, bewildered by a grain of genius.

It is to the credit of Mr. Forrest that he remembered his early friend and manager, William Jones, as a benefactor, and manifested toward him, in after years, a practical and commendable gratitude, giving him shelter and bounty when these were greatly needed. Those early days of adventure in the West and South were full of hardship for Mr. Forrest, and he appreciated keenly and remembered long whatever kindness was then extended to him — a stranger and a struggling novice. It was in Mr. Forrest's house in New York, in 1841, that Mr. Jones suffered his last sickness and passed away. Another man to whom Mr. Forrest was kind was John Augustus Stone, over whose grave in Philadelphia (where he died, a suicide, June 1, 1834) stands a monument inscribed with these words: "In Memory of the Author of 'Metamora'; By His Friend E. Forrest." The actor's best friend was William Leggett, whose death, not very long after they became attached comrades, bereaved him of a wise adviser, an appreciative admirer, an intellectual prop, a frank and fearless censor, and a companion whose influence was always for his good.

Edwin Forrest was not a man whom it is desirable to canonize. The tone of his thoughts was colored and the action of his mind was controlled, during the best part of his existence, by animal excitement, and this excitement was informed by no intellectual prudence. So wholly did he believe in himself and so entirely did he find the rude mob in sympathy with him that he never, till the shadows began to

gather over his pathway, took in the idea of being in the wrong. If he ever imagined a state of things that he could deem to be properly adjusted, Edwin Forrest was its center. In youth and early manhood he was boisterous, sensual, revengeful, and profligate. In age he was misanthropical. He was capable of good impulses and kind actions, but the impulses were often checked by distrust, and the actions were often prompted and molded by selfish aims. His vanity was prodigious. He thought himself the greatest of actors and of men. The least expression of dissent from his opinion, or of disapproval of what he had said or done, would sting him into an outburst of fury or madden him to a long fit of sullen resentment. The idea that under any conceivable circumstances his powers could decay or his reputation decline filled him with wrathful dismay. Caricature of himself, no matter how delicate nor how funny, he could not endure. His personal peculiarities were to be held sacred, and no one must laugh at them; yet, unhappily, some of them were among the most laughable of comic attributes. Of self-poise, conscious rectitude, patience, and submission he did not possess a particle. Nor was his intellect broad enough to afford him consolation under the wounds that his vanity so often received. All his resource was to shut himself up in a kind of feudal retreat and grim seclusion, where he brooded upon himself as a great genius misunderstood, and upon the rest of the world as a sort of animated scum. This was an unlovely nature; but mingled in it were the comprehen-



Brief Chronicles.

BY

WILLIAM WINTER.



PART II.



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BRIEF CHRONICLES.

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BY

WILLIAM WINTER

PART II.







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Drawn by R. BLUM from a photograph by SARONY.

CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER,

AS MONTE-CRISTO.

hension and the incipient love of goodness, sweetness, beauty, and beneficent ideas. He vaguely knew what he had missed, whether of intellectual grandeur, moral excellence, or the happiness of the affections, and in the solitude of his spirit he brooded upon his misery. The sense of this commended him to sympathy when he was living and it commends his memory to respect in death.

II.*

WITH this volume begins a series of publications, projected by Laurence Hutton and executed by several writers, relative to the American stage. The first book is appropriately devoted to Edwin Forrest, who, though not the greatest tragic actor that America has produced, was in his time the most prominent and, in a popular sense, the most representative of our tragedians. Mr. Lawrence Barrett, himself an eminent actor, has written this account of the life of Forrest, and has performed a difficult task with dignity of manner, delicacy of feeling, an evident purpose to be impartial in judgment, and an almost faultless discretion in his choice of materials and in his clear, sustained, fair-minded, and interesting commentary upon them. His text fills 157 pages and states the principal facts in Forrest's public life, dwelling, incidentally, on acts and traits that, to the author's mind, illustrate his

* "Edwin Forrest," by Lawrence Barrett. With illustrations. pp. 171. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

personal character, and giving glimpses of the nature of his acting. It is a happy, useful, and suggestive epitome of impressions derived by a capable and appreciative mind from the reading of many chronicles of Forrest's life, and from personal observation of the man himself; and it is, for the general reader, a sufficient record of a famous actor.

On Forrest's coffin lid was inscribed: "Born March 9, 1806. Died December 12, 1872." He lived sixty-six years. The city of Philadelphia, which was his birthplace, holds his grave. He grew up in poverty and with but little education. He was a rough boy, pugnacious and profane. He went on the stage as an amateur at the age of eleven and made his first regular appearance at the age of fourteen. After that he went into the West and South, and for several years he led a gypsy life, still pursuing his art, but at times sinking into destitution and suffering from hunger. He was in New Orleans in 1824, and there he consorted with Colonel Bowie and other roughs, and with an Indian in a wigwam, and thought, no doubt, that he was acting in a manly, large, and original way. By and by he came back to the East, and for a while was engaged at Gilfert's Theater in Albany. In 1826 he made a hit at the Bowery, in New York, and from that time he steadily rose in public favor and advanced in fortune. He made a journey of pleasure in Europe in 1834, and a professional trip to England in 1836, and again in 1845. He was married in 1837, at St. Paul's, Covent Garden, London, by the Rev. George Croly,

the author of "Salathiel," and his wife procured a divorce from him in 1850-52. He was associated with the Macready-Forrest riot, in Astor Place, in 1849, and from that period till the end of his days he lived in strife and trouble. He had many friends and many foes. He was worshiped for years by one class of playgoers, and disliked and avoided by another. He filled several memorable engagements in different parts of the United States, and he amassed a large fortune. His last years were passed in misanthropy, and much of the time in solitude. Toward the end of his lonely and sorrowful life he gave public readings, for the sake of occupation. His home was in Philadelphia, where he had collected a large and good library, and where he died—suddenly and alone. By his will a refuge for old and destitute actors has been founded and endowed, near Philadelphia.

In Mr. Lawrence Barrett's eyes Forrest is both a great man and a great actor. The prevalent mood of the biographer is one of tender reverence; and upon a younger actor, celebrating a veteran, it sits with grace. "Actors," however, says Mr. Barrett, "are usually dreamers."

Both nature and fortune were kind to Edwin Forrest. He had a splendid physical constitution, rare qualities of temperament, and mental faculties of a more than common worth. His lot was cast in a country where it is possible for the poor to rise. The hardships that befell him came in youth, at a time of life when hardships can best be borne, and when they are of the most service; nor were they

more severe than such as have been met and overcome by hundreds of other men, often less fitted than he was to conquer them. He had scarcely reached early manhood before he attracted the admiring attention of the public, in a pursuit which was congenial to him, and for which he was fitted; and after that he speedily acquired both fame and wealth. The honors that he coveted were not withheld. Although there were always persons who neither admired, nor liked, nor praised him, yet no man in America ever attracted larger crowds of admirers, or elicited more copious and emphatic adulation. He was married to a handsome and accomplished gentlewoman, one who had mind and tact as well as manners and beauty. He possessed affectionate and loyal friends — men such as William Leggett and James Oakes — who stood by him, with unshaken fondness and fidelity, as long as they lived. He reached a professional position where he could command his own terms. He suffered from no lack of organs of public opinion to celebrate, expound, or defend him. There was no reason in the world, outside of himself, why he should not have lived a triumphant and happy life. Yet his existence was a tempest and his career a magnificent failure.

Mr. Barrett, like most of Forrest's advocates,— although his opinions are not always implicitly stated, and when stated, as to this point, are sometimes inharmonious with themselves,— appears to think that this result was the fault of other people; that Forrest had originally an “open, frank nature,” which ulti-

mately was "spoiled by injustice and malignity." This is the old story—as tedious as it is mistaken. The wreck of Forrest's life was mainly the result of Forrest's own character. Hard and bitter circumstances once created of course reacted upon him; but, in the main, it was his character that first created them. In youth he revolted against wholesome discipline. In manhood he revolted against culture, the restraints of good breeding and social custom, the duty of consideration for other people, the supremacy of spiritual law, and even those iron dictates of destiny which, for each one of us, flow out of what we are. He was constitutionally a savage and always in rebellion. Mr. Barrett thinks he was "born to rule and be obeyed"—unmindful of the great truth that no man can ever be fit to rule others who cannot rule himself. Forrest was always the slave of his ignorance, his passion, and his prejudice, and was always in a fume over his own limitations. He had just knowledge enough to know that there is such a thing as learning, and he resented, with fierce aversion, the nevertheless irrefutable fact that this was possessed by others that was not possessed by him. He believed himself to be a man of genius, but to his mind this meant that he was unlike other men, and superior to them, and therefore ordained and privileged to dominate everything. The actor temperament, in the nature of things often selfish, was in him selfishness personified. He recognized neither fault in his character nor error in his conduct. He either could not or would not subject himself to

restraint. In adversity he was not humble; in prosperity he was not modest. Towards his professional associates, unless he liked them or unless he was met with unabashed spirit, his demeanor was often arrogant, tyrannical, and offensive. He liked to feel his royal authority and to make the weak tremble. He could, indeed, be magnanimous, loving, and kind—for he was human and had warmth as well of the affections as of the passions; and it is known that he did gentle and charitable acts. But nothing like self-government, nothing like philosophic or dutiful submission, nothing like humble acceptance of the chastening lessons of experience, appears in any important moment of his life. His first thought at such times is of his own vast and overwhelming self.

He was proud, self-assertive, and perfectly ravenous of praise, power, and money. Love for the dramatic art, at first an instinct, soon became in him a vain appetite; he did not love it for its own sake, but because it was a means of personal glorification. When he went abroad to act—a young man of only thirty—he was “the celebrated Mr. Forrest, the eminent American tragedian.” Bounce and bluster. When he found his acting of *Spartacus* liked, he at once assumed national proportions, crystallizing the United States into himself, and publicly approving of the English people for their tribute to the American Republic. He insulted Macready, in the manner of a rowdy, and without the slightest reason or justification. Somebody had disparaged his acting, when in Lon-

don ; that somebody must have been hired by Macready to do it ; Macready was therefore a scoundrel ; the aristocracy of Great Britain and the literary prigs in general had conspired to offend the pet of the prairie ; and it was necessary to have a row. From no motive better than the spiteful resentment of wounded vanity did Forrest foment the evil passions which at last broke forth in the sanguinary riot in Astor Place. When his domestic trouble came the same boisterous animal fury flamed out with renewed violence. He was neither reticent nor decent. The idea of privately bearing his private burdens seems never to have occurred to him. Another ache had arrived to the great Forrest, and another row must give it an adequate celebration. He brought against his wife the vilest of charges in the foulest of words. He threw to the winds all discretion and sense. He kept up for years a theatrical scandal which was a public nuisance and a crying shame. His behavior all through this self-inflicted ordeal was that of an unreasoning beast. He personally villified and vituperated Charles O'Conor. He thrashed N. P. Willis. He professionally ostracised and ruined George Jamieson. He tried to do the same thing with John Gilbert. Not an actor who did not espouse his cause could come into the same theater with him. He threw off his best and most powerful friends. Once aroused, there was no end to his suspicion and no limit to his violent cruelty. These are facts of common knowledge. No man can be deemed a great character whose dominant idea in life is the announcement,

aggrandizement, and celebration of himself, or who, in the patient, thorough, far-seeing pursuit of duty, is incapable of foregoing, easily and cheerfully, the praise of other men. Had mankind been made up of McArdles and Reeses, with their trumpets well polished and in a state of everlasting toot, Forrest would probably have been content. As it was, he continued, to the last, growling over the idea that something had been withheld from him that the world ought to have given. He was a great man, and somebody had said that he was not. He was the greatest actor that ever lived, and some scurrilous newspaper in Podunk had denied it. He was Timon scowling along Broadway; he was Lear parading in Chestnut Street; and the miserable human race would not be awed by the spectacle. There was always a fly in his ointment, a Mordecai at his gate, sullen resentment in his heart, and scorn on his lips. Such a man is picturesque as a ruin and becomes a study for the curious, but he is far from being either noble or salutary. Such a character, perhaps, is more to be pitied than blamed; but such is not the kind of character for which the reverence of the world can successfully be invoked. When a man poses as a genius and a martyr, and invites the admiration and sympathy of the world, the world is apt to inquire what he has done and what ails him. Byron, gloomily sequestered in his Venetian palace and consumed at heart with the strife between his inherent goodness and his inherent evil, had at least written "Childe Harold" and "Manfred." These

were immortal productions, destined to charm and elevate the human mind as long as time shall endure. Forrest added no such treasure to the store of human benefits, even in his pursuit of the stage. He was a successful actor, in a certain school; but his school was not the highest and he was not its best representative. He came out in 1826. He had seen Cooper and he was presently associated with Edmund Kean; and on these two actors his style was modeled — with a stronger inclination toward the former than the latter. His physical attributes determined his course. He inherited the traditions of Cooke and Cooper. He was never — if the conclusions of reading can be trusted — the equal of either of them; he, certainly, never carried the art of acting to a higher pitch of excellence than it had reached where they left it. The thing wherein he was peculiar, the attribute that he added, the contribution that he made, the distinguishing excellence that gave him his victory and made him memorable, was a certain animal splendor and ground-swell of emotion. He was tremendously real. He could be seen and heard and understood. He had a grand body and a glorious voice, and in moments of simple passion he affected the senses like the blare of trumpets and clash of cymbals, or like the ponderous, slow-moving, crashing, and thundering surges of the sea. In this quality he stood alone. In all others he has been surpassed. This was his charm, and through this he was enabled to render whatever service he did render to the cause of the drama.

That service consisted in a widespread, delightful, and improving interpretation of the art of acting to the lower order of public intelligence — an order which comprises the majority. To the higher order of mind Forrest bore no message and in the main was superfluous; and of this fact he seemed, in a certain blind way, to be aware — although neither he nor any one of his adherents could understand and believe that it was possible for any person, honestly and without hostility or prejudice, to dislike the snorts and grunts, the brays and belches, the gaspings and gurglings, the protracted pauses, the lolling tongue and the stentorian roar, with all of which ornaments it pleased him to overlay his acting — often remarkably fine and sometimes great. On this point turned all the contention that surged around Forrest's path. It was perfectly natural. In acting, as in poetry, there are, popularly, two schools. One is the Rossetti; the other is the Walt Whitman. The one is all for spirit; the other is all for body. The Rossetti would be a disembodied soul, floating in through the keyhole and hovering over a Dresden teacup. The Whitman exults in flesh and announces to a delighted world that "the odor of its arm-pits is an aroma sweeter than prayer." Naturally they do not agree, and frequently they call each other by bad names. The eclectic school, which is the right school, — in acting and in every other art, — stands between these extremes and simply asks the harmonious and symmetrical blending of the spiritual and physical. Our ancestors had that, in Garrick and Kemble; we have it in Edwin

Booth and Henry Irving. Neither of these latter actors is equal with Forrest in his distinctive element; but each has excelled him in fine mentality, in spirituality, and in poetry. Booth is a better *Richelieu* than Forrest was. As for *Hamlet* and all that *Hamlet* implies, this was a sealed book to Edwin Forrest as long as he lived.

With reference to the style of Mr. Barrett's book it may be remarked that he is not a practiced writer—and, in the way of freshness and zeal, this fact is an advantage; but it has its impediments. Mr. Barrett says that Forrest had “an aptitude for his calling beyond that of any other actor of his time”—which may be true, or may not, but probably is not; as Kean, Booth, Macready, Wallack, Eaton, Addams, Brooke, Warren, Jefferson, Burton, and several other performers, of at least equal “aptitude” for acting, were all of Forrest's time. There are other general assertions, of this wild character, and there are touches of redundancy—as when Mr. Barrett, meaning to refer to the theater, calls it “the shrine where his beloved Thespis reigned supreme.” In considering a writer so sincere and conscientious it is worth while to recommend thoroughness, as well of research as of revision. For lack of this Mr. Barrett has fallen into several errors. He says that Forrest, in his youth, “could see his own beloved *Lear* acted in the original text,” whereas in fact *Lear* was not acted in the original text either by Forrest's immediate predecessors or by himself. He says that in the period of Forrest's novitiate “the accessories of the stage were still poor and mean”—a statement which

does not harmonize with what may be read in Wood, and in other old authorities, about the three great theaters of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. He mentions Wood and Warren as "the veteran managers" of the Walnut—their theater, in fact, being the Chestnut. Reference is made to the liking which "the widow of Thrale and the wife of Piozzi" had shown for William Augustus Conway, the actor. This, through incertitude of phraseology, is unfair to the infatuated old lady; for she was the widow of Piozzi as well as of Thrale at the time of her Conway folly. Piozzi died in 1809; Conway came out in London in 1813 and it was in the next year, at Bath, that Mrs. Piozzi, aged seventy-four, wrote the seven "love-letters," so-called, which appeared in London in 1842, and which have had the effect of associating her name with that of the unfortunate actor—who committed suicide by drowning in 1828. A more surprising error is Mr. Barrett's statement that Forrest had (page 40) "known Cooke in the decline of his power." Cooke died in 1812; Forrest was born in 1806. "His own judgment," adds Mr. Barrett, "was immature." At the age of four, or five, or even six, it might well have been so. Wallack is called an "old veteran"—as if a veteran could be otherwise than old. There is a mysterious remark about Jefferson's having appeared in San Francisco "in two characters unworthy of his genius," and been rejected by the public. One of the characters in which the Californians rejected that great comedian was *Rip Van Winkle*; if that be thought

unworthy of his genius the critic must be hard to please. Mr. Barrett's chapter on Macready is thoughtful, and this and the epilogue are the gems of the book. It could be wished that less had been said about "the ingratitude of the world"—for it is not a wise habit of mind that tries human character and achievement by the test of public opinion. Wordsworth, for example, would still have been one of the greatest of men though he had never written a line and though the world had never read a line of his writing. A blemish of Mr. Barrett's book is the quotation of a tribute to Forrest which disparages Edwin Booth, and which was written by a certain "Mr. Moray." This "Moray" was a blackguard who wrote for a low and libellous sheet called "The Season,"—happily extinct.

The index to this volume has been made by the editor, Mr. Hutton, and it is ample, minute, and accurate—a model, indeed, of what such documents should be. It fills thirteen pages. The book is supplied with seven illustrations. There are three portraits of Forrest, showing him at the ages of twenty-one, forty-five, and sixty-five. All are novel, and two are good; but the forty-five portrait is execrable. There is a pretty view of "Fonthill"—the house that the actor built, near Yonkers, on the Hudson—a fac-simile of one of his letters, and a fac-simile of the play-bill issued on the night of his first appearance in London, at Drury Lane, October 17, 1836. And finally there is a wretched thing purporting to be a portrait of Mrs. Forrest, but looking like

the witch of Endor. Forrest himself referred to photography as "our most difficult art": he might have called it by a more explicit name if he had seen this picture; he was apt to make himself understood.



C. K. FOX.

CHARLES KEMBLE FOX, well known as the performer of *Pantaloons* in the pantomimes long popular at the Bowery and Olympic Theaters, died on January 17, 1875, in New York, of typhoid fever. He was a younger brother of George L. Fox, the *Clown*, and was born in Boston August 15, 1833. He went on the stage at the age of six. His first appearance in New York was made at the National Theater, July 18, 1853, as *Cute*, in a play on "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In 1858 he was a member of the Old Bowery Company, and in 1859 he joined the New Bowery. Afterwards he appeared at the Olympic, in pantomimes. His last appearance on the New York stage was made at the Globe Theater, May 16, 1874, in "Humpty Dumpty at Home"—that house being then under Mr. G. L. Fox's management. He had been acting in his brother's traveling company. Mr. Fox married Miss Mary Hewins, of Hartford, Connec-

ticut, and that lady was the author of the pantomimes in which his brother and himself won popularity and fortune. [She ultimately became Mrs. Stephen Fiske, and died on February 4, 1889.] His body was buried at Mount Auburn, near Boston.



MARY GANNON.

MARY GANNON died in New York on Saturday afternoon, February 22, 1868, at about 4 o'clock. In losing her the American stage loses the best comic actress of this generation. Her professional career extended over a period of about thirty years. She was born in New York, October 8, 1829, and she went upon the stage when she was a little child. In 1835—a girl of six years—she played at the Old Bowery Theater in such pieces as “The Planter and His Dog” and “Jack Robinson.” *Julia* and *Henry* were the little parts she then acted. In 1836 she was at the Franklin Theater, in Chatham Street, where she played, for the first time, *Louisa*, in “The Golden Farmer,” and *Florio*, in “The Hunter of the Alps.” One of her special accomplishments at this time was that of dancing, and one can well imagine with what grace and spirit she executed a sailor’s hornpipe. On November 11, 1837, she

made her first appearance at the National Theater, in Church Street, under the management of J. W. Wallack, in Garrick's play of "Gulliver in Lilliput." The character that she personated was *Lady Flimnap*. The National Theater was burnt down September 23, 1839, and then Mr. Wallack took his company to Niblo's; but he met with no success there and soon afterwards he went to England, temporarily abandoning theatrical enterprise in America. On the 4th of July, 1840, Miss Gannon played *La petite Celeste*, in "The Actress of All Work," at the Park Theater. For some years after that time she acted at southern theaters—in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston. In September, 1848, at Mitchell's Olympic Theater (between Howard and Grand Streets, on the east side of Broadway), Miss Gannon made her first appearance as *Sarah Blunt*, in the farce of "Poor Pillicoddy." Afterwards she played *Leander*, in "Hero and Leander"; *Ninette*, in the "Midnight Watch"; *Theseus*; *Esmeralda*, in a burlesque of Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame"; *Ariel*, in a burlesque of "The Tempest"; and a variety of similar parts. In 1849 she became the wife of Mr. George W. Stephenson, a lawyer. They had two children, both of whom died in infancy. Their married life was brief. Mr. Stephenson died of consumption, within a few years of their marriage, at Dobbs's Ferry, leaving his wife in poverty, and this caused her return to the stage, which was made at Montreal, under the management of Charles M. Walcot, the comedian. In 1852 J. W.

Wallack, returning from England, established his theater near the corner of Broome Street and Broadway—the house that had been started as Brougham's Lyceum. The season of 1855 opened on September 12. Miss Gannon made her first appearance there on October 15, as *Madame Denhoff*, "a lady in difficulties." The personation made a comic hit and from that time she remained a chief favorite in what was long the best comedy company in the United States.

She played many parts, and she always played them so as to leave distinct and abiding impressions in the sympathetic mind. Some idea of the versatility of her talent may be gathered from an enumeration of the characters in which she was conspicuously excellent: *Widow Green*, in "The Love Chase"; *Madame Aubrey*, in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man"; *Feggy Poplin*, in "Knights of the Round Table"; *Gertrude*, in "The Little Treasure"—of which she was the original at Wallack's Theater; *Hester*, in "To Marry or Not to Marry"; *Lydia Languish*, in "The Rivals"; *Sophia Freelove*, in "The Road to Ruin"; *Miss Prue*, in "Love for Love"; *Fanny Markham*, in "The Country Squire"; *Gertrude*, in "The Loan of a Lover"; *Miss Hardcastle*, in "She Stoops to Conquer"; *Rose*, in "Love and Money"; *Katherine Kloper*, in "Catching a Governor," of which she was the original in America; and *Rosa Leigh*, in Lester Wallack's "Rosedale," of which she was the first representative. She was gifted with subtle powers of perception for the playful phases of character and life. Her temperament was exceedingly sweet and gentle.

Her odd ways were characteristic and winning. As an *ingenue* she was perfect. Her good humor was boundless. She enjoyed life while it passed, as well as she could, and she strove to make everybody else enjoy it. The stage lighted up at her coming and she seldom failed to leave her audience in hearty merriment. There was a sentiment of human goodness, too, in all that she did as an artist, which touched every heart. She was one of the kindest, most unselfish, most affectionate of women. Her private life was passed in doing good to others and her public life in contributing to the amusement of everybody. She left no equal, in the line of parts that she played, upon either the English or the American stage. She was always a ray of sunshine. She had long known that the end was approaching—that the black curtain was about to fall. On a night when she acted with Lester Wallack in "The Captain of the Watch" she deplored her inability to act with energy and said that she was dying. The last part she played was *Mary Netley*, in "Ours," on January 27, 1868; and when she laid aside her stage dresses that night she said that she should never use them again. Her last hours were hours of insensibility; but while her mind remained clear she evinced perfect tranquillity and resignation and gave ample direction for the settlement of all matters of this life pertaining to herself. She passed away in the prime of her years and in the fullness of her fame; happy in leaving a name that will often be thought of with a sigh, and that will never be spoken without a smile.

JACOB GRAU.

THE distinguished theatrical manager Jacob Grau died at No. 4 Beekman Place, New York, on December 15, 1877, aged 59. The professional career of Mr. Grau extended over a period of twenty years. He began it as the business agent of Mr. Maurice Strakosch, in the season of 1853-54, when the latter was manager of the Ole Bull Concert Troupe. He then became, and for two seasons (1854-55-56) continued, the business agent for an opera and concert troupe, of which the celebrated singer Parodi was the principal member. In the season of 1856-57 he acted for another opera and concert troupe, comprising Parodi, Cora de Wilhorst, Brignoli, and Amodio. It was by this company that Pike's Opera House was opened in Cincinnati, in March, 1857. Thalberg was the next musical sensation, and in 1858 Mr. Grau was the manager of the Thalberg Concerts. In 1858-59 Messrs. Strakosch & Ullman gave Italian Opera at the New York Academy of Music, with Piccolomini as the chief feature, and for this company also Mr. Grau became the agent. The next season — 1859-60 — ended with a ball at the New York Academy of Music and an Opera Festival in Philadelphia, in honor of the Prince of Wales, then in America. Mr. Grau projected both these demonstrations, and he managed the entertainments with skill and with satisfactory results.

In 1860-61 Mr. Grau was chosen manager of the Associated Artists' Concert and Opera Troupe, consisting of Messrs. Brignoli, Ferri, Susini, and Muzio. During this season and under Mr. Grau's management Miss Clara Louise Kellogg made her début in concert. In 1861-62 Mr. Grau became manager of the Italian Opera. In one of these seasons and under Mr. Grau's management Miss Kellogg made her début in opera—as *Gilda*, in "Rigoletto." In 1863, after a successful tour of the chief cities in the North, Mr. Grau made a professional visit to Europe, where he organized a new Italian opera company, comprising Mmes. Vera Lorini, Castro, Morensi, and Signors Settafani, Maccaferri, Morelli, and others. This troupe Mr. Grau brought out at Niblo's Theatre, then managed by William Wheatley, and afterwards he led it through a provincial tour. During the winter of 1864 he rested. In March, 1865, he engaged the Italian Opera Company at the New York Academy of Music, and with this, on the 17th of that month, he opened the new Crosby Opera House in Chicago.

Mr. Grau now leased the French Theater in Fourteenth Street, on which building he expended about \$40,000, and suddenly disclosed his engagement of Adelaide Ristori and a numerous dramatic company from the Italian theaters. The excitement created by this enterprise was the liveliest, in theatrical life, that had been aroused in America, except that which ensued upon the advent of Jenny Lind. Ristori came in 1866 and remained in America—but for a

brief summer trip to Europe — throughout the next two years, steadily acting under Mr. Grau's management, and almost everywhere with prosperous results. She gave altogether 376 performances, and she received upwards of \$300,000. In the autumn of 1868, Mr. Grau brought over an opera bouffe troupe, and gave this form of entertainment for six months in New York and other cities.

In March, 1869, Mr. Grau went again to Europe, and on the 7th of May following he engaged, at Frankfort, for an American tour, the German actress Marie Seebach. Several new plays were brought out during Seebach's engagement, which since that time, in a translated form, have been adopted by American players and have taken their place among the stock pieces of the American theater. Mr. Grau engaged, in October, 1871, Rubinstein and Wieniawski, whose American tour — completed in the spring of 1873 — proved remunerative, beneficial to the cause of musical culture in America, and a source of great enjoyment to the musical public. Mr. Grau returned to New York in 1872, but from that time onward was confined to his residence, broken in health though not cast down in spirit. Mr. Grau was born in Austria, in 1819.



JAMES HENRY HACKETT.

THE dramatic veteran, James Henry Hackett, died on December 28, 1871, at Jamaica, Long Island, in the seventy-second year of his age. He departed in the ripeness of time and the maturity of experience, with all his honors gathered and all the purposes and possibilities of his career fulfilled. His death, therefore, is one of those bereavements to which the mind submits — with deep sorrow, indeed — but with natural resignation. Nothing of that consternation, nothing of that bitterness of grief, with which we contemplate a life that seems prematurely broken, can mingle with our regret for the loss of this admirable artist and original and interesting character. He had finished his work. He had enjoyed, in liberal abundance, the rewards of success and the honors and privileges of well-earned fame. Nothing was left for him but rest, and into that he has entered. “ Momus himself is dead.”

The record of Mr. Hackett’s life has been written by his own hand — in an “Autobiography” which has enjoyed a wide circulation among the readers of theatrical literature. He was born in New York, at No. 72 William Street, on March 15, 1800. His father was a Hollander and had been a lieutenant in the Life Guards of the Prince of Orange. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Abraham Keteltas, of Jamaica, Long Island — a clergyman

of ability and learning, of whom it is said that in the discharge of his ministerial duties he often officiated in three different languages. From these sources it was natural that the boy should inherit great sturdiness of physical constitution and a strong impulse towards intellectual pursuits. While he was yet a child his parents removed to Jamaica, where, in 1805, he became a pupil at the Union Hall Academy — then directed by Mr. Eigenbrogdt, a teacher of local repute. He remained there ten years. In 1815 he entered Columbia College, where, however, he studied but one year. In 1817 he was a law student with Gen. Robert Bogardus; and it is intimated that at this time he first dabbled in theatrical pursuits. In 1818 he engaged his services as a clerk. In 1819 he married Miss Catherine Leesugg, a singing actress at the Park Theater, whom he withdrew from the stage. From 1820 to 1826 he remained in mercantile pursuits, living part of the time in Utica and part of the time in New York. Unsuccessful speculations, during 1825, led to bankruptcy, and he thereupon reverted to his early taste for the drama. His wife reappeared on February 27, 1826, at the Park Theater, as the *Countess*, in "The Devil's Bridge," and as *Marian Ramsay*.

On March 1, 1826, Mr. Hackett made his first appearance at the same house, and in the character of *Justice Woodcock*. The effort was a failure. On the 10th, however, he made a second endeavor, enacting *Sylvester Daggerwood*, and introducing imitations

of Mathews, Kean, and other actors. These were remarkably clever, and they at once drew attention to the actor, who thereupon determined to persevere in the newly-chosen calling. His third appearance, on June 19th, was made in the Yankee character of *Uncle Ben*, and the French character of *Morbleau*, in "Monsieur Tonson." Success continued to attend him. His *Dromio*, first seen on October 25, 1826, made an emphatic hit. Towards the end of that year he went to England, making his first professional appearance in London, at Covent Garden, April 6, 1827. A little later he acted at the Surrey Theater, and gave a successful imitation of Edmund Kean's *Richard III*. It is a notable fact that, although Mr. Hackett's best achievements and most illustrious triumphs were won in comedy, his aspirations were almost invariably directed towards tragedy. Upon his return to America he appeared in several new parts, one of which was *Rip Van Winkle* — in which, for many years, he held preëminence in public favor. His personation of this character was based directly upon Irving's sketch, and it was a true and marvelously strong reproduction of the commonplace, good-natured vagabond, whom, in our time, the delicate genius of Jefferson has — by the skillful alteration of circumstances, the infusion of a subtle spirit of poetry, and a perfect method — lifted into the higher realm of the ideal, and made a poem as well as a fact. Mr. Hackett's acting, at the point where *Rip Van Winkle* hears that his wife is dead, gave as true a touch of nature as ever was seen. Facial expres-

sion, voice, and gesture — the mournful, half physical reminiscence, the convulsive sob, the artless involuntary utterance — all concurred to reveal the deep sincerity of that love which was the man's second nature, and which dignified his wretchedness, his rags, and his degradation. This, and certain bits of his *Monsieur Mallet* and his *Falstaff*, displayed Mr. Hackett for what he really was — an original, natural, unique actor in domestic drama. The public fully accepted him as an artist of this class; and it was not till new lights had arisen in a newer time, and the powers of the veteran began to wane beneath the chill of frosty age, that his grip upon popularity was relaxed.

In 1829 and 1830 he was, for a time, associated with the management of the Bowery and the Chatham Theaters. It was about this time that he first played *Falstaff*. In 1832 he made a second visit to England, and in 1840, 1845, and 1851 he made other visits to that country, and successful professional tours. In 1837 he managed the National Theater in New York; and in 1849 he was lessee and manager of the Astor-Place Opera House, when certain ruffians, adherents of Forrest, attempted to drive Macready from the stage and thus caused a bloody and disastrous riot. In 1854 Mr. Hackett introduced Grisi and Mario to the American public, presenting them in New York, at Castle Garden, on September 4, in that year. Subsequently, on October 2, the New York Academy of Music was, for the first time, opened to the public, and these artists appeared there, under

Mr. Hackett's direction. The professional career of the actor during the last seventeen years of his life was marked by no considerable vicissitude. He continued to act—in an itinerant and somewhat fitful and obscure manner—till the season of 1867-68, when he abandoned active employment. His first wife died in 1840. They had three sons, of whom the second, John K. Hackett, became well known as the Recorder. Mr. Hackett contracted a second marriage in 1866 and his wife and a child of two years survive him. The sickness that carried him off was the first serious ailment that he ever suffered. His disease was dropsy, complicated by a disorder of the lungs.

Mr. Hackett, as an actor, was remarkable chiefly for his *Falstaff*. This was last seen in New York when the veteran played his last engagement at Booth's Theater, from November 29 to December 25, 1869. He acted both in "Henry the Fourth" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." His *Falstaff* was a wonderfully symmetrical blending of intellect and sensuality. The externals were perfect. The burly form, the round, ruddy face, the rimy fringe of gray whiskers, the bright, penetrating, merry eyes, the rows of even, white teeth, the strong, hard voice, the pompous, gross, selfish, animal demeanor, tempered at times by wily sagacity and the perfect manner of an old man-of-the-world, combined to make this an admirably distinct and natural embodiment in all that relates to form. As to the spirit of the work there were wide differences of critical opinion—as is always the case with reference to works of decided

character and conspicuous merit. It is only concerning things of no importance that, as a rule, everybody is agreed. The humor of Mr. Hackett's *Falstaff* was not so much unctuous as it was satirical. He interpreted a mind that was merry, but one whose merriment was strongly tinctured with scorn. It knew nothing about virtue, except that some people traded on that commodity; and it knew nothing about sweetness, except that it was an attribute of sugar and a good thing in "sack." The essence of his conception was most perceptible in two scenes—in the delivery of the soliloquy on Honor, in "Henry IV.," and in the fat knight's scene, at first alone, then with *Bardolph*, and then with *Master Brook*, after the ducking in the Thames, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The first—in its sly shrewdness, contempt for self-sacrifice, and utter inability to comprehend nobleness of motive or conduct—was almost sardonic. The latter—in its embodiment of the discomfort of a balked and fretted sensualist, and the rage and self-scorn of a sensible man at having been physically humiliated—was indescribably ludicrous, because of its absolute and profound seriousness. These indications pointed to a stern individuality, latent within the humor and the boisterous conviviality of the man—and that was the basis of Mr. Hackett's ideal. With respect to method he was a bold artist. He painted with broad and vigorous strokes and gave little heed to details and delicacy of finish. His *Sir Pertinax MacSycophant* and his *O'Callaghan*, however, were drawn and colored with extraordinary care and

taste, and these showed him—at least in the latter part of his career—to be a master of the art of elaboration. He played *Lear* and *Hamlet*, in 1840, for the first time, and very seldom thereafter; but he made no impression with those tragic parts. He possessed gravity, but not solemnity. He knew the passions by sight, but not by feeling. His greatness consisted in the vigorous illustration of strongly defined, eccentric characters, and the unconscious expression of that everlasting comicality which such characters dispense upon the conduct of life.

Mr. Hackett held his profession in sincere esteem and strove by all the means at his command to advance its interest and its repute. To him is due the honor of projecting the plan for a Shakspere Monument in the Central Park, the corner-stone of which was laid, under his auspices, on April 23, 1864—the Shakspere Tercentenary. Mr. Hackett was highly respected as a gentleman and prized as a friend. His death, while it will not be regarded as a deprivation to the stage,—from which he had finally and permanently retired, with fortune and reputation,—may well inspire salutary reflection on the dignity of a long life that is spent in the conscientious service of art and crowned with the laurels of integrity and honor.



CHARLES B. HALE.

THE veteran actor Charles B. Hale died, at Morrisania, N. Y., on February 11, 1876, aged 57. He was born at Ballington, England, June 23, 1819. His first appearance on the stage was made at Hereford, January 8, 1837, as *Thessalus*, in "Alexander the Great." He came out in London, on October 5, 1849, at the Olympic Theater, as *Filch*, in "The Beggar's Opera"—a part to which, like its original representative Nat. Clarke, he was well fitted by his meager countenance and shambling gait. His first appearance in America was made on May 7, 1852, at the Broadway Theater, New York, as *Sam Warren*, in a comedy called "The Poor Relation." He afterwards followed his profession in divers lines of business and in many cities. He was a member of John Brougham's theatrical company during that actor's management of Brougham's Theater, in Twenty-fourth Street—called, both before and afterwards, the Fifth-Avenue Theater—in 1869. He played character parts and old men. His latest notable success was made as *Melter Moss* in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." Mr. Hale was thin and small in person, formal in manners, studious, thoughtful, devoted to his profession, a correct actor, and especially capable of making effective those parts in which—as in the crafty executioner in "Louis XI."—danger is latent beneath composure. He was married to Charlotte France, who made her first appearance on the

American stage May 8, 1852, at the Astor-Place Opera House, as *Margaret Overreach*, to the *Sir Giles* of G. V. Brooke, and who died in Cincinnati December 6, 1865. Mr. Hale was ill for a long time, with a disease of the brain. The American Dramatic Fund Association cared for him in his latter years.



J. G. HANLEY.

THE death of Joseph G. Hanley occurred at Williamsburg on March 9, 1869. His age was forty-one. He was born in New York in 1828, and educated at public schools in that city. In youth he learned the trade of a printer, and this for some time he followed. In 1849 he was a member of what was known as the American Histrionic Association, and in the performances given by that society he gained his first experience of the stage. Florence, the Irish comedian, and Edward Lamb were also members of the Histrionic Association.

The first public appearance of Mr. Hanley as an actor was made at the Astor-Place Opera House in 1850 for the benefit of the New York Mexican Volunteers. He acted *Virginius*. In the course of the next two years he regularly adopted the profession — ap-

pearing at the Chatham Theater, in 1852, under the management of Purdy. Subsequently he played an engagement at Albany and another at Chicago, under the management of John Rice. Thence he went to Providence and accepted an engagement in a stock company, where he remained for some time, and where he was married to a sister of Joe Pentland, the circus clown. After that he again visited the West, playing at Cincinnati, and, under Bates's management, at Louisville. His last season at the latter city was that of 1856-57. From there he went to Boston, where he labored as stage-manager at the Howard Athenæum, and at the Boston Theater. When Edwin Booth managed the Winter Garden, in New York, Mr. Hanley was stage-manager there, and he proved an efficient and faithful officer. After the Winter Garden was burnt down (1866) he went to Wallack's in the same office, and there he worked till within a short time of his death.

As an actor Mr. Hanley attained a highly respectable position. He could play a variety of characters, and he always played in a careful, correct, and acceptable manner. He was a student, especially of Shakespeare; and he collected a considerable and valuable library. As a stage-manager he was thoroughly competent; he worked with thought and taste and he worked incessantly. In private life he was a just and honorable man — having a keen sense of duty, which regulated all his conduct. In temperament he was reticent and sad. Care had weighed upon him heavily

and sobered the ardent ambitions of an earnest youth. He was proud of his profession, jealous of its honor, and painfully conscious of the degradation which it sometimes suffers at the hands of the ignorant and vicious. He left a widow and three children.



JAMES E. HAYES.

THE manager of the Olympic Theater, James E. Hayes, died in New York, May 3, 1873, and theatrical circles lost a popular comrade. Mr. Hayes was chiefly known as a scenic artist, and he enjoyed a well-earned reputation. He was devoted to his art and he followed it with passionate zeal and industry. He had an ingenious fancy, a quick sympathy with the poetical sentiment of landscape, and uncommon skill as a colorist. He distinguished himself by many successes in Boston and Philadelphia as well as in New York. One of the best of these was his part in the scenery of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Olympic Theater, in 1867. With that house he was long connected as scenic artist before he became its manager. He left a widow — one of the daughters of Mr. John A. Duff — and one child. His illness was a brain-fever, induced by hard work on the scenery for George L. Fox's Olympic Pantomime — given in a

revised form on April 24, 1873. He closely followed in death his brother-in-law, John H. Selwyn, the stage-manager of the Chestnut in Philadelphia. They were close friends in life and they went to rest almost hand-in-hand. As a theatrical manager Mr. Hayes was understood to pursue, at the Olympic, the policy devised by Mr. John A. Duff. The house was mostly devoted to light entertainments — though it was here that Mr. Jefferson made a great success, on returning from Australia and Europe, in 1866, and here that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" had a run of 100 nights. Mr. Hayes was inclined to foster the legitimate drama and had formed ambitious plans for the future of his theater. He was an upright and an amiable person, and though quiet and undemonstrative — sometimes even to apparent dullness — was cordial in his feelings, quick in his reason, and, to those who knew him well, humorous and amusing in his moods and in his habitually quizzical observation of life.



FREDERICK HAWLEY.

FREDERICK HAWLEY, librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial, at Stratford-upon-Avon, died in that city on Wednesday, March 13, 1889, of consumption, aged 62. He was widely known and sincerely esteemed. Mr. Hawley was appointed

librarian of the Memorial in 1885, and in the fulfillment of the duties of that office he labored with ample scholarship, fine intelligence, devoted zeal, and exquisite taste. No man ever loved more dearly the name and memory of Shakspere, and no worker ever toiled in a more affectionate spirit or with more incessant and tender industry to serve the cause of Shaksperean scholarship. His catalogues are marvels of perspicuity and beauty. His handwriting was singularly handsome and he rejoiced in doing his work thoroughly—so that his manuscripts are an ample satisfaction to the mind as well as a delight to the eye.

Mr. Hawley had just completed a catalogue of all existing editions of Shakspere, in every language; and it was his intention to obtain every one of those editions for the Shakspere Memorial Library. He had put the collection of books now at the Memorial in perfect order and he had largely increased it by his wise, timely, and always tasteful solicitations of volumes from all accessible sources. He was, in particular, proud of the American department of the library, and under his judicious and fostering care that section of it had considerably grown. American visitors were cordially welcomed by Mr. Hawley. He delighted in showing them such treasures as the library possesses and he derived pleasure from their cordial sympathy with the institution and its purposes. His plans for the advancement of the Memorial were ambitious, comprehensive, wise, and practical. He wished, among other things, to obtain every book or other publication about Shakspere that ever was issued, in any part of the world.

Mr. Hawley was a native of Portsmouth, England, born in 1827, the son of Captain Hawley, of the 51st King's Own—who served in the Peninsular War and was present as an aide-de-camp at Waterloo. He was educated for the bar and was admitted to practice in 1852, but he adopted the stage and for many years was an actor, under the name of Haywell. He appeared at Sadler's Wells, London, under the management of Samuel Phelps; was associated with Charles Calvert, in Shaksperean productions at Manchester; and was once stage-manager for John Knowles, in the latter city. He possessed a deep, strong voice, an expressive countenance, and a dignified person, and his manners were gracious and distinguished. He wrote several plays, the most important of them being a blank verse tragedy, in five acts, upon the story of "Agnes of Bavaria." This was once performed in London, at the Gaiety Theater, and its author cherished the hope of being able to bring it forward again. Its merit is literary rather than dramatic—for it provides narrative and many long and sonorous speeches rather than vital, incessant, propulsive action; but it is noble in spirit and its ideal qualities are those of poetic fancy and sensibility. Mr. Hawley was a charming companion, a scholar of signal equipment and ability, and he led a conscientious, useful, and gentle life.



MATILDA HERON.

THE death of Matilda Heron [in New York, March 11, 1877], though not a deprivation to the stage, is an event that feelingly recalls what the stage once possessed, in her bright days, and what it long since lost in the sad decadence of her mind. In 1856-57, when Matilda Heron came forward in the character of *Camille*, if she was not a great actress she certainly was a remarkable example of elemental power. She had a wildness of emotion, a force of brain, a vitality in embodiment, and many indefinable magnetic qualities that combined to make her exceptional among human creatures. Those who saw her then saw a woman unusual for personal charms,—strong and fine in physique, with dark hair, dark eyes, and a beautiful white complexion,—but more unusual for an electrical sympathy of temperament that captivated every heart. Miss Heron was never more at her best than in *Camille*. She appeared in other parts, but that was the part she always acted; and, though it is true that she may have somewhat refined upon her method in after years, she never acted it better than at the first. It afforded the agonized and agonizing situation which alone could serve for the utterance of her tempestuous nature. Once, in later times, speaking to an author about a play that she wished to have written for her, she was careful to state that the heroine must be “a lost woman.” No doubt she knew, as everybody

knows, that a woman lost is not a particle more dramatic than a woman found; but she loved the storm and reveled in the reckless agony of a nature that is at war with itself. More than almost any other woman contemporaneous with her upon the stage Matilda Heron knew what it is to love, and what it is to suffer through the truth or through the consequences of that awful and tremendous passion. When, in the first act of "Camille," she used to rush forward and sob out the exclamation, "Respect me—and in this house," she made the heart of every man who heard her stand still in his bosom; and when she parted from the lover whom she never meant to see again in this world her agony was so great and so real that few men could look upon its exhibition.

Her power was not, perhaps, the power of the imagination—that seizes upon an ideal and enables the artist to rise out of this actual world and embody a creature of the poetic brain, like *Lady Macbeth*—but hers, beyond all doubt, was the human woman's heart, that had sounded every depth of passion and could embrace all possible experience of woman in that world of love which is so essentially her own. And while she was thus human and passionate in fiber she was weird and fascinating in her individuality. All her ways were her own—and the eye followed her with a strange kind of delight at absolute newness and formidable sincerity. She often failed to satisfy the intellect with reference to classic forms of ancient literature or to set molds of modern character. Her *Medea*, for example, was half a prowling maniac and

half a reckless gipsy — with now and then a gleam of fateful fury, like fire that streams through the suddenly opened mouth of the volcano ; and her *Edith*, and *Sybil*, and *Geraldine* were erratic and bizarre figures only to be remembered for strong and surprising points. But no spectator of her acting ever — till her powers were on the wane — missed the sense of an original, vigorous, brilliant, and startling personality. She was an actress of the passions — and of the passions in their universal ebb and flow.

This sort of a nature, unless it be curbed by a prodigious moral sense and intellect, inevitably breaks all the bounds of a serene life. Matilda Heron's career was full of trouble and sorrow. It is easy to say that she brought them upon herself. It might be wiser to say that Fate, which made her what she was, ruled the event to its own ends. It certainly is truthful to say that she wrought the labor of her life with a profound, earnest, passionate, and virtuous sincerity ; that she touched, in thousands of hearts, the spring of gentle charity ; that she dealt a blow which staggered alike the canting sensualist and the canting Pharisee ; and, with all her faults and failings, that she leaves the memory not alone of one of the greatest elemental forces in the dramatic art, but of a large-hearted, tender, magnanimous woman. In the Little Church, which has become so justly dear to the dramatic profession, the burial service was said over her remains ; and from that place, with all the honors that love and sorrow can offer, the ashes of this dead genius were taken to the grave.

Matilda Heron was born in Londonderry, Ireland. She came to America when a girl, and she made her first appearance on the stage, February 17, 1851, at the Walnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia, as *Bianca*, in "Fazio." In 1853 she appeared in San Francisco with much success. In 1854 she made a tour of the United States, as a star, and was prosperous. In 1857 she became the wife of Robert Stoepel, a noted musician. In 1861 she appeared in London, at the Lyceum Theater, as *Rosalie* in "New Year's Eve." In 1869 she was divorced from her husband. She once gave public readings of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," illustrated with music by Mr. Stoepel. She produced at the Winter Garden, New York, a tragedy called "The World's Own," written for her by Julia Ward Howe. She was not the original performer in America of *Camille* [under which name the American stage knows the character of *Marguerite Gautier*], but in that part she acquired her fame. The original in America was Jean Davenport [Mrs. Lander]. Matilda Heron left a daughter, Bijou Heron.



GEORGE HOLLAND.

GEORGE HOLLAND was born in London, England, on December 6, 1791. His father was a tradesman. The boy was first sent to preparatory schools in Lambeth, and afterwards to a boarding-school, kept by an eccentric scholar, Dr. Duprée, at Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire. He did not prove a devoted student. He was more remarkable for his pranks than for his proficiency in learning. But he became distinguished as a cricket-player and he laid the foundation of good health by abundant indulgence in this sport. At Dr. Duprée's school he passed two years, at the end of which time he was taken home by his father and set at work in the silk and ribbon warehouse of Messrs. Hill & Newcombe, Wood Street, Cheapside, London. Prior to going thither, though, he enjoyed a vacation of six weeks and had his first experience of the stage. Astley's Amphitheater existed then, and was conducted by Messrs. Crossman, Smith & Davis. One of these managers — Mr. Smith — happened to be a friend of the Holland family, and by him young George was frequently taken to the rehearsals. "Les Ombres Chinois" was the name of the entertainment — a show consisting of pasteboard figures of men and animals, worked with wires, behind an illuminated screen. An incidental dialogue was delivered, correspondent to the action of these dummies. This exhibition so delighted the boy that he made an imitation of it, and so good a one

that it made a hit in the home circle. With the silk mercers young Holland passed six months selling silk and ribbons and silk hats, the latter articles having then only just come into fashion. Not liking this pursuit he next procured a situation in a banking house in Cornhill. His post was that of an out-of-door clerk and his duty required him to walk ten miles a day. This work made an invalid of him and laid him up for two months. After that he passed six months in a bill-broker's office and acquired acquaintance with the volatile art of "kite-flying." Then came another illness, on recovering from which he found himself a wanderer in London in quest of work. Accident now brought him into association with the once famous Newman, who established "Newman's Echo"—a cheap sheet, presenting an epitome of the advertisements of "wants" and "situations" originally published in the expensive newspapers of the day. Reading was costly in those days and poor men could get the news only by dropping into an ale-house and paying for the privilege of taking a turn at the paper. This was the cheapest way. "Newman's Echo" placed a certain class of information, gleaned from all the current journals, within everybody's reach. So good an idea could not fail at the start. Holland worked at it with equal fidelity and energy, and Newman soon grew rich. Then he speculated with his money and was ruined, and the "Echo" ceased to be heard.

Once more at leisure, and waiting for something to turn up, young George now devoted some time to the

art of fencing. This he learned from his brother, who was under the tuition of Professor Roland, then a distinguished practitioner with the sword. At the age of nineteen George was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Davison, at Whitefriars, to learn the trade of a printer; and in a somewhat vain pursuit of skill in this avocation the unfeudged actor spent two years. While the boy did not distinguish himself as a printer he gained positive distinction in sparring and rowing. He was a member of a boat-club; he could — and frequently did — row from London Bridge to Richmond and back again, twenty miles each way; he frequented the Free and Easy, and learned and sang comic songs therein; he made the illustrious acquaintance of "Tom Cribb," "Molineaux," "Tom Belcher," "Dutch Sam," "Iky Solomons," and other champions and bruisers; and he was himself known in this brilliant society as "the Comic Chattering Cove." Thus early did those vigorous animal spirits and that overwhelming propensity to fun find vent, which afterwards, for so many years, gave brightness to the stage and pleasure to multitudes of its supporters. Young Holland's way of life, however, did not prove salutary to the printing business, and when twenty-one years of age he was fortunate enough to get his indentures canceled, and thereafter he followed a natural and independent course, which is the only sure road to genuine success in life. His wanderings first took him to Liverpool. Here he found no employment but had a sharp experience of poverty. From Liverpool he took passage for Dublin, where he found his father's old friend, Mr. Smith,

of Astley's Amphitheater — now riding-master at the Castle School, a noted institution of the Irish capital. By this gentleman he was kindly received, and under his direction he made himself useful in the riding-school, and became proficient as a rider and a manager of horses. The evenings he passed at the Crow-Street Theater. This equestrian and dramatic period of his experience was brief, as he now became a commercial traveler, in the employment of Messrs. Nunn & Co., dealers in thread-lace. For two years George Holland drove a mercer's cart through Ireland ; and in every town he was successful and popular. One can readily imagine that, as a wit on the box and a songster in the tavern parlor, he would have a great success — for good humor is a greater conqueror in the battle of life than Cæsar in the battle of nations. In 1816, Holland, at the age of twenty-five, was set up in business for himself, to sell bobinet lace manufactured in Nottingham. His shop was in Crow Street, Dublin, near the Crow-Street Theater, and immediately opposite to a favorite haunt of jolly boys, called Peter Kearney's Inn. To this resort George frequently repaired, and here he made many theatrical acquaintances. The bobinet-lace business lasted six months, when George settled his affairs, took down his sign, and returned to England — to embark on that theatrical current which continued, through many vicissitudes of fortune, to the end of his days. George Holland was fifty-three years an actor. More than half a century of entrances and exits !

The first engagement that Holland secured was made with Mr. Samuel Russell, familiarly known as "Jerry Sneak Russell," the stage-manager for Robert William Elliston—that Elliston, the Magnificent, for whom, as Charles Lamb wrote, "the Pauline Muses weep." The engagement was to last six weeks, till the close of the season at the London Olympic. Elliston then offered Holland an engagement at the Birmingham Theater, to begin six weeks later. That interval the actor, now regularly embarked, spent in traveling, on foot, from London to Birmingham, in company with a friendly *Mr. Lanville* or *Folaire*, and exhibiting his "Les Ombres Chinois" at towns on the way. This enterprise, carried on in frolic, beguiled the tedium of the journey and ended in a good supper. Arrived at Birmingham Holland found Elliston grandly forgetful of the promised engagement, but ultimately he succeeded in getting a post in the great manager's company, with a salary of fifteen shillings a week. On the 19th of May, 1817, the theater opened with "Bertram" and "The Broken Sword." Holland was cast as one of the monks in the former play, and as the *Baron* in the latter. With the monk he prospered well; but, having permitted a couple of brother actors to "make up" his face and head for the *Baron*—which they did with a pantaloon wig and all the colors at hand—he went on in the second piece an object of such absurdity that he was literally laughed and hooted from the stage. A dark *Baron* would have answered every purpose; but a red, white, and blue one was too much for the British public. For a

long time after this adventure the unlucky comedian was known as "Baron Holland." For many days — so great was his mortification — he kept away from the theater, having, indeed, set up a school for teaching fencing and boxing. So at length the old sports became useful auxiliaries in the serious labor of life. At last Holland had an explanation with Elliston, was reinstated in the company, and was made prompter. Mr. Brunton was then the stage-manager of the Birmingham Theater — the father of the afterwards famous Miss Brunton who finally became the Countess of Derby, and of that other Miss Brunton, Anne, who married in succession Merry, Wignell, and Warren, and was once the chief actress of the American stage. While Holland was prompter Macready came to the Birmingham Theater and played *Roy Roy*. Other "stars" came also, and among them Mr. Vincent de Camp, with whom he formed an acquaintance that was destined to be of much value to him. Holland was now offered an engagement at the theater in Newcastle-on-Tyne, accepting which he went to London and thence proceeded to Newcastle by a sailing vessel, that being the cheapest route. On this voyage he met Miss Povey, afterwards Mrs. Knight, and Junius Brutus Booth, together with other theatrical performers, bound to the same place. With Booth he formed a friendship which lasted all the days of the latter actor's life, and which the comedian always cherished in the tenderest recollection. After finishing his engagement at Newcastle, Holland went to Manchester, with Mr. Usher, and there played as

Harlequin. This was in 1819, the year of certain local disturbances known and remembered as the Peterloo riots. In December of that year Holland returned to Newcastle, which thenceforward during five seasons he made his home. The season in those times began in December and ended in May. During the summer Holland traveled, acting wherever occasion offered. While he was acting at the Newcastle Theater, in one of his annual engagements, his fondness for practical jokes and deviltry of all sorts—frequently illustrated in mischievous adventures—brought a temporary disaster upon him ; for, snipping at his nose one night with a large pair of shears, for the amusement of an enlightened public, he cut that useful organ very nearly into two pieces. It was well mended, though, and the wound left no visible scar. Holland's exceedingly natural acting on this occasion (nobody in front knowing what ailed him), was the subject of universal commendation, particularly from the manager, who sent an urgent request that the comedian would nightly repeat his spirited and remarkable performance.

In the season of 1825-26 Holland was engaged at the London Haymarket Theater, under the management of T. P. Cooke. At a later period he fulfilled an engagement at the Surrey Theater. But his English career was now drawing to a close. At Christmas, 1826, Junius Brutus Booth, then stage-manager of the Chatham-Street Theater, New York, sent a letter offering him an American engagement. This epistle—in the earnest, manly, simple, thoughtful style character-

istic of all the writings of the great tragedian — gives interesting details with reference to the condition of the New-York stage in 1826, when Edwin Forrest was a rising young actor, and Lester and J. W. Wallack, Jr., were boys, and Joseph Jefferson and Edwin Booth were yet unborn. Holland did not at once come over, but the allurement proved strong and in the following year he accepted an engagement at the Bowery Theater. It was in August, 1827, in the ship *Columbia*, that he sailed for New York.

The Bowery Theater — then called the New York Theater — was an important institution in the dramatic world when Holland came to America, and his appearance there, on September 12, 1827, naturally attracted much attention. He acted in "A Day After the Fair," then a favorite farce, and he made a decided hit. It was a long time though before the comedian settled into a permanent situation. For years after he arrived in America he led the nomadic life of his tribe. I trace him to the Tremont Theater, in Boston, then managed by Pelby. Afterwards he played at the Federal-Street Theater, in the same city — long a favorite shrine of the dramatic muse, but now gone. Then he returned to New York and established his residence at Yorkville. Then he performed at Albany. On January 21, 1829, he made his first appearance at New Orleans in the Pearl-Street Theater, afterwards called the Academy of Music. In the same year he acted at Louisville, Cincinnati, Natchez, Vicksburg, Montgomery, Mobile, Philadelphia, Boston, Salem, and

Providence. This record shows how an actor was obliged to skip about in old times, and how hard he had to work; for traveling was not then what it is now, nor could the country boast such theaters anywhere as now adorn it in almost every city. On September 30, 1829, Holland took a benefit at the Bowery Theater, New York. Immediately afterwards I trace him on another expedition, this time in company with Mr. and Mrs. Blake, with Mr. T. A. Cooper as manager—and a powerful combination it was, and a jovial time they must have had. In June, 1830, the comedian occupied what was known as "Holland's Cottage," at Yorkville, New York. This was a snug suburban inn and one that enjoyed much favor. Holland, indeed, was always a popular man, and if his business capacity had kept pace with his professional success he would have gained a fortune. That success never waited on his efforts. As a worker he began, and to the last he lived in harness and ready to do his best. Leaving the Yorkville cottage in the Fall of 1831, he once more went out with Cooper. This season of roving began on October 10, in that year, and lasted till April 10, 1832. Hamblin and John Henry Barton accompanied the party, and they played at Augusta, Savannah, Charleston, and New Orleans. Holland's portion of the entertainment was entitled "Whims of a Comedian." It was a medley and it included feats of ventriloquism, for which this actor was celebrated. "The whole of this performance," said the programme, "will be recited, acted, sung, and gesticulated by Mr.

Holland alone." The bill of the play contained eight distinct features, and the price of admission was fixed at \$1, which was a high price in those days.

From New Orleans the party went up the Mississippi and so to Pittsburg. Here Holland's engagement terminated. He then went to Cincinnati and to Louisville, and, in association with N. M. Ludlow, gave entertainments in the principal towns of Kentucky and Tennessee. Subsequently, combining forces with Mr. and Mrs. Knight, he visited Nashville, and gave performances during one week, which were successful. This was in the cholera season of 1832, and here, as afterwards at New Orleans, the performances given by Holland exerted a cheering and reassuring influence over the public mind, inclined as it was to panic, in the presence of that baleful disease. In 1834 Holland was associated with old Sol Smith in the management of the theater at Montgomery, Alabama. Allusion is made to this fact on page 103 of Sol Smith's "Theatrical Management": "The season in Montgomery this year (1834) commenced on the 16th of January. The celebrated George Holland joined me in the management, and the firm was Smith & Holland. . . . My business connection with George Holland was a very pleasant one. We parted at the close of the season with mutual good feelings." Jane Placide and George H. Barrett were members of the company at this Montgomery Theater. Holland went back to New Orleans on leaving Sol Smith and was there made secretary of "The New Orleans Gas-light and Banking Company." Not long afterwards

he accepted the post of private secretary to J. H. Caldwell and treasurer of the St. Charles Theater. This was in the season of 1835-36, which began on November 30, 1835, with Miss Cushman as the star. She played *Patrick*, in "The Poor Soldier," *Helen Macgregor*, in "Rob Roy," *Peter Wilkins*, *Lady Macbeth*, and other characters. During the same season, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, J. W. Wallack, C. K. Mason, Mr. Finn, A. A. Addams, and Madame Celeste played engagements at the St. Charles, and with all these theoretic luminaries Holland had friendly relations in his capacity as treasurer. An opera troupe, including Adelaide Pedratti, G. B. Montressor, Antonio de Rosa, and others came on Sunday, March 6, 1836, and again on the 4th of December following. In the meantime Holland had been very ill, so ill, indeed, that he was not expected to recover. But a trip to Havana restored him to health, and after six months in that lovely island he came back with renewed vigor to his labors at the St. Charles. "The Jewess," after fifteen months of preparation, was produced with success on December 25, 1837, and the season closed on April 29, 1838. During the following season performances were given here by Forrest, Booth, J. R. Scott, Finn, J. M. Field, Farren, Sam. Cowell, Ellen Tree, Celeste, and Josephine Clifton. These details suggest what the theater was, in old days, in the matter of acting, and they also suggest the associations into which George Holland was thrown — associations whereby, when old, he was "a mine of memories." On one of the bills of the St.

Charles appeared these notices, which may indicate what were the manners of the time, among theater-going people: "It is particularly requested that dogs will not be brought to the theater, as they Cannot be admitted." "Peanuts are proscribed." In the season of 1840 Fanny Ellsler appeared at the St. Charles, engaged for \$1,000 a night, and a benefit, on which latter occasion she was to have all the receipts except \$500. These terms were made by Holland, in the absence of Caldwell, to secure the great attraction and keep it out of the rival theater. On the first night the receipts were \$3,446.50, and for the ten nights of Fanny Ellsler's engagement the average receipts were \$2,597.35. The benefit brought in \$3,760. Holland paid to the great dancer \$10,000 for the ten performances; \$3,260 for her benefit; and \$1,192 for half benefit to Avalini and Silvani, her companions—in all \$14,453. Yet this enterprise was a thorough success to the theater. On March 13, 1842, the St. Charles Theater was burned, and so ended Holland's connection with the most prosperous establishment in which he had ever been engaged. Caldwell, the manager, survived his losses and was a wealthy man to the last, dying in New York in the autumn of 1863.

After the St. Charles had been destroyed Holland made a trip with Dr. Lardner, who gave a series of lectures and illustrated them with lanterns. The party visited Mobile, Natchez, Vicksburg, Jacksonville, Nashville, St. Louis (at which place they found "Gentleman" George H. Barrett keeping a restaurant),

Louisville, Cincinnati, and Buffalo. From the latter place to Troy Holland sailed in a canal-boat. Arrived in New York he found his old acquaintance Mitchell engaged in the management of the Olympic Theater. He had known Mitchell since the year 1818, when both were members of De Camp's theatrical company at Newcastle. By Mitchell he was now engaged, and in the Olympic company he remained—constantly acting and always a public favorite—from 1843 to 1849. His first appearance at the Olympic was made on September 4, 1843, in "A Day After the Fair" and "The Bill of Fare." In the summer of 1844 he acted, with Mitchell's company, at Niblo's, as *Lobwitz*, in "The Child of the Regiment," *Hassarac*, in "Open Sesame," and divers other characters. In 1849 Holland accepted an engagement at the Varieties Theater, New Orleans, and there, says Sol Smith, "he enjoyed a popularity never perhaps achieved by any other actor in that city." Thomas Placide was then the manager of the Varieties. In 1853 Holland was a member of Burton's company, in New York. On August 10th, in that year, on the occasion of the opening of the theater, he acted *Sunnyside*, in "A Capital Match," and *Thomas*, in "The Secret." In the meantime Wallack's Theater—at first called Wallack's Lyceum—had been opened, on September 8, 1852; and in the third season Holland was added to the company, appearing on September 12, 1855, as *Chubb*, in John Brougham's "Game of Love." With Wallack's he remained connected—seceding only once, which was in the panic days of 1857, when he

joined Christy's Minstrels — until the end of the season of 1867-68. His last engagement was made with Mr. Augustin Daly, and in the season of 1869-70 he acted several times at the Fifth Avenue Theater. His last professional appearance was made there on January 12, 1870, as the *Reporter*, in Miss Olive Logan's farcical comedy of "Surf." Subsequently, on May 16th, on the occasion of his benefit, the veteran appeared before the curtain — not having taken part in the representation (the play was "Frou-Frou") — and made a brief but touching speech, consisting of three words: "God bless you!" He died, at 309 Third Avenue, New York, on Tuesday, December 20, 1870. His death had been expected for a long time. During many months he clung to life by the slenderest thread. When at last — about 5 o'clock in the morning of December 20 — he fell into his final sleep, he sunk away so calmly that the friends who surrounded him were unaware of his decease. He was eighty years old. The most of his long life was passed in active industry. His last days were much oppressed by the suffering incidental to infirmity. He bore those trials well, however, and flashes of his characteristic drollery and delightful humor often enlivened the gloom of the closing scenes.

His life was full of strange vicissitudes; but it was animated by honest principle, and characterized by faithful labor and spotless integrity. Mr. Holland was a good man. He attained a high rank in his profession — largely by reason of his skill as an artist, but more largely by reason of his natural endowments.

He was a born humorist of the eccentric order. To the comedian is accorded the happy privilege of casting the roses of mirth on the pathway of his fellowmen, making glad their hearts with cheerful and kindly feeling and lighting up their faces with the sunshine of innocent pleasure. In the exercise of that privilege George Holland added in no inconsiderable degree to the sum of human happiness. He honored his avocation. He respected himself. He performed his duty. This is no slight victory, in a world of strife, vicissitude, care, and pain. But it is the rightful reward of goodness, devoted labor, and genuine talent. It is the crown of honor, and this veteran actor wore it with equal right and grace.



EPH. HORN.

EPH. HORN died on January 3, 1877. He was born at Philadelphia in 1818, and he made his first appearance in New York in 1854, at the Olympic. In 1865 and again in 1871 he visited England. He was associated for eleven years with Dan Bryant. His last professional appearance was made on Christmas night, 1876, at Taylor's Opera House, Trenton, New Jersey. He left a widow, one son, and two daughters.

Mr. Horn was genial, humorous, strongly individual in character, and remarkable for the extreme readiness of his wit, the fertility of his invention in matters of fun, and his skill and drollery in practical jokes. He could keep a straight face in the most absurd circumstances and he enjoyed life so heartily that he made it a delight to those around him. He never had the advantages of education, but he surpassed in native wit and talent many actors whose names stand much higher than his in the public admiration.



ADOLPHUS DAVENPORT HOYT.

(DOLLY DAVENPORT.)

THE death of the actor who was long familiarly known as "Dolly Davenport" occurred in New Orleans on October 22, 1873. His name in the play-bills was A. H. Davenport. His real name was Adolphus Davenport Hoyt. He was born at Stamford, Conn., in 1831, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1848, at Baltimore. In the earlier part of his career he acted *Claude Melnotte* and the lovers in general, but in his riper years he excelled in such characters as *Horatio* and *Gratiano*, and likewise in characters fraught with grotesque humor. His *Dalton*, in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," was a

particularly telling piece of character, both in its mood of ruffianly swagger and its disguise of mercantile respectability. He acted *Pinchbeck* exceedingly well, also, in Brougham's comedy of "Playing With Fire." A part of his youth was devoted to the study of law, but he left the bar for the stage, and in 1853 he was at the old Broadway Theater. In that year he married Miss Lizzie Weston. They were divorced in 1857, and the lady afterwards became the wife of Charles Mathews, the comedian. The subsequent career of Dolly Davenport was full of vicissitude and trouble. During the last ten years of his life, except for one or two visits to the North, he acted in the southern and south-western cities. In 1872 he managed the Mobile Theater. He was married to a lady who acted under the name of Miss Frankie McClellan. His efforts to retrieve an impaired fortune were earnest, manly, and strenuous. His constitution and his mental powers, however, had been impaired by trouble and by conviviality, and he failed to arrest the decline which ended in his death. He was a man of unusual natural talents and of interesting character—amiable, merry, and generous. At one time he was a noted favorite on the New York stage—more because of these attributes than because of his ability or achievement, though the latter were by no means slight. He had drifted out of popular view. By those who yet remembered him, however, he was deemed a wreck of early promise, and the news of his demise, in the prime of life, awakened sincere regret.

GEORGE W. JAMIESON.

ON Tuesday afternoon, October 6, 1868, in the village of Yonkers, a few actors and other friends of George W. Jamieson assembled in the church of St. John to perform funeral rites over his remains and to lay them in the grave. The day was uncommonly quiet, sweet, and beautiful — a peaceful autumn day, a day for sad thought and sadder parting. The mourners around the coffin of George Jamieson were not numerous, but they were sincere; and his poor, bruised body was tenderly laid at rest by hands that in life he loved to grasp. He could not have wished a different funeral. His attachments, while living, were few, and no man could entertain a stronger aversion than was felt by him for the pretense of friendship or the vanity of ostentation. Suddenly and terribly his life came to an end. Quietly and simply his remains were borne to their place of final repose. His grave is in a little cemetery back of Yonkers. There he rests, after years of toil and of weary waiting, embittered by disappointment, sorrow, poverty, the wreck of high hopes, and the wintry chill of unsuccessful age. There the grass will grow green and the birds will sing above him, in a peace that his lifetime never knew.

That lifetime comprised a period of fifty-eight years. Jamieson was born in Varick street, New York, in 1810. His mother was an American lady, of remarkable talents, and from her he inherited his extra-

ordinary skill in mimetic art. His father was an Irish Protestant, a man of strong individuality and notable independence of character—qualities that reappeared in his son. The boy was taught to read and to write, and that was all; yet in mature life he was a man of liberal culture and as a Shakspearean scholar he held a high rank. At an early age he was apprenticed to a lapidary and in this art he acquired facility. His cameos were models of artistic beauty and truth. In early manhood he went to Washington, where he made many excellent cameo portraits—of Henry Clay and of other distinguished men—and where he became a favorite, both as a gentleman and an artist. His native impulses, however, impelled him toward the stage, and for that profession he studied and practiced assiduously in several amateur dramatic societies. His first regular professional appearance was made at the Bowery Theater, under the management of Hamblin, in 1835, in his own farce, "The Chameleon." His success was good and he remained an actor all his days. He was engaged at the National Theater, in Church Street, N. Y., in 1839; he appeared in Philadelphia for the first time on October 9, 1840; and he made a professional visit to England in 1861. At one time he played opposite parts to the elder Booth and to Edwin Forrest. His *Iago* was his best Shakspearean impersonation, although he also played *Othello* well, and he was a superb reader of *Hamlet*. But he did not make a name as a Shakspearean actor. In later years he played "character"

parts, such as *Pete* in "The Octoroon," and *Steve Harrgrave, the Softy*, in "Aurora Floyd." The latter performance was given at Niblo's Theater, in April, 1863, and was greeted with critical and popular applause, as a faithful and harrowing portrait of a semi-idiotic wretch. In November of the same year Jamieson played an engagement at the Olympic, where two of his dramas were produced—"There's No Such Word As Fail," and "As you Sow, So you must Reap." The former is a neatly finished and wittily written piece, and the author played in it with vivacity and refinement as an Irish gentleman. In "As you Sow" he played *Moses Mole*, a detective officer. That drama did not succeed. It contains one strong character,—*Dr. Deadly Nightshade*,—in which James H. Stoddart made a hit. So closed Jamieson's last engagement in New York. He married Miss Caroline Elwood, an actress.

His last professional appearance was made in Yonkers, where he had resided for several years, where he was highly esteemed, and where he met with an awful fate. The express train on the Hudson River Railroad that left New York at its usual hour on Saturday night, October 3, bore with it his death. He had gone up on an earlier train and been carried beyond the Yonkers station and landed at Glenwood, whence he walked back on the railway line. The express met him when he was within a few hundred yards of safety. He was instantly killed. He could not have known a moment of pain. But it is inexpressibly sad to think that a man so gifted, who had suffered so much,

should have perished in such a way. Overhead the stars shone faintly down. Near by flowed the noble river. He was alone with the darkness and with his own thoughts. He was already marked off from among the living. Let us hope that, in those solemn moments, he forgave his enemies, as they must now forgive him. To one shadow that was cast upon his life, and that did him great harm,—his alleged complicity with the domestic troubles of Edwin Forrest,—a passing allusion will suffice. He spoke of it to me, and declared himself innocent; and innocent I believe him to have been. No kinder heart remains. He had faults, and they marred his character and hurt his fortunes. He had great pride of intellect; his convictions were rigid; he was not free from passionate prejudice; his fretful impulses often led him wrong in judgment; his independence of character was incapable of policy; he often told the truth at the wrong time; he espoused unpopular doctrines if they happened to jump with his humor; he was emphatically a man for the few and not the many. He attained local eminence and he lived to see it slip from his grasp and to find himself greatly misunderstood, and so he became embittered. But there were hours when the clouds lifted and the fine genius found ample play in the happy intercourse of social life. To acknowledge that fine genius — to say that it existed and has passed away — is the purpose of these few words of remembrance. In the tumult of active life the great world will rush onward past his memory, as the fatal train rushed onward past his lifeless body; but there is time to cast a flower of love and pity on his grave.

MELINDA JONES.

MRS. MELINDA JONES, wife of George, the Count Joannes, died on Sunday, December 12, 1875, in Boston, aged about 60. She was a native of New York and her maiden name was Topping. Her first appearance on the stage was made at the Bowery Theater, New York, on February 22, 1837, when she acted *Bianca*, in "Fazio." She was styled in the play-bill "a young lady." Ireland describes her as "young, tall, and fair-looking" and says that she was "frequently called talented." Her début was made on an occasion when the Count of Jones, her husband, took a benefit. From him she was in after years divorced. Her relations with the stage were close and almost continuous. She did not however attain to distinction, and her rank in theatrical history is with the many who — to borrow Dr. Johnson's expressive discrimination — make themselves public without making themselves known. She was the mother of Avonia Stanhope Jones, and she accompanied her daughter to Australia, where both of them acted — at one time under the management of the comedian George Fawcett Rowe. Avonia Jones was married to Gustavus V. Brooke, the tragedian, — who was lost in the steamship *London* January 11, 1856, — and she died at No. 2 Bond street, New York, on October 5, 1867. At one period in her professional career Mrs. Melinda Jones was associated with Edwin Forrest. In 1852 she first appeared in Philadelphia, and she went to California in 1859. Her later appearances were made

in such parts as *Emilia* and *Queen Gertrude*. She enacted *Mrs. Reed* in an appropriately disagreeable manner in the drama of "Jane Eyre," when Charlotte Thompson came out at the Union-Square Theater, in June, 1873. She was a member of the Globe Theater company, in Boston, in 1870-71. She was poor and unfortunate in her last days. Her death was caused by dropsy and her remains were buried at Mount Auburn.



GEORGE CLIFFORD JORDAN.

GEORGE JORDAN, long a favorite actor, died suddenly, at Torquay, in England, on Friday, November 14, 1873, in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was popular at one time in America, and he deserved his popularity. That popularity, indeed, rested less upon his ability as an actor than upon his characteristic graces as a man. There was little depth in his acting. He was not a subtle artist either in his intellectual perception, his humor, or his treatment of character and feeling. But he had a fine person, a gallant carriage of the body, a richly toned and exhilarating voice, and abundant animal spirits; and these, combined with proficiency in the use of stage methods, sufficed to commend him to general public favor.

As an actor he was usually picturesque ; he had the capacity of repose ; and he could startle by sudden gusts of earnestness and by flashes of pictorial power. His range of parts was not exceptionally wide, but it was considerable, and it seemed to be steadily growing. In the brightest of his American days he bade fair to excel in light comedy. He would have been admired by almost everybody as *Charles Surface* ; and, indeed, he acted that part with a youthful buoyancy of feeling and a graceful ease of manner that were delightful ; but he did not introduce into the personation the essential attribute of inherent gentleness. His *Charles Surface* was too much a man of the world whom the world had spoiled. There was a lack of fineness in the fiber of the character. This ran through the whole of his acting and often marred its flavor. It was like excess of perfume upon the garments of a beau. At certain times, though, it became a merit — as it was, for example, when he acted *Captain Hawksley* in “ Still Waters.” This part he acted perfectly well. No actor has rivaled him in this embodiment of cool, propulsive, diplomatic, veneered, and under-bred duplicity. It was the part that he liked best to represent, in the old days,— as I have often heard him say ; and yet there was nothing akin with it in his own nature, excepting the vanity, the love of display, and the man-of-the-world nonchalance. These he possessed. . But he was amiable and joyous in temperament ; the impulses of his heart were generous ; and his mind was one that under happier experience than fell to his lot would have ripened into serious aspiration and moral

dignity. He was fondly devoted to the profession of the stage and in earnest moments he used to talk of it with the enthusiasm of an impetuous boy.

There must have come a time, under right auspices, when he would have discarded the pettiness and prettiness incident to his estate of "Handsome George" and aimed at high and genuine achievements. Perhaps that time came during his last years in England. For a long while he had been acting *Pygmalion* and *Philamir*, in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Palace of Truth," and he had won honest respect and admiration from British audiences and British critics. These successes denote a development of the better and higher elements in what will be remembered, by those who knew him well, as a lovable nature. His career was cut short in its meridian of laborious activity and just as it had reached its best of sun-lighted culture and effort—and he passed away without leaving any mark that will last.

He had been upon the stage for upward of twenty-five years. In boyhood he learned the trade of printing, in Baltimore, where he was born. His first professional appearance was made at the Baltimore Museum, then managed by John E. Owens. He was next heard of at the Walnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia, and on July 26, 1848, he came out at Burton's Chambers-Street Theater in New York, acting the *Chevalier* in "The Angel of the Attic." His rise on the New York stage was rapid. His name is associated, in reminiscence, with only a few parts. His

Horace, in "The Country Squire," was one of his best personations, as indicative of resource and versatility. He showed signal and genuine talent also in *Sir Bernard Harleigh*, in "Dreams of Delusion," and *Raphael*, in "The Marble Heart." These were among his best successes, when at Laura Keene's Varieties Theater—afterwards the Winter Garden—in 1855. With that actress he was associated for a considerable time—and it is a notable coincidence that he survived her only ten days, and that he survived another of his old companions, A. H. Davenport, only twenty-three days. In 1858 he played a brilliant engagement at the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, under the management of Jacob Barrow, who had one of the best companies ever formed in America—though it did not last long. Henry Wallack, John Brougham, George Jordan, John E. Owens, James Bennett, Mrs. Barrow, and Charlotte Thompson—with many more—were members of this combination. In 1860-61, upon the eve of the Civil War, Mr. Jordan was acting at the Varieties Theater, New Orleans, and he there avowed himself a partisan of the Southern cause and joined what was termed "The Cocktail Guard." At a later period he settled in England, and there the current of his life flowed on—to the vast and dark sea that at last ingulfs us all.

His first London appearance was made in September, 1861, at the Princess's Theater, when he acted *Herbert Waverly* in John Brougham's comedy of "Playing With Fire." He was afterwards engaged at Fechter's Lyceum. In 1866 he came to New York and

acted *Edgar, the Master of Ravenswood*, at the Olympic Theater; but he failed to attract anything like the old public interest, and so he returned to England. His last appearances in America were made in company with Kate Bateman, in 1869. The last part that he acted in New York was *George Warner*—which was seen at Booth's Theater, in October of that year, when Tom Taylor's prison drama of "Mary Warner" was first produced there. He was twice married and twice divorced. His wives were Annie Walters and Emily Chamberlain—both actresses. His married life was miserable. Had fate been kinder to him George Jordan might have lived to take the mantle of Charles Kemble, James E. Murdoch, and Lester Wallack, and to absorb and carry on those legends of old-comedy-acting which are slowly but surely dying away from our stage. As it was he suffered shipwreck and thereafter he drifted through chill waters of misfortune and pain to the barren shores of oblivion. There are actors who may learn a useful lesson from his life.



LAURA KEENE.

THE death of Laura Keene, which occurred at Montclair, N. J., on Tuesday, November 4, 1873, must prove to old play-goers another mournful reminder of the flight of time and the rapid extinction of their favorites. About 1860 Miss Keene was in the

prime of her beauty and talent and in the enjoyment of almost boundless favor with the local public. Since then she has outlived her popularity and sunk into comparative oblivion; so that the news of her death scarcely causes a ripple of feeling, outside of a narrow circle of professional contemporaries. The moral of this experience is not wholly the evanescence of popularity. Public life may be mutable, but solidity of character and talents well used do not fail to win for their possessor upon the stage at least a place in the memory of the passing generation. Neither of these was possessed by Miss Keene, and hence the community scarcely heeds the sound of her passing bell.

Laura Keene was of English origin and was born in 1820. At an early age she acted under the management of Madame Vestris, at the Olympic, in London, where presently she attracted attention and esteem for various efforts in light comedy. One of her best esteemed personations was *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons." In 1852 she was engaged by J. W. Wallack for his new theater, in New York, then just opened near the corner of Broome Street and Broadway, and on the 20th of October in that year she made her first American appearance, acting *Albina Mandeville*, in the play of "The Will." Her success was immediate and decided. She soon left Wallack's Theater, though, and took to strolling as a star. In 1854 she visited San Francisco and, in company with Edwin Booth, D. C. Anderson, and others, made a trip to Australia. In November, 1855, she was again in New York, and managed the Metropolitan Theater, afterwards called the

Winter Garden, styling it the Varieties. A little later she took the management of the Olympic, which was then newly built, on the east side of Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston streets, and which she opened November 18, 1856, with "As You Like It." This house—known as Laura Keene's Theater—she continued to direct for four or five years, but with dubious judgment and with variable success. At times its fortunes sank to a low ebb. At one of those times "Our American Cousin" was brought out, at the instigation of Mr. Jefferson, and that comedian made a great hit and saved the theater from ruin by his performance of *Asa Trenchard*. Then also was laid the foundation of E. A. Sothern's extraordinary success as *Dundreary*. This piece was produced October 18, 1858, and it ran continuously till March 25, 1859, after which date it was for a time alternated with other plays. In 1860 Miss Keene became the wife of Mr. John Lutz, with whom she had been for some time associated. One of her last ventures at Laura Keene's Theater was a spectacle play called "The Seven Sisters," by T. B. De Walden, which was considered rubbish, but which ran for 169 nights, from November 26, 1860. For a long time after leaving this theater Miss Keene was unheard of in theatrical life, but it was vaguely known that she was roaming the country with a traveling company. In 1870 she united with William Creswick in the production of a piece called "Nobody's Child," at the Fourteenth-Street Theater, but her presence upon the stage was not propitious to the success of the effort, and it was speedily discontinued. Her

latest success in New York was obtained in Mr. Boucicault's drama of "Hunted Down," which she brought out at the theater in Broadway known for a while as Lina Edwin's and ultimately burnt down. Her last engagement in New York was played at Wood's Museum.

In person Miss Keene was slender and graceful. She had an aquiline face, delicately-fashioned features, dark eyes, and a musical voice. She was lovely to see in statuesque characters and attitudes. She often dressed in white garments and seemed to enjoy heightening as much as possible the effect of the spiritual attribute in her personal appearance. She had a swift, gliding motion, and a strange trick, in the expression of feeling, of continually winking both her eyes. As an actress she was best in the utterance of what may be indicated as despairing delirium. Moments of woe and of pathetic recklessness commended themselves to her temperament. She seldom presented a symmetrical work of art. One of her most successful performances was that of *Marco*, in "The Marble Heart." She was very good, too, as *Becky Sharp*, in "Vanity Fair." At the highest point in her career she was a clever actress of brilliant comedy; but she wasted her talents and came at last to be only an experimenter in the hydraulic emotional school. Her disease was consumption.



HENRY S. LEIGH.

HENRY S. LEIGH died in London on June 16, 1883. The event was not unexpected, as he had been for some time ill and frail. Mr. Leigh was a native of London, born in his favorite street, the Strand, and with the exception of a single trip to Ireland he lived all his days in that thoroughfare; and there, according to his often expressed desire, he died. He was a bachelor, about fifty years old. He wrote the "Carols of Cockaigne," "Lyrics of the Strand," and many popular ballads and librettos, and he wrote for the stage and he was the intimate associate of actors. He was a contributor to "Punch" and to "Fun," and he furnished many songs for the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. One of the best known of his songs is "The Twins," which Arthur Sketchley used to sing with excessively comic effect.

Mr. Leigh's humor was of a quiet, droll, playful, unexpected kind. He was alert and felicitous in his invention, and he possessed an ample vocabulary and a rare command of the art of using words so as to make them droll. His verses are often as compact and finished as those of Praed, and sometimes as funny as the best of Hood. He had an excellent appreciation of character and of comic situation — as may be seen in his ballad of "The Man Behind My Chair," and in many kindred pieces. He was deemed a cynic, and certainly he was not an effusive person; but in fact he was a kind-hearted gentleman, wishful

of every good to others, patient and amiable, and not less generous in his feelings than quizzically satirical in his talk.

He was a cousin to Charles Mathews, the comedian, and a popular member of the Savage Club. The last time he visited that club was about three days before his death; and with characteristic pleasantry he wrote his name in the club journal, on that occasion, with P. P. C. after it. Mr. Leigh was slender in person and had a pensive face. His eyes and hair were dark and his voice was dry in tone. He led a simple, uneventful life, and one that was not exempt from trial and hardship. But he contributed writings of permanent value to humorous literature, and by those who knew him well he is remembered as one of the gentler spirits of his time.



OWEN MARLOWE.

OWEN MARLOWE—who died on May 19, 1876, in Boston, of consumption, after an illness of about two months—was born in Sussex, England, August 1, 1830. At the age of twenty-four he came to America, and in September, 1855, he made his first appearance on the stage, acting at Barnum's Museum, as *Lamp*, in "Wild Oats." His stay at that house was brief. He made a circuit of southern and

western theaters, and visited Buffalo and Toronto. At Niagara Falls, in October, 1857, he married Miss Virginia Nickinson, one of the four daughters of the fine comedian, John Nickinson,—so excellent an actor in *Haversac* and kindred characters,—who died in 1864, at Cincinnati, where he was stage-manager of Pike's Opera House. For several years after his marriage Mr. Marlowe managed the Lyceum Theater in Toronto, in which city he was much respected. In September, 1863, Mr. Marlowe became a member of the dramatic company at the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia, then opened under the management of Mrs. John Drew. Here his first appearance was made as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, in "The Rivals," a part that he acted with the silver-gray refinement, superfine elegance, and humorous precision which are its essential attributes.

At the Arch, Mr. Marlowe remained four seasons. In 1867, when W. J. Florence brought out Robertson's beautiful comedy of "Caste," Mr. Marlowe acted *Captain Hawtree* and made the crowning and most brilliant hit of his professional career. This was at the theater, formerly Wallack's, then called the Broadway Theater, near the southwest corner of Broadway and Broome street. A later success, in a kindred vein, was his polished personation of *Captain Arthur Gordon Chumley*, in Mr. Boucicault's drama of "After Dark," at Niblo's Garden. Mr. Marlowe was also seen on the Olympic stage, and he was during one season a member of Wallack's company. At Wallack's he acted *Lord Beaufoy*, in "School," and his singular and piquant

admixture of iciness, punctility, and latent warmth interested and pleased the public. Mr. Marlowe then went to San Francisco, where he was for two seasons a favorite at the California Theater, under the management of John McCullough. He then came eastward, and after a few scattered performances as a public reader returned to England to visit his mother; and he has related to intimate friends, with simple and touching pathos, the inexpressible happiness that he experienced on coming into the presence of that beloved relative, on a Christmas Eve, just twenty years after parting from home.

Mr. Marlowe possessed in ample fullness the sense of home refinements and sanctities and the reverence for tender family ties and religious emotions, together with the fine spirit and fine breeding of a gentleman, which appeared in all his professional achievements and which made his presence appropriate in the exalted domain of comedy. On his return from England Mr. Marlowe settled upon a rural place in the neighborhood of Sing Sing, where he pleased himself with the cultivation of flowers. From this retirement he emerged to act *Phineas Phogg*, in the spectacle drama of "Around the World in Eighty Days." His last appearance in New York was made in this character, at the Academy of Music, in September, 1875. Mr. Arthur Cheney then engaged him for the Boston Globe Theater, where he enacted *Talbot Champneys*, in "Our Boys," and again revealed his delicate intuition as to character, his innate courtesy and chivalry, and his artistic skill. With the Globe Theater com-

pany he remained in agreeable association during the most part of the season. Latterly he was unemployed and in poverty as well as sickness. He left a widow and one child.

He was beloved as a comrade; he was esteemed as an actor; he was, in particular, charming in this — that he liked to embellish every-day conduct with the sweet and gracious ceremonies of old-time courtesy. If he had only a flower to give he gave it with a sweetness which showed that it carried his heart along with it. He could no more have done a mean act than he could have committed a crime. It is natural that such a man should inspire affection. His memory will long be fragrant in minds that appreciate the life of the sentiments and love to muse and dream a little way apart from the busy highway of human labor. As an actor he could give zest to simplicity and he possessed, within the limit of certain specific grooves of character, a consummate mastery of the art of doing nothing in such a way as to make it substantial, impressive, indispensable to the dramatic picture, and delicious to the faculty of taste. He was a type of goodness and grace, spiced with a lovable eccentricity. His presence was a comfort and his absence leaves a darkness at many hearthstones and in many hearts.



CHARLES KEMBLE MASON.

CHARLES KEMBLE MASON died on Sunday, July 12, 1875, in Brooklyn. Mr. Mason was widely and sincerely respected, alike for the worth of his character, the amiability of his temperament, the conscientiousness and natural dignity of his conduct, and the talent, experience, and culture that he possessed in the dramatic art. It was usual to say of him that he was an actor and a gentleman of the old school, and those who said it meant that he respected his avocation and himself, and lived in the practice of virtue and duty.

Mr. Mason was born at Peterborough, England, in 1805, and was a member of the famous theatrical family of Kemble—being the nephew of John Philip Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. His first appearance on the stage was made in 1823, at Covent-Garden Theater, London, where he acted *Young Norval* in "Douglas." In 1834 he came to America and appeared at the Chestnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia, as *Macbeth*. He then came to New York and was seen at the old Park Theater as *Beverley*, in "The Gamester." In that house he continued long to act and it is as an old Park actor that he will be remembered. His range of parts was wide. He played *Werner*, *Jacques*, the *Ghost of King Hamlet*, and many such somber persons, and he also played *Dandie Dinmont*, and such old men as the fathers in "Evangeline" and "Leah." In 1857 he visited California and

Australia, but returned to New York two years later, and in 1860 he was in the theatrical company formed to act with Miss Kate Bateman, at the Winter Garden, in the play of "Evangeline." He was subsequently a member of Edwin Booth's company at the same theater, and played heavy parts and old men. His final appearances on the stage were made in 1869, in conjunction with his relative Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Mr. Mason was a correct, scholar-like actor, and he bore himself well and worthily through a time and amid compeers that exacted knowledge, capacity, character, and refinement in the practice of the dramatic art. In person, at his prime, he was tall and stately, and his acting was marked by that precision, elegance, pomp, and finish of deportment and elocution for which the Kembles were famous and which had been made conspicuous and regnant on the British stage by the famous but unfortunate and unhappy Mossop. In his closing years Mr. Mason was chiefly charming by reason of quaintness and benignity. He possessed, to the last, a unique individuality and a sweet manner, that neither age, poverty, illness, nor eccentricity could disguise. He had outlived the stage-fashions of his day and was a piece of antiquity; but he had an old-time grace for those who could see it. No doubt the new fashions in dramatic life worried and wearied him — and there are worse things than death to one who has outlived his age and seen his comrades depart.

JULIA MATTHEWS.

JULIA MATTHEWS (Mrs. W. Mumford) died at St. Louis, Mo., May 19, 1876, aged about 30. Her illness was short and her death was sudden. The career of Miss Matthews on the American stage began on August 19, 1875, at Wallack's Theater. She came out there, under the management of Alexander Henderson and Samuel Colville, as *Boulotte*, in an English adaptation of M. Offenbach's "Barbe Bleue." On September 4 she acted the heroine in "The Grand Duchess," on September 13th she was seen in "Girofle-Girofia," and on September 18th her engagement was ended. After that she filled various provincial engagements. Her last appearances in New York were made at the Eagle Theater [now, 1889, the Standard], under Mr. Joshua Hart's management, in November and December, 1875. She was on a professional tour of the western theaters at the time of her death. She had been in America only nine months. She seemed bright and happy at the outset and though she did not meet with good fortune she bade fair to contribute for a long time to the innocent pleasure of the public.

Miss Matthews was born in London. Her father was a tailor and her mother a governess. She was not a relative to Mr. Charles Mathews or to Mr. Frank Matthews. (The former name, it should be noted, is spelled with one t; the latter, as also that of the deceased lady, with two.) Miss Julia Matthews

began her professional career, not as female aspirants often do, by undertaking to enact *Lady Macbeth* before they know how to use their hands, but as a marionette. In 1855 her parents took her to Australia, and she came forward, at Sydney and elsewhere, as a child actress, playing little parts in light pieces. After a time she was engaged at the Princess's Theater, Melbourne, then managed by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, who also at the same time managed the Theater Royal; and at both these houses Miss Matthews acted in the line of chambermaids, in which she became successful and popular. One of her best hits was made as *Moth*, in "Love's Labor Lost"—which piece was carefully produced, with a cast that included G. V. Brooke, Henry Edwards, Charles Young, J. C. Lambert, L. J. Sefton, John Dunn, known as "Rascal Jack," Avonia Jones, daughter of the Count Joannes, Rosa Dunn, and Mrs. Phillips.

This was a good school in which to be reared and Miss Matthews profited by her opportunities. Her parents expended no money or care on her education but left her to manage as best she could, and she picked up a musical education from the leaders of the theatrical bands. Her voice at that time was fresh, melodious, rich, and uncommonly flexible and powerful. She was handsome and full of vivacity. In the burlesques of "Aladdin," "Cinderella," and others of that kindred she made a brilliant appearance and sung and acted with fine effect. In 1864 her parents took her to New Zealand, and there, in the early part of 1865, she made a runaway match with Mr. W. Mum-

ford. She then left the stage but resumed her profession, about one year later, at Sydney, and was the original *Clara Pegotty* in the first stage-version of Dickens's "David Copperfield." A little later she went to London, where she came out, on November 28, 1867, at Covent Garden, as *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein*—then for the first time made known, in English, on the London stage. Upon the English stage she had a reputable and sufficiently remunerative career, visiting many cities, during several seasons, in the United Kingdom. Her father died in 1875. Miss Matthews and her husband were separated, by mutual consent. She left three children. She left likewise, to those who take note of theatrical history, the memory of a cheerful, handsome actress, by nature talented, by cultivation proficient, and by achievement established in the front rank of representatives of the buxom, laughing, dashing, mischievous ladies of English comedy.



ARTHUR MATTHISON.

OF Arthur Matthison, who died in London, on May 21, 1883, it may be said with sorrow that he passed away while yet in the prime of life and before his nature had been soothed and sweetened by anything like the success which his worthy and incessant efforts deserved. Mr. Matthison was a high-principled

and good-hearted gentleman, but he could not contemplate with patience the success of flippancy and fraud, and therefore his experience, if not his original temperament, made him a constitutional grumbler. His cynicism, however, was all upon the surface. Mr. Matthison was connected with Edwin Booth's Theater, in the season of 1869-70, and the first original piece ever produced in that theater—a prose version of "Enoch Arden" *—was made by him. This was given after Edwin Adams had withdrawn the partly versified drama by Mme. De Marguerites; and *Enoch Arden* was personated by Mr. Theodore Hamilton. As an actor Mr. Matthison was not successful. His personation of *Henry Bertram*, however, in which, with Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell Winter as *Julia Mannerling*, he sang the duet and other music allotted to that character, was a fair performance. He was an educated musician and a good singer. He contributed to various newspapers in New York, especially to "Watson's Art

* Mr. Booth received from Tennyson the subjoined letter, in reference to the production of "Enoch Arden" at his theater :

BLACKDOWN, HALSEMERE, September 9, 1869.

DEAR SIR : I have just heard from Mr. Arthur Matthison of the success that has attended your production of "Enoch Arden," at your theater in New York, and I have received Mr. Winter's critique upon it. I think it is hardly necessary for me to say how much gratified I am by the account of the success which has attended your spirited efforts in bringing out this drama.

I am, sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

A. TENNYSON.

EDWIN BOOTH, Twenty-third Street, New York.

Journal" (long since dead), in which periodical was first published his well-known ballad of "The Stowaway"—a poem often recited with splendid effect by the tragedian John McCullough. Mr. Matthison worked hard in several lines of employment—dramatist, essayist, actor, singer, etc.—but he was never well rewarded for any of his efforts. He was a native of Scotland and about fifty years of age. He returned to England in 1875, and his name was often heard of there in association with various little dramas and adaptations. His health had long been delicate. No one who knew him can think of him without kindness.



JOHN McCULLOUGH.*

JOHN McCULLOUGH was born at Blakes, near Coleraine, Londonderry, on the sea-coast of Ireland, on November 14, 1832—the year that is memorable in this century for its association with the death of great men. His parents were situated in humble circumstances and were poor. His father, James McCullough, was a "small farmer." His mother, Mary,

* See "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States," edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Five volumes. Published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, London and New York.

died in 1844, leaving her son John, then a lad of twelve, and three daughters, Jane, Mary, and Elizabeth. Their father was unable to provide for these children and shortly after the mother's death they were obliged to seek their fortune in America. In the spring of 1847 John and his sister Jane came to this country, and having a cousin, named John McCullough, in Philadelphia, they proceeded to that city, where, walking in Front Street, young John saw the name of his relative upon a sign, and entering the house claimed kindred there and was acknowledged. This cousin was a chair-maker and in the business of chair-making John McCullough was now employed. His father and the sisters Mary and Elizabeth followed to America shortly after this time. The father, an unsuccessful man but independent in spirit, worked all the rest of his life as a farmer in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, seeming to prefer an humble station, and declining to accept aid, even from his son, in the days of prosperity which eventually arrived. His death occurred at Moorestown, Burlington County, New Jersey, in 1878. He is remembered as a small, thin man, who spoke with a heavy brogue. He did not maintain intimate relations with his children. He was a faithful worker and an honest man, but he had no ambition, and he was of a reticent and inoperative character. These ancestral peculiarities are to be noted for whatever they may happen to signify. The sisters of John McCullough were married in America. Elizabeth, his favorite sister, became the wife of Mr. Thomas Young, and died at Dunmore, Pennsylvania, in 1869. Mary became the

wife of Mr. James Smith, and died at Statington, in the same State. Jane was married to Mr. John Wirth, and is [1889] a resident of Dunmore. John McCullough, shortly after he came to Philadelphia, made the acquaintance of Miss Letitia McClair, daughter of Mr. Samuel McClair, of Germantown, and to her he was married April 8, 1849. Two children were born of this marriage—James McCullough, July 4, 1850, and William F. Johnson McCullough, December 2, 1860. The latter died on February 25, 1886. This second son was named for a friend who knew McCullough throughout the struggles of his early manhood, and stood by him through all vicissitudes till the last of “difference and decay.”

When John McCullough, a youth of fifteen, came to America, he could read but he could not write. He had received no education and he was in ignorance of literature and art. Dying thirty-eight years later (1885), he had become a man of large and varied mental acquirements, a considerable scholar in the dramatic profession, and the most conspicuous heroic actor of his time on the American stage. Such a career, beginning in obscure and ignorant penury and ending in culture, honorable eminence, prosperity, and fame, is extraordinary, and in dramatic annals it makes John McCullough a memorable name.

No ancestor of his was ever upon the stage. Dramatic faculty, however, is one of the peculiar attributes of the Irish race. In McCullough it was developed by the accident of his meeting with a “stage-struck” workman in the shop of the Philadelphia chair-maker.

This person, whose “spoutings” and whose general vagaries had at first been suggestive of lunacy, made him acquainted with the tragedy of “Richard the Third”; stimulated in him a taste for reading Shakspere; acquainted him with the delights of rehearsal; introduced him to a theatrical society; and finally took him to the theater itself. The first dramatic performance that he witnessed was, according to his own recollection, a performance of Shiel’s tragedy of “The Apostate,” in the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia. From this time onward he read with avidity every play that he could obtain, and, without the distinct intention of becoming an actor,—probably with no view whatever to the future, but only from natural relish for this pursuit,—devoted his life and thought to the study of acting. One of his first steps towards the stage taken at this period was his affiliation with “The Bothenian Dramatic Association,” of Philadelphia, a local club which held meetings and gave performances in the fourth story of an abandoned warehouse, once a sugar refinery, and of which the principal spirit was Mr. Lemuel R. Shewell, in later years an actor well known throughout the cities on the eastern sea-board of America. McCullough took lessons in elocution from Mr. Lemuel White, a teacher of this art; and at the house of this gentleman he became acquainted with various friends from whom he received not only sympathy but instruction, and through whose kindly and judicious efforts he obtained substantially all the education it was ever his lot to enjoy. His experience at this time led him to branches of learning

apart from the stage. One of the books that he read was "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," and in less than a month he had absorbed the whole of it, becoming so familiar with its contents that he could descant on the British authors as if he had been trained for nothing else—so eager was his zeal for knowledge and so retentive was the memory in which he stored it.

McCullough's theatrical career, beginning in 1857 and ending in 1884, covered a period of twenty-seven years. His first engagement was made at the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia, under the management of William Wheatley and John Drew, and his first appearance there was made on August 15, 1857, as *Thomas* in "The Belle's Stratagem." His rise in the dramatic profession was gradual. In the early days of the American stage it was more difficult to win position than it is in these times of speculative theatrical management, when all the arts of advertising are pressed into the business of manufacturing fame. Every step of the way had then to be made with toilsome effort. There were many obstacles to be surmounted and many hardships to be endured. The histories of such actors as Cooper, Forrest, Booth, A. A. Addams, E. L. Davenport, and Jefferson teach the same lesson of persistent effort and of patience under privation. McCullough, in his quest of professional recognition, had the usual trying experience; but he was in earnest, and he proved the integrity of his talents, the force of his character, and the sincerity of his devotion by a steadfast adherence to that service of the drama which was the purpose of his life. His

novitiate at the Arch-Street Theater lasted until the summer of 1860, when E. L. Davenport, at that time manager of the Howard Athenæum, in Boston, engaged him at that theater, where he remained for one season—that of 1860-61. In the ensuing season he was back again in Philadelphia, engaged at the Walnut-Street Theater, under the management of Mrs. Garretson. Here he was when presently he attracted the notice of Edwin Forrest, who chanced to be in need of an actor to play the parts second to his own, and who procured his release from Mrs. Garretson and gave him an engagement for leading business. This was "the tide which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." McCullough's first appearance with Forrest was made at Boston in October, 1861, in the character of *Pythias*. His line of parts now included *Laertes*, *Macduff*, *Iago*, *Edgar*, *Richmond*, *Icilius*, and *Titus*. He coöperated with Forrest also in those plays that were the exclusive property of that tragedian—in "Metamora," "The Gladiator," "Jack Cade," and "The Broker of Bogota." In later times, when Forrest revived "Coriolanus" (November, 1863, at Niblo's Garden, New York), McCullough acted *Cominius*. From the time of his engagement with Forrest he had a clear field and he advanced in the open sunshine of success.

An incident connected with his early life upon the stage is mentioned as significant of his solid character and inveterate purpose. He has more than once referred to it in the hearing of the present writer, as having had a marked influence upon his subsequent

fortunes. While yet a youth, at the Howard Atheneum, he was suddenly summoned to play, at short notice, an important and formidable part. Davenport, then the star, had been taken ill, and could not appear. The character was *Robert Landry*, in "The Dead Heart," one of the longest parts in the modern romantic drama. McCullough was directed at noon to be in readiness to come on and read it at night. He took the part home, committed the whole of it to memory within a few hours, and, without previous explanation to anybody in the theater, he went on at night, letter perfect, and played *Robert Landry* in such a way as to make a hit. These facts came to the knowledge of Forrest and aroused that interest in the young actor which soon afterward took a practical form.

McCullough's professional life after he joined Edwin Forrest was not more eventful than is usual with a leading man in a theatrical stock company. He traveled through the country season after season, playing seconds to the more famous tragedian, and constantly gaining in experience and popularity. At this time he was much under the influence of the style of Forrest, and indeed he habitually imitated the manner of his leader. This was the weakness of many young actors of that period, and perhaps it was not easily to be avoided by an actor who lived and labored in constant association with that strong and singular personality. In after time, however, McCullough entirely discarded this fault; but he could at will give astonishing imitations of Forrest's peculiarities, and this he sometimes did, with humorous effect. In 1866 he accompanied

Forrest in a trip to California, where he was received with uncommon favor, and where he found many friends. Many of these friends were among the wealthy citizens of San Francisco, and he had not long been in that city before it was proposed by them that he should remain there as the manager of the California Theater, in partnership with his distinguished contemporary Lawrence Barrett. This plan was sanctioned by Forrest; the enterprise was carried into effect, and McCullough remained on the Pacific coast for eight successive seasons. The history of the California Theater makes a brilliant chapter in his career. Plays were mounted there with magnificence, the ripe scholarship of Mr. Barrett proved a signal service, and both Barrett and McCullough filled engagements of uncommon profit. Their partnership lasted until November, 1870, when it was dissolved by the amicable withdrawal of Mr. Barrett, and McCullough remained alone in the management. It was in the California Theater that he first acted *Virginius* and one by one added to his repertory the other great parts to which he had formerly played seconds under the leadership of Forrest. He remained connected with the California Theater until 1875, when, in the ruin of the banker Ralston, he suffered a heavy loss which led to his relinquishment of that institution. It never was his ambition to be a theatrical manager. At the time he lost his voice, in Boston (1876), he expressed to me in touching language, his grave apprehension of being compelled to relinquish his career as an actor and sink to the level of theatrical management.

On May 4, 1874, McCullough made his first appearance as a star actor in New York, coming forward as *Spartacus*, in "The Gladiator." He acted at Booth's Theater until May 30th. He was seen as *Richelieu* and *Hamlet*, and he took part, as *Philip Faulconbridge*, in a revival of "King John," which was effected on May 25th. At the end of this engagement he returned to California to attend to the interests of his theater in San Francisco, but in the course of the summer he came back, and when Mr. Boucicault's play of "Belle Lamar" was brought out at Booth's Theater, August 10, 1874, he acted in it as *Colonel Bligh*. This was under the management of Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer. On September 14th these managers produced an altered version of Otway's tragedy of "Venice Preserved," made by Mr. Boucicault, and in this McCullough acted *Pierre*—a character that was always a favorite with him. On the 19th he took a benefit and said farewell, and he did not appear in New York again till April 2, 1877. The interval was passed in the fulfillment of ambitious, laborious, and lucrative engagements in many other cities. In the fall of 1874 he went on the Western circuit and visited New Orleans, proceeding thence to San Francisco in December and reappearing at the California Theater, where in an engagement of four weeks he drew \$36,000. He remained in San Francisco till the autumn of 1875, when he once more came North, and this time he met with extraordinary success in Washington, where, on December 12th, at the National Theater, a special demonstration was made in his honor, and his performance of *Virginius* was

attended by the President of the United States and the Cabinet. At Christmas that year he was in New Orleans, acting at the Varieties Theater, under the management of Clifton W. Tayleure. In February, 1876, he had great success in Boston, where the accident of a sudden illness, which temporarily deprived him of his voice, strongly attracted towards him the public sympathy, and where, on February 9th, playing *Virginius* for the first time in that city, he gained some of the brightest laurels of his life. Later he played a round of parts at Philadelphia, in the Arch-Street Theater. On March 27, 1876, he reappeared at San Francisco as *Virginius*, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. This was the season of Edwin Booth's famous Southern tour, which, under Mr. John T. Ford's management, lasted from January 3d to March 3d, and thereafter was continued by Mr. Booth himself, who first acted in Chicago and then went to San Francisco, where McCullough gave him a royal reception, and, in order to augment his success, acted in conjunction with him, playing such parts as *De Mauprat* and *Richmond*. This is recorded as the most remunerative dramatic engagement that had been played on the American stage. In January, 1877, McCullough played a round of parts in Chicago, and in February he appeared at the Boston Museum, where in two weeks he drew so largely that his share of profits was \$2800. The theater also received a large profit; and this was noted at the time as the most successful engagement that had been filled in that house for many years. On April 2d he came again to New

York, and it was now seen that he had made surprising advancement in his art. He appeared at Booth's Theater as *Virginius*, and after seven performances of this part, in an engagement lasting till April 27th, he performed likewise *Richelieu*, *Richard III.*, *Othello*, *Iago*, *Spartacus*, *Metamora*, and *King Lear*. Mr. Frederick Warde played seconds. Mme. Ponisi enacted *Emilia*. Miss Maud Granger appeared as *Virginia* and *Desdemona*. Mr. Warde distinguished himself as *Icilius*. Mr. J. H. Taylor presented *Dentatus*. For his benefit, on April 27th, McCullough acted *Othello*, and at the close of the performance a silver laurel wreath, the gift of New York friends, was publicly presented to him on the stage, and was received by him with a speech of native manliness and delicate taste. Tributes of this kind, indeed, were frequent incidents of his career, for no man ever had a larger circle of affectionate friends. An occasion of this kind had happened earlier in 1877, on March 13th, when at the Southern Hotel in St. Louis many leading citizens of that place gave a public banquet to honor him, and congratulations flowed to him from every part of the land. On February 9, 1878, he received the compliment of a banquet from the Lotos Club of New York. On November 9, 1878, he was the honored guest of citizens of Washington, at a public banquet at Willard's Hotel, at which General W. T. Sherman presided, and Mr. James G. Blaine was the principal orator.

At the St. Louis festival the following inscriptions were displayed upon the printed programme of exercises:

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

Untried and new we saw thy rising star
 And hailed the brightness of its early rays ;
 The light discerned, the promise from afar,
 Greeting its glimmer through the morning haze.

JANUARY, 1875.

Brighter it grew as we beheld its rise,
 Foretelling all the greatness that should be,
 And watched its progress with our partial eyes,
 Assured that it must rule the galaxy.

MARCH, 1877.

Full-orbed and brilliant now thy glories shine,
 Illuming all the Drama's wide expanse ;
 Thou hast thy crown secured — the zenith thine —
 The whole world's orb included in thy glance.

Messages of kindness, on this same occasion, reached the actor from Edwin Adams, Lilian Adelaide Neilson, Lawrence Barrett, William Winter, Edwin Booth, and other cherished friends. The Knights of St. Patrick sent a scroll, inscribed as follows :

ST. LOUIS, March 13, 1877.—*Salve et vale!* The Knights of St. Patrick to John McCullough, tragedian :

All hail to the Actor whose genius sublime
 Interprets the Poet who wrote for all time ;
 While Hamlet, Othello, and Lear the discrowned,
 Make the stage with the woes of the Drama resound,
 The name of McCullough shall blend with the strain
 And never shall history rend them in twain.

On October 12, 1877, performances for the benefit of Edwin Adams, then on his death-bed, took place at the Academy of Music in New York, and McCullough participated in them. A close friendship had for many years subsisted between Adams and himself, and indeed it would be difficult to imagine two human beings more accordant in generosity of temperament and gentleness of life. Adams died on October 28, 1877, and it was McCullough who selected the Shaksperean lines that are inscribed on his gravestone at Philadelphia — lines that are as expressive for the one friend as for the other, and that afterward were placed upon McCullough's own monument, dedicated in the same cemetery,— Mount Moriah, Philadelphia,—on November 27, 1888:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man.

McCullough took part also in the performance for the benefit of John Brougham which was given in the Academy of Music, New York, on January 17, 1878, playing the *Moor* in the third act of "Othello." On January 21st that year he performed at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, and on February 7th he came out at the Boston Theater as *Coriolanus*. His third star engagement in New York began on April 22, 1878, at the Grand Opera House, and in its third week he signalized the occasion by acting *Lucius Brutus* in "The Fall of Tarquin," for the first time in

the capital. In the spring of this year his professional affairs were placed under the direction of Mr. William M. Conner, who proved to him an excellent manager and a true friend. On March 13th he appeared at Syracuse, giving seven successive performances there and receiving \$500 for each performance. The receipts for the one week were \$4200. The receipts on his benefit night, when he played *Virginius*, were \$1253. It used to please him to recall, as a contrast with this success and as a sign of growing popularity, that when first he acted in Syracuse the house contained only \$128. In May he came again to the Grand Opera House, and this time he acted a round of parts, including *King Lear*, *Damon*, and *Lucius Brutus*. On May 22d he appeared at the Boston Theater, in association with Miss Mary Anderson, acting *Claude Melnotte* to her *Pauline*; this performance being for a benefit. On May 24th he was seen at Booth's Theater as *Brutus* in "Julius Cæsar," a part in which his acting was beautiful and which he played on this occasion for the benefit of Mr. F. B. Warde. He took part in another benefit on June 3d, at Washington, and on September 5th in still another, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, where he acted *Ingomar* to Miss Anderson's *Parthenia*. This was to help the plague-stricken people of the South, then suffering the ravages of pestilence. His next important engagement in New York began on December 16th at the Grand Opera House, where he revived "Coriolanus." On February 3, 1879, at the Boston Theater, he effected a revival of the old play of "Pizarro," and

acted *Rolla*, performing this old-fashioned part with great dignity in the declamatory portions and with picturesque vigor and effective pathos in the closing scene. During his stay at Boston he appeared as *Brutus*, *Virginius*, *Richard III.*, and *Cardinal Wolsey*. From Boston he went to New Orleans. In the summer he rested for a while at Saratoga. In November he acted at the National Theater in Washington, and again had great success. When this year drew towards a close he was roaming through the towns of New England. At Christmas he was in Brooklyn, and he there brought forward "The Honeymoon" and acted *Duke Aranza*. Two performances of *Spartacus* given there by him on Christmas Day cleared \$4720. Such facts serve to show the steady and sure increase of his popularity.

During the season of 1879-80 McCullough was very prosperous. Before it was half over he had cleared upwards of \$20,000. During the first three months of 1880 he traveled on the southern circuit and went into Texas, and subsequently he went as far west as Omaha. On March 6th he received public honors at Memphis, and he presented a standard to the Chickasaw Guards, of which military organization he was an honorary member. On May 31st he acted at Wallack's Theater, New York, for the benefit of Mr. W. R. Floyd. On June 5th he sailed aboard the *Britannic* for England—E. A. Sothern, J. T. Raymond, and Miss Rose Coghlan being passengers by the same ship. This was Sothern's final farewell to America. It was on this trip that McCullough paid a visit to his

birthplace, where he was received with interest and kindness. While in London he made arrangements for acting there in the season of 1881. He sailed from Liverpool August 5th, and on arriving home he began the new season, September 5th, at Utica. From November 15th to December 11th he was acting at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York. For his benefit, December 10th, he played *Lucius Brutus*. There were 837 persons in the gallery alone, and the receipts that night were \$1637. In a speech before the curtain McCullough said: "Whatever may become of me, whether I rise or sink, it is a comfort to reflect that the noble art of which I am an humble representative will remain and flourish as long as human nature exists." During the remainder of that season he was in the West and South. The season ended on April 2, 1881, and he had acted in thirty-four cities. On April 4th he received the tribute of a public banquet at Delmonico's, New York, at which speeches were made by eloquent friends and a poem was read by William Winter. In his speech that night McCullough said: "If I succeed I shall be grateful, but not unduly elated. If I fail I shall not be soured by disappointment. My hope is that I may prove myself not altogether unworthy of the great kindness that has been shown towards me in America, and of the good-will and good opinion that have been so touchingly expressed on this occasion." On April 9th he sailed for England, and on April 18th he appeared in London, at Drury-Lane Theater, as *Virginius*. The engagement lasted till May 21st, and

the tragedian was seen in *Virginius* and *Othello*. His social popularity in London was extraordinary but critical opinion divided on his acting. The "Telegraph" said: "A finer representative of *Virginius* the character can never have had." In his farewell speech McCullough said: "I came to you a stranger, and now I feel as if I had known you for years. You have taught me the significance and true meaning of British fair-play." He returned to America in September and began the season of 1881-82 at St. Paul, going over much the same ground as before. On November 14, 1881, he began an engagement of six weeks, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater as *Virginius*. "Ingomar" was produced, with Miss Kate Forsythe as *Virginia*. On November 29th he acted *King Lear*. On December 8th, for the benefit of the Poe Memorial, he played at the Union-Square Theater, New York, in one act of "Richard III." On December 12th that year, at the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, he brought out "The Bondman," a tragic play by Mr. Lewis Wingfield, on the subject of Jack Cade's rebellion. The engagement ended on December 31st, and then he went on still another long tour of the South and West. On May 31, 1882, he appeared at the Boston Theater, in association with Miss Mary Anderson, acting in "Ingomar," for a benefit. His regular season, of 1882-83, was opened at St. Paul, September 4th, and he visited Chicago, St. Louis, and other Western cities, and came to the Fifth-Avenue Theater, New York, on November 13th. In the course of this engagement he was seen as *Master Walter* and as *Hamlet*.

and he closed it, on December 9th, with *Damon*, proceeding then, by way of Albany, into New England, and going as far to the north-east as Portland. On April 9, 1883, he made his reëntrance in New York at Niblo's Garden, and he there remained till April 23d. That spring he began to show signs of serious illness and he was especially depressed and miserable at Cincinnati during the Dramatic Festival which was held there, April 19th to May 4th, and in the course of which he enacted Shakspere's *Brutus* and *Othello*, and Knowles's *Master Walter*. On May 7th he retired to the residence of his friend John Carson, at Quincy, Ill., where he passed some time in a gallant but hopeless struggle against the encroachments of disease. At this time he appears to have suspected its true nature and his suffering was great. He rallied, however, and on August 20, 1883, he entered on a new professional season at Denver. At Christmas he was acting in Philadelphia, and as the year closed he seemed to be convalescent. Early in January, 1884, he was acting in Boston, and on March 3d he appeared at the Star Theater, New York. This was his last engagement there. Three weeks of it were devoted to *Virginius* and *Spartacus*, and one week to *Brutus*, *Othello*, *Spartacus*, *Virginius*, and *Richard III*. It ended on March 29th, and McCullough ended his season on April 5th at the Novelty Theater in Williamsburg. It was evident then to those who saw him act that his powers were broken. On the 29th of June he sailed for Germany, seeking relief from his malady at the springs of Carlsbad, but the expedition was fruitless.

He returned by way of England, passing a few days in London. It was evident on his arrival home that his mind had grown feeble and that he was considerably advanced upon the downward road to death. He resumed his work but he could not carry it forward. The final collapse occurred at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, on September 29, 1884, and he retired forever from the stage. On June 27, 1885, he was placed in a private lunatic asylum at Bloomingdale, N. Y., where he remained till October 25th, when he was removed to his home in Philadelphia. He died there on November 8, 1885, and there he is buried.

The following is a list of the parts and plays that were included in McCullough's repertory :

PARTS.	PLAYS.
<i>Virginius</i>	VIRGINIUS.
<i>Othello</i>	OTHELLO.
<i>Lucius Brutus</i>	THE FALL OF TARQUIN.
<i>Marcus Brutus</i>	JULIUS CÆSAR.
<i>Iago</i>	OTHELLO.
<i>Macbeth</i>	MACBETH.
<i>King Lear</i>	KING LEAR.
<i>Coriolanus</i>	CORIOLANUS.
<i>Spartacus</i>	THE GLADIATOR.
<i>Benedick</i>	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
<i>Shylock</i>	MERCHANT OF VENICE.
<i>Petruchio</i>	TAMING OF THE SHREW.
<i>Faulconbridge</i>	KING JOHN.
<i>Richard III.</i>	RICHARD III.
<i>Cardinal Wolsey</i>	HENRY VIII.
<i>Hamlet</i>	HAMLET.

<i>Pierre</i>	VENICE PRESERVED.
<i>Richelieu</i>	RICHELIEU.
<i>Jack Cade</i>	JACK CADE.
<i>The Stranger</i>	THE STRANGER.
<i>St. Pierre</i>	THE WIFE.
<i>Damon</i>	DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
<i>Metamora</i>	METAMORA.
<i>Claude Melnotte</i>	THE LADY OF LYONS.
<i>Duke Aranza</i>	THE HONEYMOON.
<i>Ingomar</i>	INGOMAR.
<i>Rolla</i>	PIZARRO.
<i>Alfred Evelyn</i>	MONEY.
<i>Master Walter</i>	THE HUNCHBACK.
<i>Febro</i>	THE BROKER OF BOGOTA.

In McCullough's personal character the qualities which first attracted interest were modesty, simplicity, and manliness. Animated by a distinct professional purpose and always resolute in its pursuit, he possessed in an eminent degree the calmness of a man who understands himself and the objects of his life and who means to exercise a firm and wise control over the inward resources of his nature and all outward aids to his career. From first to last his demeanor towards the world was gentle and propitiatory. He was aware of the deficiencies of his education. He knew his own defects. But more than this he had a perfectly distinct perception of what is due to others, together with a high and just sense of the magnitude of the dramatic art, the difficulties to be conquered in its pursuit, and the nature and value of success in its service. A certain sweet humility was natural to him. He never vaunted himself. He never

was unduly exalted. — He took success, as he took failure, with meekness. This was not an affectation, for he knew that his powers were uncommon and he was fully and gladly aware of the great triumphs that he had achieved. But this strain of modesty ran through his conduct because it was inherent in his character. He knew what other actors had done, and he knew that there were other heights to be gained, higher than any that had been reached by him. Allied to this quality, and perhaps resultant upon it, there was in his character the attribute of thoroughness. He did not wish merely to be called a great actor—he wished to be a great actor; and, actuated by this desire and purpose, he studied and labored at all times to make the utmost that could be made of his faculties and occasions. He left nothing to chance. He observed every detail. He considered and planned every step of his way. He always knew what he wished to accomplish in dramatic art, and he always had in his mind a distinct and practical method by which to accomplish it. He was a direct man in his art because a direct man in his nature. Persons who saw him upon the stage, equally with persons who were brought into contact with him in real life, were invariably impressed with the truth of his temperament. Experience of the world, indeed, had taught him the necessity of being politic in the direction of his affairs. He was not a simpleton—he was only simple. He did not “wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at”; but he wore his heart in his bosom, and it was an honest, tender, manly heart,

sympathetic with goodness, resentful of evil, charitable and generous, faithful in its affection, and easily moved to pity and to kindness. Such a nature offers no complexities for analysis. It is rooted in elemental principles of humanity and virtue. Such a man may make errors, may commit faults, may reveal occasional weakness, may be led astray by passion; but he remains essentially a lovable human being, and he is readily and rightly understood. McCullough had this fortune, and he had it for this reason. Wherever he went he carried this charm of personal worth, and he found instant sympathy and kindness. He was naturally cheerful. His rugged health and affluent physical strength harmonized with his temperament and augmented its effect. His bearing and movements had the composure that comes of power. His smile was equally indicative of pleasure in life and kindness towards others. He was an attractive man to children, to weak or helpless persons, to all such natures as lack self-reliance and therefore turn instinctively towards strength and sweetness. He had a protective air. Safety and comfort seemed to enter with him wherever he came. He was a sturdy, smiling reality of beneficent goodness and his presence encouraged those who work and cheered those who suffer. Whatever of policy he employed in the conduct of life was not craft; it was the prudence which had been enforced upon him by the monitions of experience; and perhaps had he used more of this sort of policy, had he guarded and fostered his own powers and interests and been less heedless and

lavish of resources which he seemed to regard as herculean and inexhaustible, his end would not have come so soon, nor in a way so lamentable, desolate, and wretched.

McCullough's acting was essentially the flower of his character, as thus denoted. He played many parts, but the parts in which he was best—in which his nature was liberated and his triumph supreme—were distinctively those which rest upon the basis of the genial human heart and proceed in the realm of the affections. He displayed artistic resources, intellectual intention, and sometimes a subtle professional skill in such characters as *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*; but he never was in sympathy with them, and he did not make them his own. He was an heroic actor. He towered into splendor in such situations as are provided by the closing scenes in Payne's "Brutus," the forum scene in "Virginius," the scaffold scene in "Damon and Pythias." He was the manly friend, to whom life and all the possessions of the world are nothing when weighed in the balance against fidelity to love. He was the fond and tender father, whose great strength became a sweet and yielding feebleness in the presence of his gentle daughter. He was the simple, truthful, affectionate, high-minded man, whose soul could exist only in honor. To ideals of this kind he gave perfect expression, and for an essential nobleness and manliness such as stimulate human hearts to a renewed devotion to duty and a fervid allegiance to high ideals of character and conduct he will be remembered as long as anything is remembered in the history of the stage.

JOHN EDWIN McDONOUGH.

JOHN E. McDONOUGH died on Wednesday, February 15, 1882, at his birthplace, Philadelphia, aged 57. He had been ill for many months with cancer and he endured great pain. He went on the stage in 1844, at the Bowery, as *Philip* in the "Three Brothers." Among the parts that he enacted with success are *Claude Melnotte*, *William Tell*, and *Othello*. He met with especial favor in San Francisco in 1857. McDonough's last appearances were made as *Yuba Bill*, in the play of "M'liss," with Miss Annie Pixley, of whose company he was a member. As long ago as 1856 he acted at the old Bowery Theater, New York, under John Brougham's management, and was the first representative of *Dick Turney*, in "Broadway and the Bowery" by Cornelius Matthews. At one time he managed the St. James's Hall,—now [1889] the Fifth Avenue Theater,—and gave musical entertainments. He was a man of fine presence, pleasing address, resolute character, and considerable mental accomplishments.



FRANK H. McVICKER.

FRANK H. McVICKER, who was known to the public as a young actor of talent and promise, died in Boston, in May, 1878. He was the son of James H. McVicker, manager of McVicker's Theater. Chicago, and brother to the second Mrs. Edwin Booth. He had been for four or five years a member of the dramatic profession. During three seasons he was engaged at McVicker's Theater. At different times he was connected with the theatrical companies of Macaulay and of Pope. He first appeared in New York in January, 1877, at Booth's Theater, acting in the company which supported Edwin Booth. He gave creditable performances of *Cromwell*, in "Henry VIII." ; the *First Actor*, in "Hamlet" ; *Lorenzo*, in "The Merchant of Venice," and *François*, in "Richelieu." He was a studious, careful actor, sincere in feeling, sensible in style, and prompted by a worthy ambition. He was an amiable man and privately much esteemed. His death occurred suddenly from disease of the heart, at No. 16 Harrison Avenue, Boston. He was about twenty-four years old. He was buried in Chicago.



H. J. MONTAGUE [MANN].

WITHIN the year that is closing to-night [December 31, 1878], the losses of the stage if not numerous have been important. The greatest and most famous of the actors who have passed away was Mathews. Him the summons found in the fullness of his years and with his work completed. But the saddest loss and that on which, in this hour of retrospect, memory dwells with the liveliest sense of bereavement and regret was the death of Montague, who died in San Francisco, August 11, 1878. He was an amiable, gracious, and charming person, delicate in nature, refined in manners, genial in temperament, considerate and charitable in speech and conduct. Such a personality, attractive in its quality and gentle in its restful influence, must always endear itself to human companionship. Montague wielded a distinct individual force and gained a place of note in the dramatic profession: but it was the charm of his personal characteristics more than the achievements of his public life that garnered up the friendship of his time. He endeared himself by what he was rather than by what he did; and this—since living is more than art and character is more than talent—is a high kind of personal success. Yet in what he did there was a peculiar merit. Of some actors it might be said that the condition of the stage is a consequence of them: of others it is equally true that they are the consequence of the condition of the stage. Montague was an actor of the

latter class. He could never have founded a school and established traditions—as Mossop did, who preceded the Kembles, or as John Henderson did, who preceded Cooke and the Keans; but he uttered and reflected perfectly well the dramatic spirit and promptings of his time. Those promptings do not take the direction either of the ancient classics or of Shakspere or of the old comedies; but they flow out in the pensive sentiment and sad-eyed patience of Robertson, the pungent drollery of H. J. Byron, and the half-playful, half-bitter cynicism of Gilbert. These are the prevailing attributes of English dramatic literature in the later Victorian period, and of these Montague was an excellent representative. He possessed elegance, sentiment, repose, tenderness, a kind of droll sapience, and a vein of banter. It was not true of him that he lacked either force of character or masculinity of mind; he was simply quiet and undemonstrative in the composure of a well-poised character and well-bred manners. The limitations of his acting were obvious. He lacked passionate intensity for such parts as *Raphael* and he lacked the exuberant animal spirits, the dash, and the "gig" for such parts as *Gratiano*. He was restricted to the level of contemporary comedy; the mirror that he could grasp was held up to the life of the passing hour and the manners of to-day. His powers were not versatile nor was his acting marked by those strong eccentricities which it is usual and proper to indicate as character. He worked in water-color and his touch, always light, delicate, graceful, and gentle, was always

the same. During the last four years of his life he went in and out before the American public on the principal stage of the country, and endured severe professional tests side by side with the first and finest light comedian of his generation—Lester Wallack; and he did his work thoroughly well and bore himself with modest dignity. If partial friendship ever over-estimated his faculties, if envy misrepresented the nature of his success, if detraction vilified his attitude toward his art and toward the public, that was no fault of his, but only “the fate of place, and the rough brake that virtue must go through.” As a matter of fact he was somewhat exceptionally free from the egotism that characterizes actors. He had no idea that his avocation was in social disgrace; and, just as he carried to the stage the feelings and manners of a gentleman, so he carried into the society of gentlemen the culture, refinement, and grace of the stage. He was earnest and frank—a character transparently simple, a mind of equable balance, a spirit sweetly grave, a personality unostentatious and companionable. He had won the sympathy of the play-going public; his name was the signal of interested attention, and his labors—had his life been spared—could not have failed in beneficial results. He passed away while yet in early manhood, with honors yet unripened, with much hope and promise unfulfilled. Many a white flower of pity and regret has been cast upon the turf that covers him, in bleak and lonesome Greenwood. In life he deserved affection; in death his memory deserves the tear of sorrow. It has been my fortune to

know, in intimate goodfellowship, most of the actors who have passed across the American stage since 1859. Many bright spirits, in that time, have vanished into the darkness. Reynolds, Setchell, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Mark Smith, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Adams, Bryant, Marlowe, Hanley, Jordan, Holland, and Walter Montgomery—these are but a few of the loved and lost. With their gracious names I write the name of Montague; and on this, the last night of what was his last year on earth, with grief for the loss of one of the gentlest spirits I have known, .

“ I bring my tribute to his grave:
’T is little — but ’t is all I have.”



ANNA CORA MOWATT-RITCHIE.

THE death of Anna Cora Mowatt-Ritchie occurred, in London, on Friday, July 29, 1870. Mrs. Ritchie was prominent both as an actress and an author. She was the daughter of Mr. Samuel G. Ogden, a New York merchant, and was born at Bordeaux, France. At the age of fifteen she was married to Mr. Mowatt. Her first public appearance was made a little later, as a reader, in Boston. She was much admired. Her husband’s failure in business led to her adoption of the stage, for which she had early evinced a strong

predilection and in the private pursuit of which she had gained experience. Her début was made at the Park Theater, New York, in 1845, as *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons." Mr. W. H. Crisp played *Claude*. Mrs. Mowatt's professional career extended to 1854 and was marked by many successes, in England as well as at home. Her husband died while she was abroad. Her farewell of the stage was taken, at Niblo's Garden, in June, 1854, and she then married Mr. William Foushee Ritchie, of Virginia. The rest of her life was passed for the most part in Europe. Her "Autobiography of an Actress" was published in 1854 and had a wide circulation. She also wrote a few novels. Her success on the stage was due to sweetness of temperament and engaging feminine charms, combined with dramatic taste and with a talent not extraordinary. In 1855 Messrs. Ticknor & Fields of Boston, published a volume containing her plays of "Armand; or, the Peer and the Peasant," and "Fashion."



ADELAIDE NEILSON.

IT may have been with some slight premonition of the bereavement which was at hand that the writer of these lines endeavored, only a little while ago, to record something like a thorough and adequate estimate of the genius of Adelaide Neilson and the

worth and beauty of her works. It certainly was with a correct knowledge of the great burden under which she labored, the heavy strain to which she was subjected, and the serious danger—a confirmed tendency to neuralgia of the heart—which, in her unsparing and incessant professional exertions, she constantly incurred. It also was with the profound conviction that this was,—within a certain line of character,—the greatest actress of this epoch, speaking the English language, and that she was then making her final appearances upon the American stage and would be seen here no more. There is a kind of sad satisfaction in the present remembrance that the tribute then paid to her, alike in its earnestness of thought and warmth of feeling, was, at least in purpose, such as her splendid powers and achievements deserved and such as carried to her kind and sensitive heart a sense of comfort and reward. Under the shock of grief which has been given by the news of her sudden death it is scarcely possible to add anything to the summary which was then made of this extraordinary person. But death gives the privilege of speaking without reserve of the goodness, the excellent faculties, and the charm of the dead.

Miss Neilson ended her engagement at Booth's Theater on May 24, 1880, and started the next day for San Francisco, where she acted from June 8th till July 13th. She then returned to New York and on July 28th sailed aboard the *Abyssinia* for England. Eighteen days afterwards she was dead—dead, in her youth

and beauty—dead, in the ripeness of her fame—dead, at the end of great toils and just in the morning of what was hoped would be a new life of happiness and peace. Never was a more brilliant career cut short in its meridian splendor by a more sudden stroke of fate. Never did death seem more untimely or loss more absolute, irreparable, and bitter. For many a long day the stage, which has lost forever her radiant presence, will seem a desolate place ; and to some who knew her well and saw the loveliness of her disposition, the gentleness of her spirit, the large generosity of her mind, and the radiance of cheerfulness and grace that she diffused life will never again seem as bright as once it was.

She was about 34 years old,—the 3d of March, 1846 (?), being her birthday. She had been on the stage fifteen years and she often said that her novitiate was full of hardship. Her last birthday she passed in New York, at the Westminster Hotel, and she was then looking forward hopefully to the success of her farewell engagements and to tranquil days in retirement in her much-loved home in England. Whatever may have been the vicissitudes, trials, errors, and sorrows of her past, she was by nature a woman of domestic tastes—affectionate, gentle, confiding, and true; and she would have made any home happy.

A record of much labor and many successes on the London stage and all over Great Britain and of four visits to America is her brief biography. It will not be amiss to note, with some emphasis, the fact of her youth as it is seen when coupled with such noble

and brilliant achievement. She was, to have done so much, a very young woman. She was in this sense a prodigy — and it is remarkable that she bore so well the always perilous burdens of early triumph and the incense of a world's admiration. She had the intuitions of genius and also its quick spirit and wild temperament. She was largely ruled by her imagination and her feelings and had neither the prudence of selfishness nor the craft of experience. Such a nature might easily go to shipwreck and ruin. She outrode the storms of a passionate, wayward youth and anchored safe at last in the haven of duty. Her image, as it rises in memory now, is not that of the actress who stormed the citadel of all hearts in the delirium of *Juliet*, or dazzled with the witchery of *Rosalind*'s glee or *Viola*'s tender grace; but it is that of the grave, sweet woman, who, playing softly in the twilight, sang — in her rich, tremulous, touching voice — an anthem on the touching reference in *Isaiah* to the man of sorrows acquainted with grief.

It may be she did not die too soon for her own fame. The work had been done that it was appointed for her to do. No shaft of malice or envy can ever wound again that gentle heart. No word of detraction can sully the white flowers of honor that cover her blameless dust. For herself all is well; but for the world she sleeps too early and too long.

“Here's a few flowers; but about midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.”

The story of Adelaide Neilson's life is largely a story of hardship and sorrow. She was born out of wedlock, in or near Leeds, Yorkshire, England, on March 3, in (probably) 1846. Her father's name is unknown. Her mother, an actress, was Miss Browne—who subsequently became Mrs. Bland. As a child Adelaide lived at Skipton and subsequently at the village of Guiseley, near Leeds, where she was reared in humble circumstances and employed in a factory. She was a pretty and precocious child, skillful with her needle and passionately fond of reading. Before she was twelve years old she had become acquainted with many plays and in particular with some of the tragedies of Shakspere. She read her mother's play-books—relics of the profession that Miss Browne had left—and it was her childish custom to act and declaim before an audience of dolls that she herself had made. She sometimes witnessed dramatic performances given in the neighborhood by strolling players. She attended the parochial school at Guiseley and her teacher Mr. Frizell remembers her as a quiet, attentive, studious girl, possessed of a good memory and an unusual talent for recitation. She was an attendant at the Methodist church also and she is remembered in her youthful home as an industrious and unselfish girl, docile, gentle, considerate, ready to do any work that came to her hand, and although consciously beautiful neither spoiled by vanity nor embittered by coarse surroundings and hard usage.

When she was about fourteen years old she discovered by accident the secret of her birth and after this time she became discontented and restless. There never had been sympathy between the mother and the child and after this discovery Adelaide went out to service as a nurse-maid, and in this employment she continued for about two years when she determined to leave Guiseley and seek her fortune in the great city. She was then in her seventeenth year. She was known by the name of Lizzie Ann Bland. She left her home secretly and proceeded first to Leeds and afterwards to London. She was destitute and friendless and during the next three years she led a hard life and met with wretched experiences. At length she obtained a footing in the theater, and little by little she made her way to a position of some influence. Her first important professional appearance was made in 1865 at Margate where she enacted *Juliet*. She had meanwhile become the wife of Mr. Philip Lee, of Stoke Bruerne, Northamptonshire. The name that she adopted soon after she went to London was Lilian Adelaide Lessont—which afterwards was changed to Neilson; and at about the time of her theatrical débüt a romantic story was invented and put into print to the effect that she was the daughter of a Spanish nobleman and an English governess and that her birthplace was Saragossa. This fiction clung to her for a long time.

Her first appearance, in London, was made, in the summer of 1865, at the Royalty Theater, in the char-

acter of *Juliet*, but she did not then attract particular attention. She subsequently appeared as *Gabrielle De Savigny* in "The Huguenot Captain." A little later she was at the Adelphi Theater, where she played *Victorine* in the drama of that name. For several years she made a hard struggle for a high position and her career was full of vicissitude. Among the parts that she played were *Nelly Armroyd* in "Lost in London," *Lillian* in "Life for Life," *Mary Belton* in "Uncle Dick's Darling," and *Madame Vidal* in "A Life Chase." She also appeared in "Stage and State" and in "The Captain of the Vulture," and in 1870, as *Amy Robsart*, she made a conspicuous hit, at Drury Lane. On December 19, 1870, she acted at that theater as *Juliet*, and this time she created an impression that was destined to endure. She had in the course of these preliminary years made several tours of the British provincial cities and in particular had astonished the inhabitants of Leeds. In 1872 she made her first visit to America, appearing first at Booth's Theater as *Juliet*. She revisited America in 1874, 1876, and 1879.

Miss Neilson was divorced in 1877 from Mr. Philip Lee. In the spring of 1880 she took her farewell of the American stage and sailed for Europe, intending to pass a considerable time in retirement and repose. She was broken in health and much more broken in spirit—although in outward appearance as well and as beautiful as ever. She died suddenly at Paris, on August 15, 1880, and her body was brought to London and buried in Brompton Cemetery. A white

marble cross marks her grave, inscribed with the words "Gifted and Beautiful—Resting."*

* A letter to me from London, dated August 20, 1880, gives a glimpse of her funeral :

"I have just come from Brompton Cemetery where the funeral took place at noon. The sky was clouded all the morning and there was a light rain just before the hearse and carriages arrived, but the sun came out, and it was quite warm as the services were held at the grave. There was such a concourse of people that the mourners were almost mobbed. It was decided to follow the hearse to the grave on foot from the chapel instead of going in the carriages, but this was to be regretted, for the crowd was so dense and so unruly that those who felt the solemnity of the scene, and had a right to follow all that remained of our poor friend, were pushed and hustled and, in some instances, kept back altogether from the grave. After brief services in the chapel the coffin (which was of light wood, with an inscribed silver plate, and was covered with a wreath and two crosses of white flowers and geranium leaves) was again placed in the great hearse, drawn by four plumed horses. The mourners followed on foot, and all the way to the grave the chapel bell tolled solemnly. Admiral Glyn and Lady Sinclair, E. Compton, Mrs. John Wood, and Miss Fanny Josephs were among the mourners. I saw there Miss Carlotta Leclercq (Mrs. Nelson), in widow's weeds and bearing a white wreath, John S. Clarke, and Miss Helen Barry. The narrow vault was lined with purple and the white flowers were left on the coffin. It is such a dreadfully sudden bereavement that every one here who knew her is stunned by it. She had a very lovely nature."



WILLIAM HENRY NORTON.

WILLIAM HENRY NORTON, once a member of Wallack's dramatic company, died in Boston, Mass., on January 17, 1876, aged sixty-seven. He was an Englishman and he had been on the stage, though not continuously, for more than forty years. His first professional appearance was made at King's Cross Theater, London, in 1833. He acted at the Princess's Theater as *Van Aeswin*, in the drama of "Philip Van Artevalde," November 22, 1847. His first appearance in America was effected at Burton's Chambers-Street Theater, August 23, 1852, as *Captain Popham* in "The Eton Boy." In 1855 and again in 1857 he was connected with the company at Wallack's Theater. During several seasons, after that theater was established on the north-east corner of Broadway and Thirteenth Street (now, 1889, the Star Theater), he was retained in Mr. Wallack's troupe and he was esteemed a useful actor. In 1863 he opened an inn called "The Shakspere," near Thirteenth Street, in Broadway. Subsequently he opened a similar place, named "The Falstaff," near Tenth Street, in Fourth Avenue. In 1868 he visited England. On his return he procured professional employment in Boston and during the latter years of his life he was a member of the dramatic company at the Boston Theater. His last appearance on the stage was made in that house, November 13, 1875, as *Colonel Mulligan* in "The Flying Scud." His name of Norton was assumed — his real name

being Shoesmith. His recollections of the stage were ample and interesting and he was clever and entertaining in his mimicry of celebrated actors. He imitated with amusing skill the pompous, clean-cut, severe delivery of William Rufus Blake and his store of anecdotes of that noble actor and humorous personage was copious. He played many parts, his *Ancient Pistol*, *Gideon Bloodgood*, and *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* being as good pieces of acting as he ever exhibited. He had a defective eye, which added to either austerity or jocularity accordingly as he used it in the expression of his countenance. He knew the technicalities of his profession and could be trusted with many sorts of characters. His humor though thin was bluff. He had good judgment and knowledge of dramatic art and he enjoyed a measure of good-will among his professional companions. He was skilled in photography.



HENRY D. PALMER.

HENRY DAVID PALMER, better known to the dramatic world as Harry Palmer and long conspicuous as a dramatic manager, died on July 25, 1879. The most important part of Mr. Palmer's career as a manager was that which covered his association with Booth's Theater. Messrs. Jarrett

and Palmer took a three years' lease of that house [which stood on the south-east corner of Sixth Avenue and 23d Street, N. Y.], in 1874. Their lease was dated May 1st in that year, but they did not open the theater till August 15th. From that time till April, 1877, they carried this heavy burden and made one of the most determined efforts that have been witnessed in dramatic management. The house was one of the most difficult to manage, Mr. Palmer often said, with which he had ever been connected. "It seems almost impossible," he added, in a talk with the present writer, "even to drive the people into it." This state of facts led to the adoption of many strange and striking expedients for attracting public attention. The season of 1874 was opened with a new drama by Mr. Boucicault, entitled "Belle Lamar," in which John McCullough and Katherine Rogers acted the principal parts. The piece is founded on incidents of the civil war of 1861-65. It begins with a beautiful dramatic effect—the singing of the sentinels, on a summer night, on the banks of the Potomac—and it contains stirring incidents. It was not successful, however, and on September 12th it was withdrawn and Mr. McCullough then appeared as *Pierre* in "Venice Preserved," which had been altered by Mr. Boucicault from the original of Otway. A notable feature of this version was the introduction of the famous curse from the last act of Byron's tragedy of "Marino Faliero"—a passage upon which, in some sapient quarters, the adapter was warmly congratulated. Mr. McCullough acted *Richard III.* for



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BY
WILLIAM WINTER.

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PART III.



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BY

WILLIAM WINTER

PART III.







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JOHN E. OWENS,

AS SOLON SHINGLE.

his benefit, on September 19th, and closed his engagement. On the 21st Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams appeared in Mr. Charles Gayler's drama of "The Connie Soogah," and they continued to play till the 17th of October—their engagement being successful. On October 19th Charlotte Cushman began her farewell engagement, appearing as *Queen Katherine*. It lasted till November 7th, and the great actress was seen also as *Lady Macbeth* and *Meg Merrilie*s. Mr. George Vandenhoff acted *Wolsey* and *Macbeth*. The closing night, November 7th, was signalized by extraordinary proceedings. Bryant the poet spoke a farewell address and Miss Cushman responded in simple, earnest, and touching words. An ode, by R. H. Stoddard,—who was present in one of the boxes,—was read by Charles Roberts. The stage was occupied by actors, managers, and distinguished public men and citizens. Jefferson, Boucicault, John Gilbert, Wallack, Peter Cooper, Bayard Taylor, John Hay, and Samuel J. Tilden were conspicuous among the friends who thus, at the last of her splendid career, gathered around one of the greatest women of the age. The theater was densely crowded with one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in New York. The receipts that night were \$6850. "Macbeth" was acted—closing with the sleep scene. At the close of the exercises Miss Cushman was escorted, by a procession with music and torches, through a tumultuous crowd to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a display of fireworks in Madison Square thereupon completed the pageant of her farewell night in New York. Miss

Cushman, Bryant, Taylor, and many others who participated in that brilliant yet mournful affair have since been gathered into the rest of the grave. On November 9th Mr. Jefferson succeeded Miss Cushman, appearing as *Rip Van Winkle*, and played to crowded houses till the afternoon of the 28th. The Saturday nights during his engagement were filled by Miss Kate Field, the well-known writer and lecturer — distinguished for valuable work, dramatic and literary, and especially for her services to the Shakspere Memorial Theater at Stratford-on-Avon — who came forward as *Peg Woffington*. On November 28th Miss Julia Seaman, an English actress, came out in *Hamlet*, and was received with derision.

On November 30th Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, began an engagement in "The Widow Hunt" ("Everybody's Friend") and a new English piece entitled "Red Tape." These ran till December 10th, when they were replaced by "The Heir-at-Law" and "Toodles." Mr. Clarke's engagement was not as successful as it ought to have been — for he is a true humorist, excessively droll, an artist of a most delicate skill, a man of intellect, and a ripe and mellow actor in eccentric characters, with a touch of pathos that is light as the summer breeze. On December 12th was produced a new romantic play entitled "The Hero of the Hour," adapted by Mr. George Fawcett Rowe from the French of M. Paul Feval, author of "The Duke's Motto" — so well known on the English and American boards in the adaptation made by John Brougham. "The Hero of the Hour" was superbly mounted but

it did not succeed and on Christmas Day it was acted for the last time. That night Matilda Heron—always a friend and favorite with Mr. Palmer—was brought forward as *Lady Macbeth*, of which part she gave as bad a performance as ever was seen. She was then in her decadence; and her death occurred about two years afterwards (March, 1877). Mr. Vandenhoff acted *Macbeth*. On December 28th Mr. Rowe appeared as *Micawber* in the drama of "Little Em'ly"—a piece that was adapted from "David Copperfield," with the consent of Dickens, by Mr. Rowe himself, but which goes in the name of Andrew Halliday as author. Mr. Rowe's engagement continued to fair business till January 30, 1875—"The Serious Family" being added to the bill, with Mr. C. B. Bishop as *Aminidab Sleek*. The theater was then closed for a week of rehearsals of "Henry V.," which was produced under the direction of Charles Calvert with scenery brought over from Manchester, England. Mr. George Rignold acted *Henry* and made a decided hit. The play enjoyed a prosperous career from February 8th to April 24th, and the clear profits of its production exceeded \$60,000. On April 26th Adelaide Neilson came forward as *Amy Robsart*, and subsequently she acted *Juliet*, *Pauline*, and *Julia*—characters which till her coming had not been so well acted since the days of Fanny Kemble and Ellen Tree. Miss Neilson had a brilliant benefit and in the height of her popularity retired, on the 8th of May—giving place to Miss Clara Morris as *Evadne*, on May 10th. Miss Morris acted till the 5th of

June and was seen as *Lady Macbeth* [Mr. George Rignold assuming *Macbeth*], *Jane Shore*, and *Camille*.

The theater was then closed till August 30th, when Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer opened their second season — presenting, with copious paraphernalia, the Irish actor, Barry Sullivan, as *Hamlet*. The Sixty-ninth Regiment (Irish) attended this performance in full uniform and with its band—occupying the front rows of the balcony. Upon the first entrance of the *Ghost* that spectre was mistaken by the genial Hibernians for their illustrious countryman, and the band produced a remarkable effect by suddenly striking up “Hail to the Chief.” Mr. Sullivan subsequently appeared as *Richelieu*, *Richard III.*, and *Beverley*, in “The Gamester,” and ended his engagement—which was not successful—on September 18th. In Mr. Sullivan’s train were Mr. J. F. Cathcart—the same who accompanied Charles Kean to America in 1865. George Belmore succeeded Mr. Sullivan, appearing on September 20th, in Mr. Boucicault’s drama of “The Flying Scud.” Mr. Belmore had won solid reputation in England by his performance of *Nat Gosling* in this play,—a part which he had there acted 676 times. He was however broken in health when he came to New York, and although he showed an occasional gleam of his old fire he proved unable to fulfill the expectations of the public. He appeared a few times also as *Newman Noggs*, and on the 9th of November, being scarcely able to walk, he ended his season. Mr. Belmore was often likened to Mr. Jefferson, as an actor—the reason being that he played quaint parts,

and evinced a kindred quality with that wonderful comedian in sweetness of spirit and fineness of execution. But in fact he was neither poetic nor spiritual nor brilliant,—as Jefferson so conspicuously is,—and therefore no comparison could reasonably be made between them. Mr. Belmore subsequently gave a few personations in Boston; broke down completely; returned to New York; and died on November 15, at No. 94 Fourth Avenue. It is remembered that Henry J. Montague was to the last his faithful friend. Mr. Belmore's grave is in Greenwood. On November 11th Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer brought forward the Kellogg English Opera Troupe, which had a successful season, and was heard in "Mignon," "Ernani," "The Bohemian Girl," "Faust," "The Huguenots," "Fra Diavolo," "Il Trovatore," "Martha," and the then fresh "Lily of Killarney." George L. Fox, the famous clown, was the next attraction, in "Humpty Dumpty," a pantomime originally produced under the management of James E. Hayes at the Olympic Theater, where it enjoyed, first and last, upward of 1,000 representations. Mr. Fox attracted fair houses; but he presently gave evidence of disease of the brain and on Nov. 13, 1875, he was withdrawn from the stage. He never appeared again. Mr. Maffit was put in his place and the pantomime was continued till November 27th. Mr. Rowe reappeared on the 29th in his celebrated and admirable personation of *Micawber*, and acted till December 4th. Mrs. Emma Waller filled the week beginning December 6th, as *Meg Merrilies*. This is one of the strongest actresses who

remain to us [1889] of the old school, and in such parts as *Meg Merrilies*, *Emilia*, *Queen Margaret*, and the *Duchess of Malfi* she has no equal in America. On December 13th Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams again appeared here, in "The Connie Soogah," and their engagement lasted till Christmas night and is memorable as the last that they ever played. Their final performance on Christmas night was witnessed by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Irish and American Rifle Teams. [Barney Williams died on the 25th of April, 1876.] On December 27th Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer revived Edwin Booth's production of "Julius Cæsar," using the scenery, with the addition of the conflagration scene from "Coriolanus," that had been provided by him in December, 1871. E. L. Davenport enacted *Brutus*, Lawrence Barrett *Cassius*, F. C. Bangs *Antony*, and Milnes Levick *Julius Cæsar*. This production cost Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer \$35,000; was acted 103 times in succession; and brought to their treasury a profit of over \$80,000. During its run, upon invitation of the managers, this gorgeous spectacle—finer than anything of the kind that had before been seen on any stage in America—was seen by the Governors and Legislatures of New York and New Jersey, the students and professors of Yale College, the Judges of the New York Court of Appeals, and many other learned bodies. On the 10th of April "Henry V." was revived, and it ran till May 6th. Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, and the Empress were present on one occasion and saw this performance. The Kellogg Troupe occupied this

stage again May 8th, and remained till the 22d, when "Julius Cæsar" was reproduced, to close the season, which ended on May 27th.

The theater was not reopened till August 14, 1876, when, after elaborate preparation, Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer produced—again under Charles Calvert's supervision—the tragedy of "Sardanapalus" by Lord Byron. The cost exceeded \$40,000, and the clear profit was more than \$50,000. Agnes Booth acted *Myrrha*, and F. C. Bangs emerged as *Sardanapalus*. This spectacle prevailed till December 2d and afterwards was carried in triumph through the provinces, as "Henry V." and "Julius Cæsar" had been carried before it. A fine revival of "King Lear" succeeded this, at Booth's Theater, in which Lawrence Barrett essayed *Lear*. "King Lear" kept the stage from December 4th till December 18th, when Mr. Barrett appeared as *Richard III*. The next week the theater remained closed, but on the afternoon of Christmas Mr. Barrett reappeared as *Dan'l Druce*, in W. S. Gilbert's domestic drama, then new, of that name, based on George Eliot's novel of "Silas Marner." The piece ran till January 20, 1877, when the theater was again closed. On the 5th of February Mr. G. F. Rowe's melodrama of "Fifth Avenue" was brought out, and this ran till the 10th of March. The Kiralfy Brothers were then presented in a musical extravaganza entitled "A Trip to the Moon" which miserably failed. April 2d the tragedian John McCullough began what proved one of the most successful and in its results to that actor and his public one of

the most important engagements that have been played here for many years. Mr. McCullough was seen as *Virginius*, *Spartacus*, *King Lear*, *Richelieu*, *Metamora*, *Richard III.*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. On the 27th he took a benefit, acting *Othello*, and at the close of the performance was publicly presented with a laurel wreath of solid silver "from New York friends." On the 30th Mr. F. B. Warde took a benefit, acting *Pythias* to McCullough as *Damon*, and so was terminated the management of Booth's Theater by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer. They took a short lease of it in the fall of 1878, for the purpose of bringing out Miss Genevieve Ward, who appeared September 2d as *Jane Shore*, and September 23d as *Queen Katharine*, and who subsequently, under their management, and accompanied by their representative, Mr. Joseph H. Tooker, traversed the United States and Canada. This was the last dramatic venture with which Mr. Palmer was practically connected — except the introduction of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" upon the European stage.

With these subjects his mind was concerned and amid these scenes his closing years were passed. It will readily be gathered from this panoramic view of the numerous and exceedingly diverse enterprises with which, in his latter days, he was connected, that his vigilance, promptitude, boldness, energy, and patience must have been constantly and severely taxed. There was not in his nature either the easy-going humor or the phlegmatic composure which are saving attributes in that of his partner and friend, H. G. Jarrett, a manager equally audacious, but safer in bal-

ance. Mr. Palmer was a very nervous, intense, restless, and ambitious man. He had made a fortune by the spectacle of the "Black Crook,"—repeating on the American stage and after an interval of more than 200 years the experiment first made by Sir William Davenant on that of England,—but he was by no means content to leave his name identified with that work or to deem his life crowned with an achievement so slender as the introduction of the ballet. While it was his principle in theatrical management to follow rather than to lead the public taste he duly appreciated the intellectual aspects of the subject,—the duties, responsibilities, and privileges of a director of the stage,—and he was profoundly desirous of establishing his personal renown, as well as his fortune, by a comprehensive and masterly handling of all the great influences of the drama. He had drifted into his career rather than selected and forecast it, and therefore as is usual in such cases, and they are the rule rather than the exception, he had, in his maturity, much to unlearn, many ideas to rectify, and some errors for which to atone. He had reached a position when all this was practicable; and it was observed by those who knew him well that his views were broadening and that his spirit and tone of mind were becoming more noble, more sweet, more earnest, and more composed—as the time of his summons drew near. If he had lived a few years longer his achievements as a manager might have been peculiarly splendid. He knew every detail of his business; he had thoroughly learned how to deal with the American public; his mind had become habituated

to vast schemes ; he would have undertaken the most important enterprises and only those ; and he would have chiefly labored to create in the multitude a taste for the highest and best forms of dramatic art as well as to satisfy and profit by their more obvious desires. This was the implied direction of his growth and in this pathway he had already begun to advance. However sound may be the objections that good taste would urge against some of his methods of presenting dramatic works and artists before the public eye it cannot be denied—in view of the array of excellent plays and actors above displayed—that he was an agent in the best of good works for the benefit of the stage and the community. It is not thought, indeed, that his part in the “Black Crook” enterprise was entirely creditable to him or that the production itself could be otherwise than injurious to the best interests of the drama and to the morals of the people. He honestly believed that he was doing right. He did not sufficiently reflect that what seemed trivial, or hollow, or merely lightsome frivolity and innocent merriment to the man of the world may have a far different, a misleading, and a baleful effect upon inexperienced minds. Something must be pardoned to men who have great interests to manage ; who feel around them the beating of the tumultuous waves of metropolitan life ; to whom failure is destruction ; who must decide at once and act where others palter. Harry Palmer—who was neither an actor nor a dramatic author—made no greater concessions to the vulgar taste in theatrical management than were made

by Garrick, and Rich, and Sheridan, and Hamblin, and Simpson, and Barry.

In his personal qualities the departed manager was a man of signal worth. He was passionate and impetuous but affectionate and gentle. His nature was manly and he respected independence of character. He could be severe and over-prudent; but also he could be genial and prodigal. His sense of fun was very keen, and, though he liked better to listen than to speak, he abounded with good stories and could tell them with skill and grace. He was lenient to venial faults, kind to distress, and charitable in his judgments of human nature. His mind was deeply imbued with religious feeling, and a little while before his last voyage but one to England he requested that his children might be received into the Church. In his home he was entirely loved. In June, 1878, that home was made desolate by the death of his favorite daughter—a child of rare spiritual excellence and exquisite beauty.* He was already in declining health,

*A CHILD'S DEATH.—Those who attended the funeral of little Alice Marcy Palmer [Monday, June 10, 1878] saw in her coffin all that remained of one of the loveliest of children; and they must have been led to muse once again, and very mournfully, on the solemn mystery of death—which is never so strange and awful as when it is associated with childhood. This little maid—the only daughter of Henry D. Palmer, the manager—would have been nine years old in August. She was so beautiful that the eyes of strangers involuntarily turned to look at her as she passed; and she was so merry and gentle—so sweet in disposition and so arch, sprightly, and sunshiny in her ways—that her presence in the household was a perpetual delight and

and from this affliction he never rallied. His death was a release from great and hopeless suffering. He is mourned by an aged mother, to whom he was everything that is noble and precious, and by a widow and children. They do not mourn alone. The men of the generation with which he grew up, in theatrical life, are, to be sure, fast falling around him, but for many

blessing. There was perceptible in her countenance and conduct a gravity of mind and a loftiness of spirit beyond her years. Yet she was not a precocious child. There was nothing morbid in her nature and there was nothing artificial in her demeanor. The pretty imperiousness of childhood seemed in her to be impelled by a force of character and regulated by a just perception and wise conscientiousness such as belong to mature life. She was a compound of fanciful caprice, innocent playfulness, and buoyant spirits, tempered with demure gravity, and guided by a gentle thoughtfulness for others. The child was by nature religious; her piety, like her beauty, came from heaven. The death of such a precious little creature is not a common chance. It ought to mean, to the afflicted parents and friends, that there is a better place than this world and that some human beings are born to become ready for the great change in even the morning of life. They need no discipline here; they are but the messengers of the Deity. To have known such a child—sinless and exquisite—is to possess one of those certain proofs of immortality which alone can sustain us through the pilgrimage of life with comfort and hope. The child whom these words commemorate gave promise, had she lived, of brilliant powers; and both abroad—in Switzerland—and at home, had been carefully taught and nurtured. She was the idol of her father's life; and the poor gentleman—feeble and broken in health—receiving in a foreign land the news of his irreparable loss, will need all the strength that personal endurance, the sympathy of friends, and the promises of religion can afford to enable him to bear the sorrow.

a day his sailor-like face and figure, his brown eyes, quizzical smile, and merry, bantering voice will be missed, and many a kind thought and many a tender regret will hallow his memory.



HENRY PLACIDE.

HENRY PLACIDE died at Babylon, Long Island, on January 23, 1869, aged 70 years. Mr. Placide's theatrical career extended over half a century. He made his first appearance at Charleston, S. C., when nine years old, and his last appearance took place at the Winter Garden, New York, in 1865, when he played *Corporal Cartouche*. Playgoers of this generation knew him chiefly as a respected relic of the past. They had an opportunity of seeing his quality as an actor in 1862 when, at the Winter Garden, supporting Miss Kate Bateman in her second engagement there, he appeared as *Sir Harcourt Courtly*, a part in which he enjoyed a peculiar distinction. But of his triumphs in the days of the old Park, where he first appeared on September 2, 1823, they could only know by tradition. He was at one time the manager of that theater and he conducted it with that sincere respect for the profession of acting which was ever characteristic of him. He visited England in

1838 and played at the London Haymarket. As an actor Mr. Placide excelled in depicting character. He was not a humorist but a delineator. The fiber of his mind was dry and hard. His method was singularly exact. His manners were precise and courtly. He was always efficient, within his proper province, in the old comedies. No man could labor in the profession of acting more earnestly than he did, and his example in this respect is a valuable legacy to actors. Mr. Placide everywhere met with intellectual appreciation. In the southern cities of the Union he was a great favorite. For several years he had lived in retirement and endured the grievous calamity of blindness.



ISAAC C. PRAY.

ISAAC C. PRAY, actor, playwright, manager, trainer of pupils for the stage, and journalist, died in New York on Sunday, November 28, 1869, aged fifty-seven. Mr. Pray was a native of Boston. In early life he enjoyed advantages of education and foreign travel. His first venture in letters was a volume of poems, and in the poetic art he showed sensibility of temperament and a graceful fancy. He went on the stage when a young man and acted in London,

Dublin, and other British cities, and several times appeared in the same dramatic company with the elder Booth. At one time he edited a paper in London. His dramas are numerous, and chiefly on classical subjects — “Medea,” “Orestes,” “Virginius,” etc. His last appearance on the New York stage was made in 1865-66, in the latter play, at the Academy of Music. Mr. Pray was an amiable man, gentle in character and serene in life. He foretold, about a fortnight before the event, the exact time of his own death. He had not then been taken ill, and when the time came it was not so much that he died as that he fell asleep. His funeral was attended by about a hundred friends — chiefly members of the press and the stage — on December 2d, at St. Ann’s Church, N. Y. He left a widow and two children.



J. J. PRIOR.

J. J. PRIOR died suddenly of heart disease, while in his dressing-room at the theater in Toledo, Ohio, on May 2, 1875. Mr. Prior was a native of London, England, and was born on the 20th of May, 1823. He went on the stage at the age of six years, at Stratford-upon-Avon, as the *Duke of York* in “Richard III.” His first appearance in New York

was made in 1842, at the Old Bowery Theater, as the *Duke of Buckingham* in the same play. He married Miss Louise Young of Newark, N. J. One of their children, Miss Lulu Prior, was creditably known on the stage for several years, and subsequently was married to Mr. Edwin F. Denyse. Another, their eldest son, was shot in a riot on the 12th of July, 1871, when the Catholic Irish attacked the procession of Orangemen, in Eighth Avenue, New York.

Mr. Prior's career upon the stage was long and laborious. He was a useful actor and he was seen at all the important theaters in New York and Brooklyn. He played heavy parts, villains, old men, and sometimes characters colored by grim humor. He was of a stout figure, an aquiline, strong-lined face, dark eyes and hair, a deep voice, slow and ponderous demeanor, and a somewhat stern aspect. He could look exactly like the picturesque pirate of old-fashioned melodrama. One of the last performances that he gave was that of a venerable Indian patriarch, *Tamenund*, chief of the Delawares, in Mr. George Fawcett Rowe's drama of "Leather-Stocking," produced at Niblo's Garden.



JOHN T. RAYMOND.

THE life of John T. Raymond, who died on April 10, 1887, at Evansville, Indiana, had covered exactly half a century on April 5th. His original name was John O'Brien and he was born at Buffalo on April 5, 1836. He received a common school education together with some training in mercantile pursuits; but at the age of seventeen he ran away from home to go upon the stage. "I knew no more about the theater then," he once said, "than I did about the moon." His first appearance was made on June 27, 1853, at a theater in Rochester, N. Y., then under the management of Messrs. Carr and Henry Warren, and he came forward in the part of *Lopez* in "The Honeymoon." He was almost paralyzed with stage fright on that occasion, and as the condition of *Lopez* is mostly that of comic vacuity he made an accidental hit in the part; but on the following night, when he undertook to play one of the soldiers in "Macbeth," his inexperience was painfully revealed. From Rochester he went to Philadelphia, where he appeared as *Timothy Quaint* in "The Soldier's Daughter," on September 20, 1854. A little later he was engaged by John E. Owens for the Charles-Street Theater, Baltimore, and for several seasons after that he was employed on the circuit of the Southern theaters, acting in Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, and New Orleans.

Mr. Raymond first became known in New York in 1861, when he came out at Laura Keene's Theater, as

the successor to Mr. Jefferson, in low comedy and character parts. He acted *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin" at that time. On July 1, 1867, he appeared in London, at the Haymarket Theater, acting this part in association with Mr. Sothern, and in company with that famous actor he subsequently visited Paris and acted there, and likewise made a tour of the British provincial theaters. In the autumn of 1868 he reappeared in New York, playing *Toby Twinkle* in "All that Glitters is not Gold." A little later he went to San Francisco where on January 18, 1869, he made his first appearance at the California Theater, acting *Graves* in Bulwer's comedy of "Money." There he remained for several seasons, steadily advancing in public favor and appreciation. He was in fact a great favorite in California, but being ambitious to extend the field of his activity and conquest he presently left the stock company, returned to the Eastern seaboard, and after various efforts at length made a conspicuous and brilliant hit in the character of *Colonel Sellers*, in a rather cumbersome play based on Mark Twain's story of "The Gilded Age." This piece was brought out at the Park Theater, Broadway and 22d Street, which was burned in the fall of 1882. With this character Mr. Raymond made himself known throughout the Republic and Canada, and in this part he appeared, but not with success, before the public of London. This was in 1880.

For several seasons *Colonel Sellers* prospered abundantly, but after a time he began to grow hackneyed and Mr. Raymond was constrained to seek a new char-

acter. He came out at Wallack's Theater as *Ichabod Crane*, in a drama by George Fawcett Rowe, on the basis of Washington Irving's story of "Wolfert's Roost," and this is justly remembered as one of the most quaint, humorous, and touching performances that have graced the comedy stage in our time. After that he traveled every season with more or less success throughout the country, varying his performances of *Colonel Sellers* with such parts as the old shoemaker, in "My Son"; the politician, in D. D. Lloyd's "For Congress," and *Montague Joliffe* in Pinero's "In Chancery." In 1886 he played in the principal cities of the Union in A. W. Pinero's amusing farce of "The Magistrate." His professional career extended over a period of thirty-two years and in the course of that time he acted all the parts that usually fall to the lot of a low comedian. He was seen in *Acres*, *Dickory* (in "The Spectre Bridegroom"), *Ollapod*, *Pangloss*, *Goldfinch*, *Tony Lumpkin*, *Roderigo*, *Mr. Lullaby*, *Mr. Pillicoddy*, *Salem Scudder*, *Asa Trenchard*, *Toby Twinkle*, *Mr. Toodle*, and many kindred characters. By nature and by purpose he was a thoughtful comedian, one who desired to identify himself with important eccentric characters in rational drama; but his excessive animal spirits and a certain grotesque extravagance in his temperament and manner affected the public more directly and powerfully than anything that ever he did as a dramatic artist. "When I remain in the picture," he used to say, "the public will not accept me, but the moment I get out upon the frame they seem to be delighted." For this reason Mr.

Raymond usually got "out upon the frame." His humor was rich and jocund. He had a peculiar and exceptional command over the composure of his countenance. He could deceive an observer by the sapient gravity of his visage and he exerted this facial faculty with extraordinary comic effect. He was possessed of consummate audacity in the perpetration of practical jokes. His mood was eager, sanguine, and hopeful, and it sometimes painted the future in rosy hues, but he was subject to melancholy, which he carefully concealed. He was impetuous in temper but affectionate in disposition and his private life was marked by acts of kindness and generosity. As an actor he gave innocent pleasure to thousands of people and lightened for many hearts the weary burden of care. His professional lineage is that of such ancestors as Foote, Finn, John Barnes, and Sothern, though he lacked the artistic refinement of those renowned models. Mr. Raymond was twice married, his first wife being Marie E. Gordon, an actress known upon the stage since 1864. They were legally separated. His second wife, who also survived him, is the daughter of Rose Etinge. At the time of his second marriage the comedian obtained legal authority for the change of his name from John O'Brien to John T. Raymond.



EUPHROSYNE PAREPA ROSA.

IN the autumn of 1866 the musical public of America welcomed a remarkable musical artist,—Euphrosyne Parepa Rosa,—and at the beginning of her American career she awakened lively interest. Her talents were seen to be extraordinary and her temperament was recognized as uncommonly genial. She was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1839. Her father was a Wallachian nobleman, Baron Georgiades de Boyesku of Bucharest. Her mother, Miss Seguin, was a sister to the once eminent basso of that name. Their married life lasted but a little while, being terminated by the sudden death of the Baron, whereby his widow, only twenty-one years of age at the time, was left in poverty. To support herself and her infant child Euphrosyne, the bereaved Baroness adopted the lyric stage as a profession, and presently begun the education of her daughter for the same pursuit. This proved a labor of ease as well as of love. In her musical studies the child made rapid progress, and she also acquired, with rare facility, five modern languages—English, Italian, French, German, and Spanish. At the age of sixteen—in 1855—she made her first public appearance in opera, at Malta. *Amina*, in “*Sonnambula*,”—a customary choice with operatic débutantes,—was the character she then assumed, and therein she made a promising success. The unusual power and compass of her voice and the felicitous method of her execution speedily became themes of

praise with European connoisseurs of music. At Naples, Genoa, Rome, Florence, Madrid, and Lisbon her first success was repeated and increased. For two years she prospered on the continent of Europe, receiving the applause of the people, the cordial favor of musical criticism, and the compliments of monarchs. In 1857 she made her *début* in London, in the same company with Ronconi, Gareoni, and Tagliafico, in "*I Puritani*," and thereafter took a high place in the favor of the British public. Her career in England lasted nine years; in the course of which period she became the wife of a British officer, whose death, however, left her in widowhood at the end of sixteen months. The autumn of 1866 found her in the United States. The company with which she came included the cornet player J. Levy and the violinist Carl Rosa and was directed by H. L. Bateman. Her *début*, September 11th, was made in concert in New York; but she afterwards achieved honors in oratorio and opera in the principal cities of the Republic. In 1867 she became the wife of Carl Rosa, with whom she happily lived and labored. Nature endowed her with rich and remarkable gifts. Her voice, a pure soprano, was very powerful, was even in the register, and was thoroughly well-balanced. Her method was entirely correct; and in view of the great volume of her voice her fineness of execution was unusual and surprising. Perfect in the technical part of music and thoroughly acquainted with the nature and the scope of her own powers she never undertook a task that she was not fully able to perform. Her intonation and enunciation

were faultless. In oratorio and in the concert room she had no equal. On the stage however she somewhat lacked, in acting, the intensity of passionate emotion, the soulful expression, which characterize and denote a great dramatic as well as lyric artist. If, however, she had not dramatic genius she certainly possessed commanding talents. Her operatic performances evinced the steady growth of decided dramatic faculty. Great vocal powers have seldom found such ample or such touching expression as those of Parepa Rosa did in the first act of "Norma." To add that one of her best successes was made as *Rosina*, in "The Barber of Seville," is to indicate the versatility of her talents and the scope and thoroughness of her culture. In social life she was agreeable and winning by virtue of her simple kindness and constant, sunny good-humor.



DANIEL E. SETCHELL.

IN 1866 the comedian Daniel E. Setchell sailed from San Francisco bound to Auckland, New Zealand, where he had made an engagement to play. His resolution to leave San Francisco was somewhat suddenly taken and it was persisted in against the advice and urgent entreaty of friends. The actor had gained uncommon professional success in San

Francisco and was a favorite with all classes. He might well have remained there, in prosperity and happiness. But his fate called him and he went his way.

The vessel on which he took passage for Auckland was named the *Trieste*. She was an old craft and was not stanch. Mr. Setchell continued to play after it was known that he had engaged a passage aboard this vessel. On the night of his last appearance in San Francisco he enacted *Captain Cuttle* in "Dombey & Son," and in the course of that performance one of the actors, having occasion to read from a newspaper the announcement of the loss of a ship, jocosely announced the loss of the *Trieste* with all on board. Nothing was saved from the wreck, he said, but a trunk full of stage wardrobe and bad parts. The jest was laughed at and so dismissed. Mr. Setchell departed in good spirits. He had, a little while before, been a passenger on board of a river steamboat that had been nearly destroyed by a boiler explosion, and he had escaped unharmed. It appeared to him that he could now face any danger with perfect serenity. One can imagine the quaint humor with which he would talk of such an escape. The *Trieste* sailed — and she has never been heard of from that day to this.

Mr. Setchell was born in Boston in 1831 and he made his first appearance on the stage in 1853, at the Howard Athenæum in that city, as *Bernardo* in "Hamlet." He began his dramatic career in New York at Burton's Theater and was professionally trained

under the eye of that great actor. His genius for comedy was characteristic and remarkable. He was a natural humorist — quick to perceive the comical aspects of life and character, quaint in manner, mirthful in conversation, genial in temperament, and animated by a kind heart. His personations of character were commonly so flooded with exuberant humor that the serious side of his mind was rarely perceptible, and few persons rightly comprehended his nature. That is the way of the world. The jester is only credited with his cap and bells. But Mr. Setchell was a laughing philosopher and was content to see everybody laughing around him. His favorite parts were *Captain Cuttle*, *Micawber*, *Aminidab Sleek*, *Hugh de Brass*, and *Madame Vanderpants* in the old farce of "Wanted — 1000 Milliners." The range of his stage-business was wide and he was continually extending his repertory. The last engagement that he played in New York was in March, 1863, at the Winter Garden, and his last appearance there was made as *Leah* in Frank Wood's burlesque of "Leah the Forsook." From that city he went to San Francisco and thence to his "vast and wandering grave."



CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR.

CALAMITY is a common thing, but some forms of calamity are more startling than others in character and in suddenness and have a deeper and wider scope of affliction. Such a distress, sudden, sharp, and bitter, fell upon the journalism of New York and upon many personal friends in the death of Charles C. B. Seymour, the musical and dramatic reviewer for "The New York Times." Mr. Seymour died at his lodging in Union Square, on May 18, 1869, after an illness of five days. His disease was rheumatism of the brain. He was in the fortieth year of his age, having been born at London, England, on the 13th of December, 1829. An Englishman by birth Mr. Seymour was yet an American in character and feeling. He came to this country in 1849 and his first avocation here was that of teaching. When "The New York Times" was started, in 1850, he sent articles to it which attracted attention, and he was presently engaged on the editorial staff of that paper. His position was one in which critical faculties of a high order must be continually exercised, one that requires learning, taste, courage, impartiality, sensibility of temperament, and energetic industry. To say that he filled it so as to make no pause and to leave no void in the performance of exacting and incessant duties is to do him simple justice.

During fifteen years he recorded the history of musical and dramatic enterprise in New York, recog-

nized merit, rebuked pretension, urged adherence to right principles and pure taste in art, fostered worthy effort, was tolerant toward well-intentioned weakness, and constantly exerted a good influence upon the stage. Few writers are capable of the thoughtful and minute care that he exercised in this peculiar line of labor; fewer still have the patience to pursue the critical avocation in the conscientious and thorough manner that marked his labors. Artists are fortunate indeed who find in journalism an appreciation that is both liberal and just. Many artists found that reward in the writings of Mr. Seymour. Nor was he content merely with appreciating them for himself; he strove to interpret them more fully to others. This service, well performed, gives a certain measure of permanence to those triumphs of singing and acting which otherwise are ephemeral. The entranced listener to music or the pleased spectator of acting is content with saying that the one is magnificent or the other is superb. The thoughtful critic must justify his admiration by analysis of the effect produced, and in giving reasons for the faith that is in him must depict the artist's work. This is the test and the labor. This test Mr. Seymour strove to meet; this labor it was always his desire, and very often his felicity, to perform.

But it was not his ability alone that commended him to the respect of those sensitive classes whereof he wrote and that knit him to the hearts of his fellow-workers. His temperament was sweet and his life was gentle. He sympathized with every manifestation of talent. He took the world with an innocent gayety

of mood that was contagious and delightful. He was a ready friend in time of trouble. He was not afflicted with vanity. He did not vaunt the prerogative of the editor. He was a simple man who took his part in the every-day work of life and did his best to make it faithful and worthy. How zealous he was in toil only those can fully appreciate who were his associates in the same line of labor. Continual application to the art of writing had given him the brilliant facility which never degenerates into commonplace. How clear and terse his style was—how delicately the light of his humor played along the silver threads of his thought—it would be hard to say. His rank as a man of letters rests mainly upon brilliant labors in journalism; labors which in his as in every kindred case must grow dimmer with each succeeding day.

One memorial of him more permanent in character remains—in a volume of biography that he wrote for the *Harpers*, by whom it was published in 1859. It is a book that shows studious research, conscientious thought, skill in the analysis of character, and a crystal clearness of style. He was “*The Times*” correspondent at the first Paris Exposition (1868), where his services as one of the American Commission were recognized by the presentation of a medal from the Emperor of the French. From January to July, 1865, he was associated with Mr. Theodore Hagen in “*The New York Weekly Review*.”

GEORGE ROSE.

(ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.)

LITERATURE lost a gentler spirit than he seemed to be by the death of George Rose ("Arthur Sketchley"), which occurred on November 13, 1882, in London. Mr. Rose was fond of a satirical vein in writing and his British instinct as a grumbler was uncommonly alert, but he was a man of kind heart and high principles and no one who knew him well attached importance to his sarcasms. He was a ripe scholar. He had been educated for the Roman priesthood and he remained till the last a devout Catholic. His best known writings were the papers that he wrote in the character of Mrs. Brown—a garrulous cockney woman, based probably on Mrs. Gamp. In 1867 he visited America and in New York he gave his "Mrs. Brown Lectures," but they were not generally understood. His first appearance in New York was made on October 14, 1867, at Irving Hall. He afterwards published, in London, a satire on America called "The Great Country."

He was the author of several plays and was one of the most intimate friends of Charles Mathews the comedian. When Artemus Ward visited England he met with a kind welcome at the hands of Arthur Sketchley and they were always good friends. Mr. Rose lived at No. 96 Gloster Place, Portman Square. He was unmarried but to his relatives no man was

ever more affectionate and gentle. Towards the end of his days he grew enormously corpulent and his death happened suddenly from disease of the heart. In manners and conversation Mr. Rose was droll, lively, kindly, and full of jest. He belonged to the Arundel and to several of the other literary clubs of London, and was about fifty-five years old. As a humorist if not essentially creative he was genuine and immensely droll. He saw the world at odd angles, he appreciated every ridiculous trait of character or manners, and he could assume the style and even the aspect of a fussy, opinionated old woman. One of his most important expeditions was a journey to Australia, where he lectured and where he appeared upon the stage in the character of *Falstaff*, which he could easily resemble and the humor of which he could admirably convey. He was buried in Brompton Cemetery.



MARK SMITH.

IN the death of Mark Smith—who, at Paris, France, on August 11, 1884, suddenly and sadly passed from earth at the age of only forty-five years—the stage suffered a greater loss than any person who knew him thoroughly well can easily express. He was a man of unique individuality and large intellectual re-

sources. He had developed slowly and thoroughly,—though not yet entirely,—and had steadily risen, and was fitted still to rise, in an art-growth that never paused. He was a student and a thinker. He aimed high and he was content with nothing less than superlative excellence. He possessed by nature both the actor's faculty and the literary spirit. An atmosphere of art surrounded him as naturally as foliage surrounds a tree. No one could be, even temporarily, his companion without perceiving in him an innate and profound love for letters; a rare and subtle apprehension of the beauty and the significance of artistic forms; an ample and exact knowledge of many books; keen intuition combined with wide store of wise observation upon human nature; and the spontaneous delight alike of the child and the philosopher in those things that make human life radiant and lovely. These faculties and qualities he had done much to cultivate. The influence that radiated from his character was singularly charming. It was the sympathetic force of a thoroughly honest nature, good, tender, cheerful, responsive to virtue and simplicity, and exalted and made picturesque and zestful by the thrill of imaginative and aspiring intellect. Mark Smith was not the kind of good man whose worth is tedious and stupefying—and therein may injure virtue almost as much as if he were a profligate. In him the every-day virtues grew brilliant—taking on a rosy grace from the piquant loveliness of his character—and his comrades not only rested on his perfect probity but found continued delight and comfort in his presence.

No one could see him act without being, in quite an equal degree, conscious of this personal charm. The attribute of winning goodness that endeared him in private life was the attribute that shone through his acting and endeared him upon the stage. As an actor he was the Cheeryble Brothers rolled into one—and that one was endowed with a commanding intellect and polished taste as well as with helpful and lovable benignity. When Mark Smith was upon the scene—as *Squire Broadlands*, or *Mr. April*, or *Mr. Harmony*, or *Col. Damas*, or *Sir Oliver Surface*—the spectator involuntarily felt that every ray of manly worth, joyous serenity, and humane feeling that flashed through the character had its native source in the heart of the man himself. This was the attractive power of his art; and the attention which he thus captivated his versatile mimetic talents and his fortunate personal characteristics never failed to repay. It would be almost impossible to name an actor so thoroughly satisfactory as Mark Smith was, in many sorts of character. His range of Shaksperean parts included *Polonius*, *Friar Lawrence*, *Kent*, *Brabantio*, *Duncan*, *Hecate*, *Casca*, *Autolycus*, the *Host of the Garter*, the *Duke of Venice*, *Adam*, *Dromio*, *Shallow*, *Verges*, *Sir Toby Belch*, *Bardolph*, and *Dogberry*. He did not play them all equally well; but in each one of them he was an artist; and outside of Shakspere his range touched at one extreme *Sir Peter Teazle* and at the other *Diggory* and *Powhatan*. One of the most complete pieces of acting that ever adorned our stage was his impersonation

of the vain, amorous, rickety, polished old coxcomb, *Sir William Fondlove*—in which he made his first appearance at Wallack's Theater, on March 17, 1862. Another characteristic and charming work was his *Doctor Desmerets* in “The Romance of a Poor Young Man.” *Old Rapid, Hardcastle, Sir John Vesey, Stout, Haversac, De Blossiere*,—in “Henriette,”—*Lord Plantaganet, Solomon, Bob Tyke, Mr. Ironsides, Lord Duberley*, and many more testified to his versatile abilities and afforded channels of observation through which might be traced the peculiarities of his mind and the springs of his art.

Whatever defects there were in his acting arose from over-correctness and inflexibility. He was a formal actor and sometimes he was hard and dry. But this was a good defect, since it arose out of his profound desire and scrupulous care, first of all, to be true; and it was a defect he was outgrowing, and would inevitably have outgrown, with the acquisition of perfect mastery of himself and of the methods of his art. Those who saw his stately, sweet, and tender personation of *Jacques Fauvel*, at the Union Square Theater, saw clearly enough how much the angular precision and set utterance of earlier days had faded away, and how richly his nature was developing in the direction of flexible and free humor and pathos. It is easy to go astray in attempting to define a human being and to indicate the results of circumstance likely to flow out of the tendencies of a character; but there is no doubt that Mark Smith was richly endowed and there seems reason to say that if he had lived to complete

his experience he would have become one of the great actors of his time. His fidelity to nature was as accurate as a reverent intention could make it. He was a graphic delineator. He was a rosy and jolly and yet a humane and refined humorist. He possessed unusual natural dignity of mind; so that, while he respected the real worth of old models, he thought for himself and struck out a pathway of his own. His human sympathies were comprehensive and warm. He had a remarkably keen intuitive perception of the shades of character, and—as his *Country Squire* alone was sufficient to prove—he had the delicate and trained capacity to make them seen and felt. That hard, genial, stubborn, yielding, eccentric, simple, bluff, hospitable, peremptory English gentleman has no representative on the American stage now that Mark Smith is gone. If any actor known to this country could have put Sir Roger de Coverley into the theater, and made him as fine and as lovable there as he is in the pages of Addison, Mark Smith was the man. This points to his quality and his rank and explains the affectionate remembrance in which he is held. He belonged to the school of actors that Munden made distinctive, and that Burton, Blake, Gilbert, and Warren have illustrated so well. He was not as droll as Blake nor did he possess as juicy a humor; but in serious moments he resembled him; and as to severe accuracy of form he often surpassed him.

The breadth of his scope is indicated in the number and variety of parts that he could adequately

play. The field of art in which he stood alone is that which English literature has peopled with characters representative of ambient, large-hearted hospitality, tinged with sentiment and eccentricity. His imagination took delight in images of good-cheer and scenes of kindness. The prattle of children and the soft laughter of young lovers sounded in his mind and gladdened it. He was at home on the green lawn of the ancient manor-house, under the immemorial elms, crowning the feast with welcome, amidst the blessings of music and sunshine, and fragrant summer wind—with, over all, a hazy, tranquil air of restful antiquity and gentle romance. So let him pass into the region of storied memories and take his place forever—the noblest type our stage has presented of the pure and simple country gentleman! Scott and Irving would have loved this wholesome nature, and honored it and anchored by it, amidst the shams and fevers of a weary world. Primrose and the Village Preacher lived again in him—with other manners, indeed, and wearing another garb, and fettered and vailed; but the same in soul. He adorned the stage; he comforted and benefited his fellowmen; he won an affection and left an ideal that will not die; and he rests after an honest, useful, and stainless life.

Mark Smith was born in New Orleans, January 27, 1829. His father managed a theater there at that time and Mark (his full name was Marcus) played juvenile parts in it before he was ten years old. At fifteen he went to sea but soon returned, in weariness

of that pursuit. In 1849 he appeared at the St. Louis Theater, and from that time onward he remained in continual practice of the stage. He went to England in 1871. His grave is at Bellefontaine, St. Louis.



SOL. SMITH, THE ELDER.

THE veteran actor and manager Sol. Smith died at St. Louis on February 14, 1869, aged 68 years. His "Autobiography," published by the Harpers in 1868, has been circulated throughout the theatrical community. It is one of the frankest of books. It depicts the writer just as he was—a good, simple, hearty, kindly, honest man, whose years of labor and extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune, crowned at last by success, had made him somewhat egotistical and not a little garrulous over his busy past. If any one wishes to read a record of hard work thoroughly done, of hardships endured in a manly spirit, of devotion to the drama, of invariable and unassailable integrity, let him turn to the autobiography of Sol. Smith. The veteran had not played for ten or twelve years. Deafness afflicted him for a long time before his death. But though removed from active participation in dramatic life he never lost his interest in it; and he was one of the pleasantest of talkers about the stage.

To the force of good example he added the force of good counsel. Actors especially miss and mourn him; and all who knew him deplore the exit of old Sol. Smith. His full christian name was Solomon Franklin. He was the father of Mark Smith, Sol. Smith, Jr., and other children.



WILLIAM HENRY SEDLEY SMITH.

A SPRIG of rosemary is cast on the coffin of another veteran dramatic artist. William Henry Sedley,—better known to the stage as W. H. Smith,—died in San Francisco on January 17, 1872, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. To the new generation of play-goers he existed scarcely more than in name; but to all who have memories of the American stage extending back even as far as 1852 he was a delightful reality; and in many hearts the news of his death smites harshly on the tender string that vibrates to amazement and sorrow. There are players whose individuality is so vital, so redolent of strength and joy, that one never associates them with the idea of death. Like great poetic thoughts they enjoy an immortal youth in the imagination, and to hear that they are dead is to suffer the shock of something strange and unnatural as well as grimly sad. Such an actor was W. H. Sedley Smith.

Robust, rosy, stately, with a rich, ringing voice, a merry laugh, and a free and noble courtesy of demeanor, he lives in remembrance as the perfect incarnation of generous life—glad in its own strength and diffusive of strength and gladness all around him. His talents were versatile and in his better days he was perpetually at work. He played all parts well and in some he was superlatively excellent. There is no *Sir Oliver Surface* on the stage that can compare with his. It came upon the duplicity and foul sentimentalism of the scheming *Joseph* like a burst of sunshine on a dirty fog; and the gladness that it inspired in the breast of the sympathetic spectator was of the kind that brings tears into the eyes. The man that filled the work was felt to be genuine—a type of nature's nobility. His *Old Dornton* too was a stately and pathetic type of character, animated by what seems after all the best of human emotions—paternal love. He could even impart an impressive dignity to the fur-trimmed anguish of the sequestered *Stranger*. He expired in the late autumn of his career, leaving no work undone and therefore ending in the fullness of time. He made a good end, dying, as Macbeth wished to die, with harness on his back. He was acquainted with grief but there was one sorrow that he escaped: he never knew “how dull it is to pause.” Perhaps the profession of acting is propitious to a life of unremitting activity. Macklin, who lived till the age of 107, did not leave the stage till he was a century old. Holland dying at 79 had been an actor for fifty years, in diligent employment.

Mr. Sedley's professional career covered a period of more than fifty years. He began at the foot of the ladder; he mounted, if not to the topmost round of eminence, certainly to a pinnacle of solid excellence and sound repute; and he died in the office of stage-manager—at the California Theater in San Francisco. He was born on December 4, 1806, close by the town of Montgomery in Wales. His father was an officer in the British army and was killed in battle in Spain, in one of the engagements, under Wellington, of the Peninsular War. His father's brother was also a soldier, fought at Waterloo, was twice wounded there, and became a Knight Commander of the Bath. It will be seen that the actor had a good ancestry of courage and breeding. He was a posthumous child and the mother married again—thus, unwittingly, entailing upon her boy the misfortune of an unhappy home. The stepfather and child were soon at variance. One day, the lad being but fourteen years old, a contention occurred between them, which ended in his being locked into his chamber. At night he got out of the window and escaped, leaving his home forever. To earn his living he joined a company of strolling players, and to avoid detection and recapture by his family he adopted the name of Smith. By this name he was ever after professionally known; though in private matters he used his real name of Sedley. The early part of his career was full of vicissitudes and troubles. He was not one of those demented dreamers who think themselves divinely commissioned to clutch at a grasp that proficiency in the most diffi-

cult of arts which scarcely rewards even the faithful and loving labor of a lifetime. He chose to learn his profession by study and work.

His first appearance on the stage is said to have been made at Shrewsbury. Some of the best of his earlier successes were gained at Glasgow. He came to America in 1827 and appeared at the Walnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia. His first performance in New York took place at the Chatham-Street Theater, November 3, 1840, when he acted *Edgar* to the *Lear* of Junius Brutus Booth. The audience also saw him at that time as *Laertes*, *Gratiano*, and *Mark Anthony*. His most valuable repute was won in Boston, where he first appeared in 1828, at the Tremont Theater, as *Rolando* in "The Honeymoon." In 1836 he managed Pelby's National Theater in that city, and from 1843 to 1860 he was stage-manager of the Boston Museum. He married, shortly after his arrival in America, Miss Riddle of Philadelphia, once a celebrated actress, whose death occurred in Boston in 1861. Their children survive—Mr. Henry Sedley, a novelist and journalist, and Mary Sedley, widow of Sol. Smith, Jr. Mr. Sedley's last professional appearance in New York was made at the Winter Garden, May 6, 1865, for his daughter's benefit. During the latter years of his life he was acting and managing the stage at the California Theater, and he had become a favorite in San Francisco. He deserved his fame. His art was intellectual, truthful, conscientious, significant with thought and purpose, and warm with emotion.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN.

EDWARD ASKEW SOTHERN was born at No. 1 Parliament-Street, Liverpool, England, April 1, 1826. His father was a rich colliery proprietor and ship-owner. The family consisted of nine children. Edward was the seventh and the only member of the family that adopted the stage. His parents had died before he made choice of this profession. He was educated under the charge of a private tutor, the Rev. Dr. Redhead, rector of a church in Cheshire. Reverses of fortune which befell his father, and then the death of his parents, broke up the family and dissipated his prospects and this led to his adoption of the stage. He was then — in 1854 — a medical student in London; but he was conscious of a strong predilection for the drama, and presently he consorted with amateurs who paid for the privilege of playing at the King's Cross Theater, and so he embarked on his career.

His first regular engagement was at a theater in Guernsey and the first salary he ever received was fifteen shillings a week (\$3.75). The characters in which he there began his work were the *Ghost*, *Laertes*, and the *Second Actor* in "Hamlet." To facilitate his proceedings in these three parts — which, of course, required change of dress — he wrote three slips, for identification, and pinned one on each wig. A sportive individual changed them, and the consequent mixing up of *Laertes* with the scenes allotted to the *Ghost* produced a remarkable effect — and the young actor was there-

upon discharged for incapacity. He then visited the theaters of Plymouth, Weymouth, Wolverhampton, and Birmingham, and finally emigrated to America.

In 1862 he came out at the National Theater, in Haymarket-Square, Boston, as *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir at Law" and met with a failure. His stage name then was "Douglas Stuart" and this he continued to use till, in 1856, by the advice of the veteran J. W. Wallack, he discarded it and took his own. The first performance that he gave under his own name was in the character of *Wilson Mayne*, in Lester Wallack's comedy of "First Impressions," produced at Wallack's Theatre September 17, 1856. From Boston he removed — after his failure, which he had the sense to recognize and accept — to Barnum's Museum, in New York (1853), where he took a utility engagement, to play all sorts of parts and to appear twice every day. This was a rough school but a good one and he rapidly improved under the discipline of industry. Those were the times to which Artemus Ward referred, when he commended the actors as "a hard-working class of people" — visible every morning, "with their tin dinner-cans in their hands," on the way to the scene of their toil.

While at Barnum's Museum Sothern made so good an impression that he attracted the notice of E. A. Marshall, of the Broadway Theater, who presently engaged him to play light comedy and juvenile business at Washington. After a few months in the capital he joined Laura Keene, at the Charles-Street Theater, Baltimore, and thence he went to Wallack's

in New York — then in Broadway, near the corner of Broome Street. His first appearance there was made as *Lord Charles Roebuck*, in "Old Heads and Young Hearts," September 9, 1854, and there he remained four years, acting various parts — walking gentlemen, heavies, and broad low comedy. In December, 1857, he was selected for *Armand Duval*, to the *Camille* of Matilda Heron, and from that time he steadily moved upward in professional rank. In the next year he joined Laura Keene's Theater,— afterwards the Olympic, destroyed August 10, 1880,— acting juvenile and comedy business. When "Our American Cousin" was brought out there, October 18, 1858, Laura Keene asked Sothern to try and do something with a "fourth-class dyed-up old man," who had about seventeen lines to speak. The actor assented, on condition that he might be permitted to try an experiment. This was the beginning of his success in *Lord Dundreary*. "I do and say nothing in *Dundreary*," Mr. Sothern once wrote, "that I have not known to be, in some form or another, done and said in society, since I was five years old." *

* The subjoined statement was made by Sothern, in one of the newspapers, with reference to his own design and method in his acting :

"In *Dundreary* I desired to illustrate the drawling, imbecile dandy. That required the rewriting and large extension of a part originally of but a few lines. I have tried to make the type of character ridiculous and to minister to innocent amusement in so doing; but more has happened than I at first expected. I have found the character a vehicle for many hits, conceits, and

In 1861 he went to the Haymarket Theater, London, appearing November 11th, as *Lord Dundreary*, and from that time onward his career was one of almost unvarying prosperity. In July, 1867, he acted in Paris but was not much commended there. He became a favorite at the London Haymarket,

odd jumbles and devices, and I have had to vary the lines repeatedly, preserving only the characteristics and the central purpose. That purpose is intellectual, and only incidentally comical. Every speech in *Dundreary* is a hit at himself or at social follies. The secret of wit, which is surprise, is cultivated in the putting of things, and the purpose of satire is served by the effect of the scheme, events, and lines on the audience. There is a large superficial but sympathetic class who are mainly interested in the story; for them I bring the character to success and happiness both through and in spite of his seeming blunders. But I have them very little in mind in acting. I think of the most intellectual persons I can presume to be present and play to them. They see the inner purpose. The general effect lifts the rest.

“The purpose I have in ‘The Crushed Tragedian’ is to portray and extinguish the much too serious and eminently ridiculous heavy striders and posers of the stage. It is not a caricature. In some parts of the English provinces, as we call the regions out of London, and in parts of America remote from great cities, the play has been taken as a serious one. They have thought *The Crushed* was like many actors they were used to seeing, though perhaps a very bad case himself; but they have paid me the compliment of taking me to be as poor and misplaced a person in my profession as the one I was trying to portray. My make-up in that play had no reference to George Jones, ‘The Count Joannes.’ I acted the part over 100 nights before I ever saw him. I never modified my manner or make-up after I saw him and never thought of him before I saw him. The resemblance was in the type. He and not I was responsible for that.”

where he fulfilled many engagements, and at one time he was associated with its management. He there brought out "Aunt's Advice," adapted by himself from the French; and he there appeared as *David Garrick*, 1864; *Frank Jocelyn*, in "The Woman in Mauve," 1865; *Hon. Sam Slingsby*; *Marquis Victor de Tourville*, in "A Hero of Romance"; *Colonel John White*, in "Home"; *Hugh de Brass*; *Charles Chuckles*, in "An English Gentleman"; *Sidney Spoonbill*, in "A Hornet's Nest," and *Fitzaltamont*, in "The Crushed Tragedian." These, together with *Frank Anerly*, in "The Favorite of Fortune," *Mulcraft*, *Chuckfield*, and *Laylot*, in "Barwise's Book" and "The Burrapooter," *Harry Vivian*, in "A Lesson for Life," and *Robert Devlin*, in "A Wild Goose," were his characters. But his chief works were *Lord Dundreary* and *David Garrick*. These called into play his wonderful skill in caricature and his slender powers in sentiment, together with his genuine earnestness and fine artistic method.

After passing about ten years in England Sothern returned to America, in 1871. His farewell benefit at the Haymarket occurred on October 5th in that year, and on October 23d he came forward as *Dundreary*, at Niblo's. In the fall of 1872 he played a long engagement at Wallack's Theater — November 11, 1872, to May, 1873, a period of twenty-nine weeks. His first appearance in America as *David Garrick* was made on February 10, 1873. The following summer he visited California, returning to Wallack's in the autumn. On August 15, 1874, he sailed for Eng-

land, but he was again in New York two years later, and filled a fine engagement at the Fifth Avenue. In the autumn of 1877 he took an active part in organizing and conducting benefits for his much loved friend and comrade Edwin Adams,—himself giving performances in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston,—and no one who was associated with him in that enterprise [as I was], will forget the persistent energy, patient kindness, and whole-hearted, unselfish zeal with which he labored for his dying comrade, or the honest pride and joy that he felt in the success of the project. The performance in New York occurred on October 12th, at the Academy, when Sothern appeared as *Othello*, with W. J. Florence as *Iago*, Mrs. John Drew as *Emilia*, and Miss Lotta as *Desdemona*, in the third act of the tragedy; and, contrary to the public expectation, gave a performance of the *Moor* which was just in design and good in method. Mrs. Adams received \$9381. In the same year he was seen in a round of parts at the Park Theater; and at later as well as earlier times he made prosperous starring tours of the United States and Canada. During the summer of 1879 he passed several weeks on the Restigouche River, near Quebec, in company with the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Rae Reid, W. J. Florence, Col. E. A. Buck, and other friends. His last engagements in New York were filled at the Park Theater and the Grand Opera House, in September and December, 1879, and his last appearance was made on December 27th, 1879, at the latter house.

The acting of Sothern formed a subject of attractive and singular study. He was a thorough artist in every word and action. He labored over his characters with a microscope. He was perpetually studying—perpetually on the watch for peculiarities of character and of its expression, whether in himself or others. He was a master of the realm of whim—as true and fine, within his especial field of dramatic art, as even Laurence Sterne in the wider field of creative literature. He committed to memory all the parts in every play that he acted, and he labored to make each part complementary of the others, and thus to produce a perfect mosaic picture of human nature in social life. His particular aptitude was for comedy—and that of a whimsical character. His sentiment, though deeply felt, was far less free in expression and indeed had a forced, unnatural effect. He read many books and was fond of the hard work of thinking—which most persons shun. He wrote well, though slowly and but little; yet each of his characters owed something to his own invention. *Dundreary* was almost entirely his own; and he wrote in Robertson's comedy of "Home" the best part of the love scenes. He wrote a portion also of a comedy called "Trade." [Acted by his son, Mr. E. H. Sothern, under the name of "The Highest Bidder."] He had studied the acting of Rachel, whom he ranked above all other actresses. His nature was deeper in human tenderness than it seemed to be in the eyes of most persons. He could be selfish, icy, and stern; but it usually was when confronted with selfishness in others.

At the same time it is to be admitted that he grew cynical in his ideas of human nature as he grew older and as he bitterly realized and condemned his own faults and saw how little there is in the world of absolutely unselfish goodness. Yet he was by nature of an affectionate, humane disposition, and he honored integrity wherever found. The sentiments that *David Garrick* utters to *Ada Ingot*, in the last scene of the comedy, were those in which he himself believed. His habitual mood, however, was one of levity and he was apt to prove fickle in his superficial friendships. He loved and trusted but few persons. It suited his humor to jest and to seek excitement and distraction; first because his temperament naturally bloomed in a frolic atmosphere, and then because he wished to suppress melancholy feelings and a gloomy proneness to self-reproach and saddening introspection. In his domestic life he was unfortunate; and he lived to learn — as all must do who depart away from innocence — that the wrong that is done to the affections can never be righted on earth. Outwardly he was the gayest of the gay: at heart he was an unhappy man and he suffered much. But he fulfilled his work and his destiny — which was his character. He made the world laugh. He exemplified anew, for artists and thinkers, the beauty of thorough artistic mechanism. He impressed the men of his time with a profound and abiding sense of the power of intellectual purpose. And he left to his friends the remembrance of a strange, quaint, sweet comrade, at whose presence the sunshine sparkled and the flowers

bloomed, and life became a holiday of careless pleasure. He died at No. 1 Vere Street, London, January 20, 1881, and was buried in a church-yard at Southampton.*

* Edwin Booth was acting in London at the time of Sothern's death, and in a letter to me he made the following reference to it: "After I had finished *Othello*, last evening (January 21st), I was told of poor Sothern's death. I had passed an hour with him on Monday, and I really thought he might die while I was at his bedside—he was so emaciated and weak. They had taken him to Bournemouth, at the doctor's suggestion; but he suffered so much there that he was hurried back to London. The journey there and back was enough to overwhelm a man in his condition. Poor fellow! What a full company of players has made its exit this twelvemonth past! And how strange it is that so many utterly worthless men are permitted to remain, while the good ones are taken away! And how sad it seems that when the good fellow—who has had such hosts of friends—goes to his grave (very often, of late, at all events, it has happened), he should be so poorly attended. Think of Brougham and of Floyd. I don't know what is to be done in Sothern's case. I've heard nothing; and, on account of a very severe cold (which I fear to aggravate while I am acting), I shall not be able to take part in the funeral, beyond visiting the house of mourning. I doubt very much if there 'll be many, of all the hundreds that flocked around him in life, that will follow his corse—or think of him after to-day."

The funeral of Sothern occurred on January 25th. A letter to me, written the next day, mentions the friends who actually attended it at Southampton. The principal of these mourners were Mr. Sothern's eldest and youngest sons, Lytton and Edward, young Mr. Boucicault (Dot), Horace Wall, Robert Wyndham, of Edinburgh, Sir John Rae Reid, and Captain Fred Rasch. Mr. Dion Boucicault was not present, but was incorrectly reported to be so by the cable dispatch.

His widow survived him less than one year, dying, in England, on January 17, 1882. Mrs. Sothern was an actress of useful but not remarkable talent. Her name occurs in the first cast of "Our American Cousin," when that piece was brought out at Laura Keene's Theater.



MRS. C. R. THORNE.

MRS. C. R. THORNE—once well known on the New York stage as an actress of chambermaid parts and the heroines of melodrama, died on June 20, 1881, aged 68. This lady, born Ann Maria Mestayer, was a native of Philadelphia. She went on the stage in childhood at the Chestnut-Street Theater in the days of Warren and Wood, and subsequently came to New York, appearing as a dancer at the Lafayette Amphitheater, 1825. By her first marriage she became Mrs. French, but in 1831 she was married to Mr. Charles Robert Thorne and with him she acted at various theaters—notably at the New Chatham Theater, in 1840-41—and made successful tours in California, Australia, and the East. She was remarkable for her beauty and her fine voice but her talents in acting were not deemed extraordinary. She retired from the stage in 1864, at San Francisco. Her husband was long known as an actor and manager. Mr.

Charles R. Thorne, Jr., of the Union-Square Theater, one of her sons, also made the name distinguished. Her other children are Mr. Edwin F. Thorne, Mr. Neil Thorne, and Emily, formerly Mrs. George Jordan, now Mrs. J. F. Chamberlain. Mabel Jordan, her granddaughter, is on the stage.



ELLEN TREE.

ELLEN TREE, born in London in December, 1805, made her first appearance on the regular stage,—after a little amateur practice at a private theater,—at Covent Garden, London, in 1823, as *Olivia*, in Shakspere's "Twelfth Night." By the critics of that period the performance was regarded as "promising"; but that was all; so the young actress went into the provinces and acted there for the next four years. Not many of the difficulties that usually attend young theatrical aspirants beset her early career. Two of her sisters were already in the profession,—one, Mrs. Maria Bradshaw, as a singer, at Covent Garden, and the other, Mrs. Quinn, as a dancer, at Drury Lane. Their influence favored their young relative, and an affectionate mother protected, cheered, and encouraged her. In 1827 she was engaged as a member of the Drury Lane company,

and in that theater she made her first conspicuous success. Her range of characters even then was wide. She played *Lady Teazle*, and she also played *Jane Shore*, thus touching the extremes of comedy and tragedy. In the same year and at the same theater Charles Kean made his first professional appearance and it is probable that the acquaintance then and there began which was afterwards to ripen into love and marriage between these two distinguished artists. At that time and for several subsequent years theatrical business appears to have been uncertain and unprofitable in London; and as a matter of prudence no less than enterprise Ellen Tree varied her metropolitan engagements with provincial tours. Success continually attended her. She played by turns the accepted leading parts in the legitimate drama and her professional reputation was steadily augmented. One of her eminent successes was her personation of *Clementine*, in Talfourd's classic tragedy, which was first acted at Covent Garden, May 26, 1836. With *Ion*, also, one of the purest denizens of the world of fancy, her name is identified.

In 1836 she visited the United States and made a starring tour which lasted three years. Her success was great and she found favor not merely with the multitude of theater-goers but with the best educated classes in American society. Years afterwards, in 1865, when after a long absence she reappeared in New York as Mrs. Charles Kean, it was remarked that many grayhaired men and women were among her audience, lured to unfamiliar footlights by

the desire to renew their intellectual association with the brilliant stage heroine of younger and brighter days. In 1839 she returned to England, with £10,000 as the fruit of her professional labors in America. Her reappearance was made at the Haymarket where she was welcomed almost rapturously by the English public. On November 4, 1839, she appeared at Covent Garden, then under the management of Madame Vestris (afterwards Mrs. Charles Mathews, obiit August 9, 1856), as the *Countess*, in Sheridan Knowles's drama of "Love," then acted for the first time but repeated fifty times in the course of that season. In January, 1842, at Dublin she was married to Charles Kean, with whom for twenty-six years [he died on January 22, 1868] she lived in sympathy and happiness. Three months after their marriage they played a joint engagement, extending over fifty-three nights, at the London Haymarket in such pieces as "As You Like It," "The Gamester," and "The Lady of Lyons." In August, 1845, they came to the United States, bringing with them Lovell's drama of "The Wife's Secret," written expressly for them. In this piece and in Shakespearian plays Mr. and Mrs. Kean fulfilled a round of engagements in the principal cities of the Republic, with equal fame and profit. In the summer of 1847 they returned to England. Thenceforward as before Ellen Tree shared the labors and fortunes of her husband. She had no separate career nor did she desire it. In 1848 Mr. Kean was appointed by the Queen of England to be conductor of the Christ-

mas theatrical performances at Windsor Castle, instituted by that sovereign and her consort Prince Albert, with the double design of benefiting the drama and relieving the court of the care and ceremony incident to state visits to the public theaters. This difficult office Mr. Kean filled for ten years; and, as he habitually consulted his wife on every important question, it is fair to discern in his signal success some traces of Ellen Tree's prudence, tact, knowledge of human nature, and ripe professional cultivation.

In 1850 Mr. Kean became joint lessee of the Princess's Theater, London, of which he was left sole lessee and manager in the following year. Here began the most brilliant period of his own and his wife's theatrical career. What Charles Kemble began and Macready continued Charles Kean finished,—the noble work of doing justice in their representation to Shakspere's plays. Accuracy on the stage is a modern virtue. *Hamlet* as played by Garrick wore the wig and the knee-breeches of Garrick's time. Macklin was the first to make a stand for literal correctness of costume. Macready, who took Covent Garden Theater for his field of enterprise in 1837, went further and made a stand for greater correctness of scenery. But it remained for Charles Kean to do more than had ever before been attempted, by every possible auxiliary of art, skill, learning, labor, and money, to place the plays of Shakspere on the stage in a thoroughly correct and splendid manner. That work he accomplished; and he is said to have

remarked, late in life, doubtless in a moment of despondency, that he had wasted the best working years of his career in endeavoring to sustain the dignity and purity of the British drama. He retired from the management of the Princess's in 1860, having, within his term of nine years, made the most elaborate revivals, not alone of Shaksperean but of divers other dramas. The series commenced in February, 1852, with "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This was followed by "King John," "The Corsican Brothers," "Macbeth," "Sardanapalus," "Richard III.," "Faust and Margaret," "King Henry VIII.," "A Winter's Tale," "Louis XI.," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard II.," "The Tempest," "King Lear," "Pizarro," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Each of these pieces had a long run and in each Mr. and Mrs. Kean played the principal parts.

A public dinner was given to Mr. Kean, on his retirement from the direction of the Princess's Theater. Mr. Gladstone presided and, on behalf of the committee and subscribers, presented the retiring manager with a silver vase valued at two thousand guineas. In the speech that he delivered on this interesting occasion Mr. Kean made the following significant allusion to the cherished partner of his fortunes: "Mind and body require rest after such active exertions for nine years, during the best period of my life; and it could not be a matter of surprise if I sank under a continuance of the combined duties of actor and manager, in a theater where everything has grown

into gigantic proportions. Indeed I should long since have succumbed had I not been sustained and seconded by the indomitable energy and devoted affection of my wife. You have only seen her in the fulfillment of her professional pursuits and are therefore unable to estimate the value of her assistance and counsel. She was ever by my side in the hour of need, ready to revive my drooping spirits and to stimulate me to fresh exertion." In July, 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Kean set out from London, with a small, selected company, including their niece, Miss E. Chapman, Mr. J. F. Cathcart, and Mr. G. Everett, to make a professional tour around the world. They went first to Australia; thence to California; thence to the West Indies; and thence to New York. In the latter city they arrived in April, 1865, and their first appearance was made at the Broadway Theater, when it was reopened, together with the other theaters, subsequent to the death of President Lincoln. In the opening pieces, "Henry VIII." and "The Jealous Wife," Mrs. Kean played *Queen Katharine* and *Mrs. Oakley*. Majesty of mien, fervor of feeling, variety of intonation and of facial expression, accuracy of method, and charming vivacity betokened in those personations the cultivated actress. She was seen, however, to be altogether unlike the Ellen Tree of former days, the slight, graceful, elegant, laughing lady who had blazed upon the stage as the radiant *Rosalind*, and dazzled every eye with her beauty and her wit.

“ For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subject all
To envious and calumniating time.”

The final sojourn of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in the United States lasted a year. On April 16, 1866, at the Academy of Music in New York, after having appeared in the chief theaters of the United States and Canada, they took a farewell benefit, playing in “ Louis XI.” and “ The Jealous Wife.” There was a great multitude present, and the occasion lingers in memory as one of the brightest in the record of the stage. Mr. Kean played with much energy and fire, and at the close of the representation of “ Louis XI.” made an affecting farewell speech to the public. Mrs. Kean’s part in “ Louis XI.” was *Martel*, the peasant’s wife. She was genial and simple in it and thus, even in a trifle, revealed the essential charm of her temperament. A kind, helpful, affectionate woman, Ellen Tree wore her rare mental gifts and distinguished worldly honors with native modesty, ease, and grace, winning affection not less than esteem. At the close of their engagement Mr. and Mrs. Kean returned to England, there to give a series of farewell performances by way of final retirement from public life. This was abruptly terminated by the sudden and serious illness of Mr. Kean, on the 29th of May, 1867, when, at Liverpool, he was playing “ Louis XI.” He never played again. On the 22d of January, 1868, at Bayswater, London, he died. His grave is in the village

of Catherington, in Hampshire, close by that of his mother. Ellen Tree was the recipient of sincere sympathy. The Queen of England, herself a widow, sent a letter of condolence to the widow of the actor. Better than royal courtesy, however, and better than all the consolations of friendship and fortune, was the consciousness of duty well and truly done towards him whom she loved and mourned. She died in London on August 21, 1880, and was buried beside her husband. She shared his career, but it is as Ellen Tree that she will be remembered.



JAMES UNSWORTH.

JAMES UNSWORTH the negro minstrel died in Liverpool on February 21, 1875, aged 40. He was a native of that city and a nephew of J. L. Hatton the composer. His father was at one time editor of the "Montreal Gazette." Mr. Unsworth first appeared as "a burnt-cork performer" when fourteen years old, in Montreal, and subsequently he became a member of Christy's company in New York. He was well known on the minstrel stage both in England and America. He invented the "Irish Negro," he was very comical as a stump orator, he had genuine power as a comic actor, and he was a man of more than ordinary mental cultivation. His grave was made at Ford Cemetery, near Liverpool. He was a Catholic.

MRS. VERNON.

MRS. VERNON died at her residence in New York, on June 4, 1869, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was born at Brighton, England, and the early part of her life was passed in the country of her birth. She came to America in 1827 and her first appearance on the American stage was made on the 11th of September in that year, at the Bowery Theater, as *Cicely Homespun* in "The Heir at Law." From that time she steadily acted on the New York stage. Her maiden name was Jane Marchant Fisher. Shortly after her arrival in New York she married Mr. George Vernon, an actor, who had come from England in her society. Their marriage took place on the 6th of October, 1827, and Mr. Vernon died, near Albany, on the 13th of June, 1830, aged 33 years. His widow never married again but devoted her talents and her life to the profession of the stage. From the Bowery she went to the Chatham Theater and thence, in 1830, she went to the Park. Her first appearance there was made on the 21st of December in that year, as *Minette* in "A Bold Stroke for a Husband." Her last appearance there was made on the 17th of December, 1847, as the *Countess Molinga, Miss Pickle, and Mrs. Bundle*. Subsequently she played at Burton's and at the old Broadway, and finally at Wallack's Theater with which she remained in association till the last. Her last appearance on the stage was made at Wallack's on Monday evening,

the 5th of April, 1869, as *Mrs. Sutcliffe*, in Robertson's comedy of "School."

Her dramatic career extended over a period of forty-two years and she continued to act, in a manner acceptable to every judicious critic of the drama, till within less than two months of her death. Faculties and endurance such as hers are rare. To the last she commanded, or rather she enthralled, the sympathetic admiration of the public. Every one had a good word for Mrs. Vernon. The feeling that she inspired was not unlike the interest that one takes in luxurious lace or rare and beautiful china—except that it was interest warmed by affectionate feeling. Mrs. Vernon had the repose and sweetness of character which belong to a lady born and not made. Her talents likewise were extraordinary. She had that complete art in acting which seems to be nature itself. She caused the spectator to forget that there was a stage before him and that the life he witnessed was mimic life. Nature at her hands received exact interpretation—because she was a mistress of her art and knew how to exaggerate just enough and no more. The characters in which she is best remembered are such as *Mrs. Hardcastle*, *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Sarah Mortland*, and *Tabitha Stork*. In early years she used to personate *Lady Teazle*, *Letitia Hardy*, and kindred parts; and she won an enviable rank as a delineator of character and manners in that line of high comedy. Her intuitive perception of character and of the full meaning of comic situations was unerring and was delicious to witness. She understood all that was required of her

in any and every position wherein humorous contrasts and climax were possible; and her skill in working out the requisite effects was never at fault. She showed a tender heart and a mind attuned to sympathy with all that is gentle in human life. There was an indescribable charm about this actress, and I never saw her without thinking of the bramble-roses that make sweet and glad with their modest beauty and purity sequestered places in the woods and meadows, where nothing dwells but peace. To some persons it is given thus to make life tranquil without dullness and cheerful without excess and altogether pleasant; and Mrs. Vernon possessed that gift. She was in private deeply loved; in public heartily and generally esteemed and admired; and she will not be forgotten.



CHARLES MELTON WALCOT.

CHARLES M. WALCOT, long an esteemed comedian, died in Philadelphia on May 13, 1868, aged 52. He was born in London in 1816 and he came to America in 1843 and joined Mitchell's Olympic Theater, where he first made himself distinguished as an actor of burlesque. In 1852 he was included in the dramatic company at Wallack's Theater where he won favor among students of the drama by a correct

and subtly studied personation of *Touchstone* and by an extraordinary impersonation of Planché's *Lavater*. Few actors could equal him in the portraiture of quaint character and the expression of eccentric moods of thought and sentiment. He was the original representative in America of *Major Wellington de Boots* and subsequent actors of the part have usually made his performance their model. For eight or ten years preceding his death Mr. Walcot had been mostly out of the field. His health was bad, his spirits were low, and he suffered bodily and mental pain. Now and then he reappeared upon the stage — once at the Winter Garden, and once, in 1865, at a theater managed by Miss Rushton, who made a fiasco and disappeared. He went to England and played *Major de Boots*; but he could scarcely make his voice heard and the attempt proved useless. It was the flame flickering up in the socket before going out forever. He died too soon for the affection of friends but not too soon for his fame. He was a man of fine intellectual powers, keen sense of symmetry, the mimetic instinct of the actor, a rare, quaint wit, a vein of romantic sentiment slightly tinged with bitterness, liberal culture in letters, and sterling probity of character. His funeral took place on May 17th, from the residence in 17th St., N. Y., of his old friend, John Brougham. His grave is at Greenwood.



JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK.*

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK was born at Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, London, August 24, 1795. He came of a theatrical stock. His father, William Wallack, was an actor at Astley's Amphitheater and was esteemed for merit in the playing of maritime parts. His mother, also connected with Astley's Amphitheater, was an actress of uncommon talent and popularity. This lady was a widow, named Field, when William Wallack married her, and she had a daughter who became Mrs. Jones and under that name was popular on the stage of the London Haymarket and subsequently in Boston and New York. Mrs. Jones acted at the Park Theater, New York, in 1805, and she died in that city November 11, 1806, aged 24. William Wallack and his wife had four children—Henry-John, James W., Mary, and Elizabeth. Henry, the eldest, born in London in 1790, had a long career on the English and American stage, was especially distinguished for his excellent performance of *Squire Broadlands* in the "Country Squire," or "Old English Gentleman," and died in New York, August 30, 1870. Mary was an actress of heavy parts and was known on the London stage as Mrs. Stanley. She came to America and appeared

* See "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States," edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Five volumes. Published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, London and New York.

at the Chatham Theater, New York, June 11, 1827, under the name of Mrs. Hill. Subsequently she married a rich planter and went into the South. She died at New Orleans in 1834. Elizabeth became Mrs. Pincott and was the mother of Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Henry was the father of J. W. Wallack, Jr. (1818-73), with kindly admiration generally called "Jim Wallack," long distinguished and popular on the American stage by reason of his fine performances of *James V.*, in the "King of the Commons," the *Man in the Iron Mask*, *Werner*, *Fagin*, and *Henry Dunbar*. Henry was also the father of Julia Wallack, who became Mrs. W. Hoskin, and who acted in London as Miss Julia Harland, and of Fanny Wallack, who became Mrs. Moorhouse, was leading lady at the Broadway Theater, New York, in 1847-48, and died on October 12, 1856, at Edinburgh. The date of the birth of James William Wallack has been erroneously stated 1794 in two at least of the accepted American records. The sketch of his life published by Mr. T. H. Morrell, N. Y., 1865, says 1795, and the inscription on his grave-stone, in Greenwood Cemetery, says that he died on December 25, 1864, "aged 69." It has been stated also that his birth was precipitated by the excitement attendant on the burning of Astley's Amphitheater; but this theater was burnt down on September 17, 1794, and the boy had arrived on the previous 24th of August, granting he was born in that year. Astley's, long a popular London institution, was built by Philip Astley and was opened in 1773.

Wallack was intended by his parents for the Navy,

and at an early age the post of midshipman was obtained for him; but he preferred to follow in his father's path and be an actor, and so, in compliance with the boy's wish, he was sent to the "Academic Theater," an institution established by Queen Charlotte, in Leicester Square, London, for performances by English and German children. His first appearance on the stage had already been made, at the age of four: he was taken on in the spectacle of "Black Beard," at the Royal Circus, afterwards the Surrey Theater, London. When about twelve years old he is said to have attracted the favorable notice of Sheridan, at one of the juvenile performances at the Academic Theater, and thus to have obtained an engagement at Drury Lane, where he remained for nearly two years—till that house was burnt down, February 24, 1809. He then went into Ireland—he was engaged, for low comedy, at the Royal Hibernian Theater, in Peter Street, Dublin, in 1810, under the management of Henry Erskine Johnston—but came back to Drury Lane when it was rebuilt and re-opened, October 12, 1812 (rebuilt by Wyatt and re-opened with the well-known prologue by Lord Byron), and with that theater his fortunes were associated until he visited America in 1818. Edmund Kean's memorable first success as *Shylock*—the starting point of his fame—was made at Drury Lane, January 26, 1814, and during the subsequent season young Wallack acted with that wonderful genius, and had the privilege to see him in all the parts that he played. Elliston also acted there (but did not become lessee of the

theater until October 3, 1819), and with him likewise young Wallack was professionally associated. His talents and his winning character gained the especial friendship of Elliston, and he likewise attracted the favorable regard of Lord Byron, who for about a year was a member of a committee for the management of Drury Lane Theater. All readers know this, yet the record of it is appropriate here. The other members of that committee were Douglas Kinnaird, William Whitbread, C. Bradshaw, Mr. Cavendish, Lord Essex, and Peter Moore. Messrs. Rae & Dibdin were managers and Mr. Ward was secretary. Whitbread died on July 6, 1815. Byron held this post of committee-man from early summer of 1815 till spring of 1816. His final departure from England was made on April 25, 1816.

Wallack's rare faculties for acting were educated in a thorough school and in storied and stirring theatrical times. It was his good fortune to know and converse with men who had seen Garrick and Spranger Barry, and also personally to see the acting of Kean and Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, John Bannister, Elliston, Munden, Betty, Mathews, Cooke, Fawcett, Incledon, and many other worthies of the British theater. From influences thus potent and invigorating he could not and he did not fail to derive a strong impulse in the art that he had chosen. He remained upon the stage for more than half a century (his last performance, that of *Benedick*, in "Much Ado About Nothing," was given in New York, at his own theater, on May 14, 1859), and to the last he

maintained the courtly and galliard spirit and manners of that gay and easy-going period of London social history in which his youth had been cast and his character formed.

Among the comedians who graced the London stage in the first years of the nineteenth century was John Johnstone, an Irishman and an excellent and popular actor of Irish characters. This gentleman was the son of an officer of the British army, retired from the service and established in the romantic county Wicklow, Ireland. Here "Jack" Johnstone was born and here in his youth he was educated to be a soldier. But his tastes and desires took a more pacific turn; he presently discovered the possession of a fine voice for singing; and, at last, discarding the pursuit of arms, he appeared at the Crow-Street Theater, Dublin, as *Captain Macheath*, in the "Beggar's Opera," was successful, and so became an actor.

For this avocation he possessed uncommon advantages. His figure was above the middle size; his face was handsome and it was winningly indicative of buoyant and sparkling humor; and his versatile mimetic talent had that wide range of faculty which enabled him to present, equally well, the refined Irish gentleman and the unsophisticated but shrewd and waggish Irish peasant. His manners were frank, cordial, and agreeable. His singing was delicious. He could impersonate with adequate skill such opposite and contrasted characters as *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* and *Dennis Brulgrudderry*. He was the original representative of *Inkle*, in Colman's operatic comedy of

“Inkle and Yarico.” Among the characters in which he was reputed to be above rivalry were *Major O’Flaherty*, *Paddy O’Rafferty*, and *Teague*. He sang the melody of “Savourneen Deelish” with the sweetness of the nightingale. No singing comedian of the time could compare with him; and it was only by Incledon (1764-1826) that his supremacy in this line was disturbed. Jack Johnstone had a career in London of forty-one years — a favorite on the stage, and, during the wild days of the Regency, a favorite in the circle of the Prince’s companions. His residence was in Covent Garden, over against the Market, and for this place his partiality was great: he was often heard to say that the cabbages gave a sweet and wholesome odor to the morning air in that region. He was a thrifty man, and he saved a large sum of money, so that on his daughter’s wedding day he (according to Walter Donaldson’s “Recollections,” p. 30) was able to give to her a dowry of £20,000. That daughter married James William Wallack, in 1817, and of that union John Lester Wallack was the first child. He was born in New York, on January 1, 1820. His mother died in 1851.

The elder Wallack made his first appearance in America on September 7, 1818, at the Park Theater, under the management of Edmund Simpson, who had just returned from England where he had engaged a remarkable phalanx of stock actors and of stars. Wallack was then only twenty-four years old, in the prime of manly beauty and grace, and in all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm concerning his art. He en-

acted *Macbeth*, and he subsequently appeared as *Rolla*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, and *Richard III*. His talents, in each of these great parts, were brilliantly displayed, and the playgoers of the town were thereupon excited to a condition of uncommon interest in his proceedings and his welfare. He remained in America for two years, and visited many cities, and he was seen with admiration in many characters. His range was indeed remarkable,—for at this time he acted, in addition to the parts above named, *Octavian* in the “Mountaineers,” *Bertram*, *Richard II.*, *Don Felix* in the “Wonder,” *Martin Heywood* in the “Rent Day,” *Massaroni* in the “Brigand,” *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, and *Hamlet*. A glimpse of his personal appearance at this time is obtained in “Notes and Comments on Shakspere,” by the veteran comedian, James H. Hackett, the famous *Falstaff*: “His figure and bearing on or off the stage was very *distingué*; his eye was sparkling; his hair dark, curly, and luxuriant; his facial features finely chiselled; and, together with the natural conformation of his head, throat, and chest, Mr. Wallack presented a remarkable specimen of manly beauty.”

After a single season at home Wallack, in 1822, again visited America, and this time he met with a serious and painful misfortune. Those were the days of stage-coaches, and in making the journey from New York to Philadelphia he was in a coach that was overturned and smashed, and he suffered the fracture of one of his legs. This accident laid him up for eighteen months and always after that time he was

lame. He acted in New York two years later, and then returned to England and was employed as stage-manager at Drury Lane, under Elliston's direction. In 1827 he acted again with Edmund Kean, in "Othello." He was an active worker in the farewell benefit performance for the famous clown Grimaldi, which occurred at Drury Lane June 28, 1828, and at the close of that season he was honored with a tribute of silver plate from his brother actors, presented, with a public speech, by the elder Mathews. In this year he again visited America, bringing over "the favorite actress Mrs. Barnes"; and for his services at the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia, in November of that year he received \$200 a night—which at that time was deemed a considerable compensation. Forrest was acting at the Walnut, and Cooper at the Chestnut, at the same time.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford's tragedy of "Rienzi" was produced at the Park Theater, New York, January 7, 1829, and Wallack played *Rienzi*. "In characters of an heroic or romantic cast," said a contemporary review, "when the moral feelings of the audience are enlisted on his side, there is no man like him." He continued to cross and recross the Atlantic, appearing in both England and America, for a considerable time. At one period—from September 4, 1837, till September 23, 1839, when it was burnt down—he managed "the National Theater," in New York. It stood at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets. This was the first "Wallack's," but it did not bear the name. It was in this house

that N. P. Willis's play of "Tortesa, the Usurer" was first produced, April 8, 1839. Charles Kean was to have acted in the National on the night that proved its last, as *Richard III*. Wallack then went to Niblo's Garden with his company and maintained himself there for a short season. He was stage-manager at the Princess's, London, in 1843, and he there made a signal hit as *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. It was not until about 1851 that he finally settled in New York and made that city his permanent home. His opportunity of reviving his theater came in the wreck of Brougham's Lyceum, started by John Brougham, which went to pieces after a short and unsuccessful career, extending from December 23, 1850, to March 17, 1852. Wallack then took the place and made it a substantial and prosperous theater. His last appearance in England was made in 1851, at the Haymarket, as *St. Pierre*, in the play of the "Wife."

"Wallack's Theater," near to the south-west corner of Broadway and Broome Street, New York, was opened on September 8, 1852, with Morton's comedy of the "Way to Get Married." Lester Wallack played *Tangent* and he was also the stage-manager of the new theater. The company comprised J. W. Wallack, Lester Wallack, W. R. Blake, Charles Wallcot, John Brougham, C. K. Mason, Charles Hale, F. Chippendale, Malvina Pray (afterwards Mrs. W. J. Florence), Miss J. Gould, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. C. Hale, Mrs. Brougham, Mrs. Cramer, and, at first, Miss Laura Keene, who soon seceded and set up a theater of her own. The Broome-Street house con-

tinued to be "Wallack's" till 1861, when, on the 25th of September, the scene was shifted to the building, afterwards called the Star Theater, at the north-east corner of Broadway and 13th Street. This house was opened with Tom Taylor's play of the "New President." On January 4, 1882, Wallack's Theater was opened on the north-east corner of Broadway and 30th Street, but in the meanwhile its founder had died and the property had devolved upon his son. The elder Wallack passed away on Christmas Day, 1864, dying in the house No. 210 East 14th Street, New York. Wallack's Theater, first and last, has been the scene of comedy performances of exceptional brilliancy and almost every renowned dramatic name of the period from 1882 to 1888 was directly or indirectly associated with its history.

Wallack acted in tragedy, comedy, and melodrama, and he was admired in all. But he particularly shone in comedy. His distinguishing characteristic in this field was the easy, graceful, sparkling, winning brilliancy with which he executed his artistic designs. An actor shows the depth and quality of his individual nature in his ideals; but here he stands upon the same ground with all other intellectual persons who are students of human nature and of life. It is in the methods by which he expresses and presents his ideals that he shows his distinctive power, ability, and resources in the dramatic art; and here he stands upon ground that is his own. Wallack's ideals might be made the theme of controversy. Hackett, for example, thought that his *Hamlet* "lacked a sufficiency

of weight in the philosophical portions, and also of depth and intensity of meditation in the soliloquies." But nobody could doubt or dispute the clearly defined purpose, or the pervasive animation, or the affluent, copious, picturesque grace and variety of execution with which his artistic purpose was fulfilled. His presence, whether in repose or motion, quickly absorbed a spectator's interest and held it, charmed and delighted, as long as he remained on the scene. His person, not above the middle height, was symmetrical and fine. His demeanor was marked by natural dignity and by many engaging personal peculiarities. His voice was rich, sweet, and clear, and his articulation distinct, and when he spoke under strong excitement—as in some portions of *Rolla*—his sonorous tones flowed over the action in a veritable silver torrent of musical sound. In acting, although he possessed the quality of repose, he was fond of rapid movement. He was everywhere at once, in such a part as *Benedick* or *Don Felix*, and he filled the scene with pictorial vitality and dazzled the observer with the opulence of his enjoyment. He was alive to the tips of his fingers and he was entirely in earnest. As a comedian his style probably reflected that of Robert William Elliston—the magnificent, the overwhelming—as we may still see him in the speaking pages of Charles Lamb; yet he had a way of his own, and certainly he wrote his name, broad and deep and in letters of gold, across the dramatic period through which he lived. His range of parts was extensive. He acted *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Rolla*, *Octavian*, *Richard III.*,

Don Felix, Shylock, Richard II., Coriolanus, Benedick, Martin Heywood, Massaroni, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Doricourt, Dick Dashall, Rienzi, Master Walter, St. Pierre, Tortesa, Jacques, Rover, Sir Edward Mortimer, Delmar the Veteran, Reuben Glenroy, and many other characters. Sheridan Knowles, who saw him as *Master Walter*, acting with the renowned Charlotte Cushman as *Julia*, declared him to be the best representative of that part that he had ever seen; and added, with Celtic fervor and excess, "I never understood the character before." In romantic tones, rich and various color, and the delicious effervescence of animal spirits he probably was seen at his best as *Don Felix*, *Don Cæsar*, *Benedick*, *Rover*, and the pictorial brigand *Massaroni*. But his peculiar, earnest, passionate touch of serious feeling — as in *Rolla's* dying speech to *Cora*, the pathetic scorn of *St. Pierre*, the settled gloom of the *Stranger*, and the romantic sad reserve of *Reuben Glenroy* — was penetrating and tenderly impressive. He rejoiced in quick transitions and theatrical surprises. When, for example, he reappeared in New York after the accident that made him lame for life, he hobbled forth on crutches, as gouty old *Captain Bertram* in "Fraternal Discord" — a play adapted by William Dunlap from the German of Kotzebue, and one in which, as *Bertram* and *Bowline*, Hodgkinson and Jefferson 2d had been famous — and his audience was thereupon grievously afflicted with the idea that their favorite had become a permanent cripple. But in the after-piece, "My Aunt," he astonished and delighted them by bounding upon the stage as *Dick*

Dashall, buoyant with the elasticity of youth. Wallack was so essentially a dramatic person that almost every scene in which he participated, whether off the stage or on, seemed to derive from him a theatrical atmosphere and to become picturesque. In manner and in way of life he was a formal English gentleman. His image, at the last, is that of a slight, erect, agile figure, clad in black, the face very pale, the features sharply defined and handsome, the eyes large, dark, and brilliant, the hair abundant and as white as snow, the head and carriage intellectual and stately, the smile ready and sweet, and the whole demeanor placid and charming with natural and perfect refinement. He was courteous to everybody, and kindness itself to those he loved. Time had not destroyed in the man the affectionate heart and the simple trustfulness of the child. The labors and the laurels of threescore years and ten rested lightly on his honored head and he went to his grave in blessings; nor have the tears dried yet with which he was mourned.



JAMES W. WALLACK, JR.

FOR some of us the world is growing lonelier day by day, and it is made very lonely by the melancholy tidings of our loss of James William Wallack, Jr., who died on May 24, 1873, on his homeward journey from the South. Mr. Wallack was a man of such simple character, so lovely in nature, so winning in his wholesome, hearty, rugged manner, so genuine in ability, so free from artifice and affectation, so kind, wise, and patient, and withal so sadly-cheerful and gentle, in the dreamily imaginative mood in which habitually he lived, that his presence in the world made life sweeter to those who enjoyed his companionship, dignifying its objects and its labors, and shedding over all a restful influence which now they will drearily miss. He impressed all persons with the reality of his goodness not less than his talents, and especially with the unique generosity of his character. "My old Newfoundland," his uncle—the father of Lester Wallack, and for whom he was named—used to call him; and, indeed, to the last his presence never failed to inspire that mingled affection and trust with which one regards a grand Newfoundland—ennobled, of course, with intellectual sympathy and manly respect. It is hard to think of him as dead—hard to think that the kind eyes will twinkle no more with quiet mirth; that the strong hand will never give the grasp of friendship; that the breezy laugh will never gladden again. The stage has few such actors as he was,

fewer still of such men, to manifest its power and to wear the laurels of its fair renown.

His history as an actor extends over nearly the whole of his life, and yet it may be told in a few words. He was born on the 24th of February, 1818, in London, being the son of Henry John Wallack, the famous *Squire Broadlands* of an earlier generation [who died in New York on August 30, 1870, aged 80]. When about four years old he was carried upon the stage as *Cora's Child*, in "Pizarro," at the Chestnut-Street Theater, Philadelphia, and thereafter his childhood and youth were passed in the atmosphere of the footlights and in preparation for the actor's career. In the season of 1838-39 he came out at his uncle's theater, the National, in New York, and there he acquired, after some time and after surmounting many obstacles, a good rank and a measure of popularity. At the first he was awkward and strange and it cost him much trouble and much patient effort to win his place. It was not the evanescent liking that is gained in a week of fine clothes and pretty attitudes, but when it was won it was found to be worth the winning. In 1841 he married Mrs. W. Sefton, born Miss Ann Waring, a fine actress in her day, to whom he was indebted for a constant and tender affection, a sympathy of intellect as well as heart, help and cheer in all his high ambitions, and the sum total of his worldly prudence. In the spring of 1851, after a thorough experience of the American provincial stage, he visited London and filled an engagement at the Haymarket, succeeding Macready,

by whose artistic style he was much impressed and to some extent molded for the years to follow. He played at this time the chief parts in Shakspere. He tried management for a little while in London, at the Marylebone Theater, and he experimented with an English company in Paris. In the fall of 1852 he reappeared in America at the Arch-Street Theater, Philadelphia; and for the next twenty years his name was steadily identified with the stage of the chief American cities. At one time he passed through the adventures and vicissitudes of managing and strolling in early California and the wild west; but for the most part his path ran through the cultivated fields of the more civilized drama. In 1861 he began to "star" the cities, in what was known as the Wallack-Davenport Combination. He had then made a great hit as *Fagin*, and he presently made even a greater one as *Leon de Bourbon*, in "The Man in the Iron Mask." His friend Edwin L. Davenport used to divide some of the honors with him in the expeditions that were then undertaken. A few seasons later he joined the company at his cousin's theater in New York and made a superb success as *Henry Dunbar* and a series of brilliant hits in character parts and comedy. In 1870 he was engaged at the Globe Theater in Boston, under the management of Mr. Charles Fechter; but he soon withdrew from that house, assigning his reasons for this action in an able, dignified, and pungent communication to the local press. His final appearances upon the stage were made at Booth's Theater in 1872. He began

the season on the 19th of August that year as *Mathias*, in "The Bells." The performance is remembered as a subtle study of the morbid anatomy of a haunted mind. He afterwards acted *Mercutio* and *Jacques* to Adelaide Neilson's *Juliet* and *Rosalind*, and also *Talbot, the Earl of Shrewsbury*, in Brougham's "Lily of France." Upon the withdrawal of the latter piece he was seen as *Henry Dunbar*. It was evident in these latter performances that his constitution was broken and that his powers were fading away. He withdrew from the stage and presently sought the mild climate of South Carolina. At Aiken in that State his last days were passed. His health improved. The reports from him that reached his friends were cheerful and reassuring. His letters spoke confidently of health and happiness. He had set out on his homeward journey when the inevitable hour came. He died in a sleeping-car before reaching Richmond.

Mr. Wallack had gained a considerable property, by his profession, much of it consisting of real estate at Long Branch, but, better than riches, he won respect for integrity of character, affection for many virtues, and honor in an intellectual pursuit. As an actor Mr. Wallack's range was large. He expressed to perfection the nobleness of manhood, as in his matchless performance of the impetuous *King of the Commons*; and he expressed to equal perfection the dark passions of avarice, remorse, terror, and despair. He had humor, but it was wistful and quaint or playfully thoughtful, rather than brilliant or rosy; and he shone less in comedy than in tragedy or romantic and sombre

drama. But it is more upon the man than the actor that memory now reposes; and as I think of him the ocean sobs upon the shore, and a sweet summer wind whispers in the branches of old trees, and I see once more a smile that makes the sunshine brighter, in a home that is now desolate. To his friends remaining here "to toil and wish, and weep a little while" there is some comfort in the thought that death came as a relief to his worn and tired spirit and that he passed in tranquillity from pain to peace.*

* The funeral of J. W. Wallack, Jr., occurred at the Church of the Transfiguration, in 29th Street, N. Y.,—"the little church around the corner,"—on May 27th, at 11 A. M., and it was attended by a large concourse of friends. The service was read by the Rev. Dr. Houghton. The auditory included many members of the dramatic profession as well as numerous representatives of the other learned professions and many persons of distinguished social rank. It was noticed that this was such an assemblage of worth, talent, and renown as is unusual at the bier of an actor; and the fact was accepted as significant that Mr. Wallack enjoyed to an extraordinary extent the affectionate respect of the best minds in this community. No remarks were made by the clergyman. The remains were not viewed. A long train of mourners followed to the last resting place of the deceased, in Greenwood. The day was one of uncommon beauty and serenity and the scene at the grave was deeply affecting.



LESTER WALLACK.*

THE custom of writing autobiography is not one to be much commended. A certain strain of vanity mingles with almost every public form of artistic expression, but in most cases it is slight, harmless, and endurable. In the case of the autobiographer it is usually colossal, and the less his life contains that is worthy of record the more strenuously does he insist upon recording it. The result is that our libraries, in the present day (1889) — for of late, autobiography has been almost epidemic — absolutely teem with the frivolous chronicles of self-celebrated nobodies. Lester Wallack was not a man of that class, and in giving a welcome to his "Memories of Fifty Years" it ought to be said for him that, while he had lived a life well worthy of record, he certainly never would have made even this slight essay towards a description of it except at the urgent request of friends. These memories were extracted from him by Mr. Laurence Hutton, an able, devoted, and laborious annalist of our stage, who captured the comedian's talk with the aid of a stenographer, and who has edited and published it in this luxurious and handsome volume. Mr. Wallack valued thoughtful and competent appreciation, but he did not entertain

* "Memories of Fifty Years," by Lester Wallack. With an introduction by Laurence Hutton. Illustrated with seventy-four portraits and fac-similes. Printed at the De Vinne Press. pp. 190. Charles Scribner's Sons.

an exalted opinion of the average popular intelligence, and, left to himself, he was about the last man in the world who would have thought of accosting that intelligence with a narrative of his life and adventures. It is nevertheless well that he was persuaded to do so, and indeed the only regret that the reader of this book will feel is a regret that the comedian did not begin his literary chronicle before his spirits and faculties had been in any way dejected by age and illness and that he did not live to complete it. That the work was begun too late is apparent in the somewhat frail character of its substance. It is furthermore a fragment. While however it may not be regarded as an entirely adequate memorial of Lester Wallack,—a comprehensive, ample, and conclusive life,—it is nevertheless a book that must endear itself to many readers, and must take its place among standard theatrical works, because it is a relic of a man who was exceedingly brilliant in the art of acting and was interesting and lovable in his personal character. Mr. Hutton certainly has done the literary world a signal service in obtaining and providing such a relic for its enjoyment and preservation ; and it should be added that he has shown excellent discretion and taste in his treatment of it. The biographical sketch of Mr. Wallack, with which he has introduced the eight chapters of reminiscence, anecdote, and comment, would perhaps have been more effective for a thoughtful analysis of Mr. Wallack's acting, and for some infusion of warmth and color in a delineation of his personality ; but the writer has preferred to be

severely methodical and reticent: his chronicle is correct, and with the excellent virtue of accuracy he is content. The surface facts of the comedian's career are stated in eighteen pages of clear, crisp, concise narrative. A full alphabetical list of the parts that Mr. Wallack acted — 291 in number — is given in an appendix, and the work is rounded with a thorough index. The profusion of illustrations — many of them unique, all of them interesting, and most of them good — enhances the value of the volume. The tone of the preface is tender and graceful. "The warmth and the brightness of the narration," says Mr. Hutton, "have been preserved, but the accents, the modulations, the gestures, and the expression — a very great part if not the best part of his talk — the open chimney has received and dispersed forever."

A suggestion of the characteristic charm of Lester Wallack's personality is conveyed in this sentence, and especially it is conveyed to those who knew him well. He was essentially piquant and picturesque, and down to the very last of suffering and decline his manner never lost the high-bred distinction, the courtly grace, the airy vivacity, the whimsical humor, and the sweet kindness which were his essential attributes. He was not a representative man of our times. He held indeed a prominent position and both as a theatrical manager and a social leader he was active and popular; but he always seemed to be far less the practical American citizen of to-day than the gay and gallant Englishman of the Regency — in which he was born and reared. His father was an

English gentleman, his mother an Irish lady; his birth here, in New York, was an accident of travel; his childhood and youth were passed in England and in Ireland; and essentially he never ceased to be a cavalier of the old world and a gentleman of the old school. His ancestors for two generations were actors, and on his mother's side he was the grandson of the brilliant Irish comedian Jack Johnstone. His paternal grandmother was an actress in the company of Garrick. From these progenitors he had inherited uncommon sensibility and sprightliness of temperament, peculiar lucidity and animation of mind, and a delightful elasticity and dash of manner. That extraordinary capacity which his famous father possessed, of filling the scene with splendid pomp of demeanor and glittering celerity of movement, re-appeared to some extent in him, and it was blended with the traits of romance, elegance, and fancy. The spirit of the characters that he habitually embodied, after he became an actor, intensified in him those picturesque attributes, that nobility of bearing, and that romantic charm which was the union of piquancy, ardor, and grace. Such an individuality, richly endowed by nature and favored by circumstance, could not fail to have a bright career, to fill an eminent place in society, and to crystallize around itself many interesting experiences, incidents, and persons. If Lester Wallack had written his own life fully and thoroughly, and had written it before his enthusiasm began to be cooled by the perception that the new age was pushing him aside, it must have been a vital and sparkling nar-

rative; for it would have described the progress of dramatic art and of the theater through half a century of vicissitude and labor, and it would have glittered and throbbed with the living images of the many lovely and brilliant women and rare and fascinating men who were his contemporaries and friends. Such a narrative can only be produced by the strenuous labor of a vigorous mind, working in its full maturity and with full command of the implements of literary art. The treasures of thought, the complexities of character, the romances of real life, the realities of genius and renown—these things cannot be gathered and arranged and wrought into literature through the medium of careless after-dinner talk. The reminiscent fireside conversation of an elderly gentleman is sometimes exceedingly entertaining when it is heard; but it may prove to be fragile and rather colorless when it is printed. The word that Lester Wallack left will be highly prized, partly for what it says; but it will be cherished far more dearly because he said it.

John Johnstone Wallack was born in New York on January 1, 1820, and he died at Stamford, Connecticut, on September 6, 1888. His first appearance on the stage, aside from his boyish efforts in private theatricals, was made when he was about nineteen, in the part of *Angelo*, in N. P. Willis's play of "Tortesa the Usurer." His stage name at that time was Allan Field and he acted in association with his father, in a tour of certain English provincial theatres, appearing not only as *Angelo* but as *Macduff* and *Richmond*. Later he assumed the name of Mr. Lester, and came out at Rochester,

England, as the *Earl of Rochester*, in John Howard Payne's comedy of *Charles the Second*; and as Mr. Lester he then performed in various English cities and for two seasons in Dublin. Once, while in Manchester, he played *Benedick* with Helen Faucit as *Beatrice*, and he played *Mercutio* with Charlotte Cushman as *Romeo* and Susan Cushman as *Juliet*—and he records that Charlotte Cushman said to him, “Young gentleman, there is a great future before you.” (It could not very well have been behind.) His first appearance in London was made on November 26, 1846, at the Haymarket, where he seems to have been sacrificed by Benjamin Webster—who brought him out in a poor part and finished him off by casting him for *Dazzle*, which had been played by Charles Mathews, and by forcing him into contrast with such local favorites as Farren and Buckstone. At the Haymarket he was found by George H. Barrett, who engaged him for the Broadway Theater in New York, and at that house he appeared—making his first professional step in America—on September 27, 1847, as *Sir Charles Coldstream*, in “Used Up.” From that night onward he was identified with the American stage. In 1850 he was a member of Burton's company. He joined Wallack's Theater—his father's house—in 1852, and he inherited it and became its manager when his father died, on Christmas day, 1864; and he conducted it until October, 1887—very nearly the end of his days. Wallack's Theater was opened in Broadway, near Broome Street, September 8, 1852; in

Broadway, near 13th Street, September 25, 1861; and in Broadway, at the north-east corner of 30th Street, on January 4, 1882 — where, under the name of Palmer's Theater, it now stands. Mr. Wallack's last appearance on his own stage was made on May 1, 1886, as *De Ligny*, in "The Captain of the Watch." His last appearance as an actor was made as *Marlowe* in "She Stoops to Conquer," on May 29, 1886, at the Grand Opera House. He was seen for the last time by the public on the occasion of the memorable performance of "Hamlet" that was given for his benefit by Edwin Booth and associate actors of high rank at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on May 21, 1888. The last sentence that he ever uttered to an audience was: "With these few sincere words I bid you a respectful good-night, and leave the stage to *Hamlet* and to you." His grave is at Woodlawn.

With the help of Mr. Hutton's clear and minute introduction and instructive and valuable appendix the reader of these Memories will obtain a distinct epitome of Lester Wallack's life. In one chapter, the seventh, he will find an interesting account of the comedian's method of study. All along the line of the narrative he will come upon theatrical anecdotes of more or less point and value. At rare intervals he will be pleased with a statement of novel fact, and now and then with a felicitous descriptive phrase or a suggestive trait of character. "William Farren," says Mr. Wallack, "was the greatest old man comedian I ever saw:" he omits to add that off the stage he was a marvel of ponderous dullness. Mention is made of "Mrs. Nisbett's tall,

lovely figure, her baby face, her silvery laugh," and Mrs. Nisbett is described as "one of the most glorious actresses that ever walked the stage." This lady, the daughter of Captain Macnamara, was said to be the original of Thackeray's *Miss Fotheringay*, in "Pendennis." Helen Faucit is called "one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage." The grand figure of Thackeray once or twice appears in the story, and a glimpse is afforded of Lester Wallack and George William Curtis as the singers of a duet—"Drink to me only with thine eyes"—at a supper party with William Duer Robinson and the great novelist and the elder Wallack at a lodging in Houston Street. Many distinguished names come to the surface, but it is singular that they are scarcely ever accompanied by even the slightest characterization of the persons who bore them. It was however a peculiarity of the Wallacks, both father and son, that with the exception of the Duke of Wellington nobody ever appeared remarkable in their eyes or made a very striking impression upon their minds. They were actors of splendid abilities and they were charming companions, but they seldom kindled as to other people. Lester Wallack was, indeed, a little enthusiastic about Macready and perhaps about Charles Mathews; he felt a special pride in the fact that his own acting was considered, by that exquisite actor, to be a blending of the Mathews style with the style of the elder Wallack. He particularly admired Tyrone Power, who in early life was his model. Of the Duke of Wellington he never

faltered in praise, and it is not a surprise to find him, in this memorial, declaring that "the Duke of Wellington was exactly my father's height, five feet, eight and a half inches in his stockings." But up to the time when his reminiscent pen dropped from his hand he certainly had not been lavish of description or celebration of any of his contemporaries. His father knew Lord Byron and had many recollections of that great poet and of the circle of intellectual men to which he belonged; but no reference to the subject appears in this book. He himself knew Forrest, Hamblin, Burke, Blake, Davenport, Booth, and many other worthies of the American stage; but many whom he knew are not mentioned at all, and of those who are mentioned scarcely one is portrayed. In fact the reader who looks for any reflection of Lester Wallack's times, or even for anything like an adequate intellectual portraiture of Lester Wallack himself, will read these pages in vain. The book is a fragment and a relic, precious but also melancholy.

In a few points the record is inaccurate. Mr. Sothern as *Dundreary* did not eclipse Mr. Jefferson as *Asa Trenchard*, in Laura Keene's production of "Our American Cousin." A. H. Davenport's administration of the whip to Charles Mathews did not take place just outside the stage door of the Metropolitan (Winter Garden) Theater, but in Broadway, on the east side, opposite to the New York hotel. And Mr. Wallack was mistaken in thinking himself the possessor of the manuscript of the farewell speech that Charles Mathews delivered at his theater, on

taking his final leave of the American stage — because that document was, on the night of its delivery, given by Mr. Mathews to the present writer, who still possesses it. There is a reference to the subject of John Brougham's alleged or pretended share in the composition of "London Assurance." "John," says Mr. Wallack, "was far less officious in the matter than his friends were." How far the officiousness of his friends extended is not now material; nor is the question itself material; but the present writer possesses, in John Brougham's own handwriting, the following statement: "Wrote 'London Assurance' in conjunction with Boucicault, who claimed the entire authorship, according to his usual ungenerousness. Had to bring an action against D. B., whose legal adviser suggested payment of half the purchase money rather than conduct so damaging a case." If injustice was ever shown towards Dion Boucicault in this matter it was John Brougham and nobody else that was responsible for it. Mr. Wallack's comments on the subject leave it just where he found it. Dr. Johnson's characteristic remark probably covers the case: "Sir, the Irish are a fair people; no Irishman ever speaks well of another." Among the embellishments of this volume the principal portrait of Lester Wallack, done on India paper, is wonderfully like, and is really a beautiful piece of artistic work. In this picture he lives again. The fine, piercing dark eyes, the heavy arched eyebrows, the symmetrical, compact head, the clear-cut, slightly aquiline, aristocratic features, the fine complexion naturally pale

but sometimes bronzed with sun and wind, the heavy almost military mustache, the close curling gray hair, the trim erect figure—they are all here. It only needs the elastic step, the graceful bearing, the kindling smile, and the clear silvery tone of greeting to make his familiar presence live again and so to call back (what, alas, can never come):

“The touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”



ARTEMUS WARD.

(C. F. BROWNE.)

Men who meet around the grave of one whom they love meet with tender hearts and tearful eyes, and so the workers in literature and art have met around the grave of Artemus Ward. In the course of a brief career he won what is better than distinction—though that too is a part of his triumph—he won affection. Not only is his name a household word to readers of English; it is a name that those who knew him well must always remember with love and sorrow. As I read the mournful and touching tributes to his memory that appear in the English newspapers, and note how strong a hold he has taken upon the

hearts of their writers, my thoughts revert to the time when he first came to New York, as a journalist, and to his every-day life among the writers and actors and artists of that time. It was late in 1860 when he came, and he was then comparatively unknown. His Artemus Ward articles were indeed floating about in the newspapers of the country; but they had brought him little fame and less money. He took a place on "*Vanity Fair*" and from that moment his progress to success encountered no obstacle that it did not surmount. His quaintness of appearance and his merry manners won the regard of the young journalists into whose society he naturally drifted. One instance of how he drifted thither is significant. That was the period when certain young writers, most of whom have since died, were called "*Bohemians*." They met for dinner at one of the Broadway restaurants where a table was especially reserved for them; and there one evening came Artemus Ward,—a stranger to most of the persons assembled,—and brought with him an acquaintance, to whom he said with cordial and gleeful hospitality: "Don't you be afraid. You're in good company. These are *Bohemians* here. Don't you know what *Bohemians* are? A *Bohemian* is an educated horse-thief." . . . And so he rattled on, with a good nature that nothing could dampen and that made him welcome to everybody.

The scope of his acquaintanceship rapidly widened in after days, and as he became better known interest deepened into affection. The success of his public life was due to the same causes that made him so

charming in private. He was a humorist, a man of the kindest heart, and he was always natural. Seeing him once you saw him always. He had no rostrum robes, no dresses for gala-days and state occasions. A kind-hearted jester, content to wear his cap and bells, an affectionate friend, a man who, if he ever took the trouble to think about the matter at all, held himself as one of the humblest laborers in the literary avocation — such was Artemus Ward. It is not strange that he inspired affection. The world, as Thackeray declares, is a good world to those who come to it good-naturedly and laugh with it and make merry; and this young humorist was never weary of ringing the bells of merriment. As he walked in the street he saw everything in its comical light. He would accost a respectable stranger, shake his hand fervently, remind him of early days in some far-off country town, speak of the "old folks," and describe the sorrow of "poor Aunt Hannah" at her boy's coming to the "wild and whirling" metropolis, and advise the astounded stranger to return at once to home and virtue. "All will be forgiven, John," he would exclaim, "and all forgotten. Take my advice, and go back." The writer of these lines went with him to his hotel, very late one night, and a waiter was called, with a view to refreshment. "James," the humorist said, "has the proprietor of this hotel gone to bed?" "Yes, sir." "Then, James, will you go to him and wake him up, and tell him, with my sincere regards, that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance." Such trifling incidents show the habit of his mind. He was always straying into ludicrous words

and actions. One of his most intimate friends was the comedian Setchell, himself "a fellow of infinite jest," and himself also gone hence across the dark river of death. These two drove together through one of the New England States, one summer month, sporting with the rural residents whenever encountered,—Browne driving their wagon and Setchell, bound hand and foot, as a dangerous lunatic, lying in the bottom of it. The record of that month can never be known, but such stories as have been told of it show that it was one of the merriest of jovial times. On another occasion these two humorists, assuming to be "store-keepers" from "up the river," went to Barnum's Museum and consulted a phrenologist who was then at that place, and who—ignorant of their identity, but bounteously responsive to their questions—told Artemus Ward that he might possibly understand a joke but could never make one, and told Setchell to "stick to the store" and give up all idea of going upon the stage. One can fancy these wags strolling thus along the highway of life and turning everything into mirth. The skies were blue and the roses bloomed and they went out of life with the echoes of happy laughter ringing in their ears.

It is not surprising that Artemus Ward won reputation in England. He was a new kind of man to that country. He took a new view of everything he saw. He was not bookish. He had no models. He could go to the Tower and look at the Traitor's Gate and remark that "at least twenty traitors might go in abreast." And he talked thus about everything that

he talked of at all. The originality of his humor was sure to fascinate. But his best conquest, there as at home, was that of good and kind hearts: and that victory he owed to his innate goodness—genuine, unpretentious, always alert, and drawing to himself a steady, natural current of human sympathy. Americans, as Mr. Moncure D. Conway truly said, at the funeral, at Kensal Green Cemetery [his remains were first buried there but afterwards brought home and laid at rest in his native place], will never forget the true and tender feeling that was manifested toward Artemus Ward in his last days by his English friends. It is a consolation to think that so much kindness was shown, in so delicate a way, to the stranger dying in a strange land. It is a consolation also to read the eulogiums upon him in the English papers. One can see that warm hearts beat beneath the words. One of those tributes, published in the London "Spectator," is touchingly expressive :

" Is he gone to a land of no laughter,
This man that made mirth for us all?
Proves death but a silence hereafter
From the sounds that delight or appal?
Once closed, have the lips no more duty,
No more pleasure the exquisite ears,
Has the heart done o'erflowing with beauty,
As the eyes have with tears ?

Nay, if aught be sure what can be surer
Than that Earth's good decays not with Earth?
And of all the heart's springs none are purer
Than the springs of the fountains of mirth.

He that sounds them has pierced the heart's hollows,
The places where tears are and sleep;
For the foam flakes that dance in life's shallows
Are wrung from life's deep.

He came, with a heart full of gladness,
From the glad-hearted world of the West;
Won our laughter, but not with mere madness,
Spake and joked with us, not in mere jest;
For the Man in our hearts lingered after,
When the merriment died from our ears,
And those that were loudest in laughter
Are silent in tears."



CHARLES WAVERLEY.

CHARLES WAVERLEY, who for several seasons was connected with Mr. Jefferson's company died in London in August, 1883, of typhoid fever. Mr. Waverley acted *Sir Lucius O'Trigger* in Mr. Jefferson's revival of "The Rivals," and *Derrick Van Beekman* in "Rip Van Winkle." He was a careful, conscientious, refined actor, possessed of keen perceptions as to character and a useful and pleasing sense of humor, which while it did not amount to a faculty yet invested portions of his acting with a droll and charming playfulness. Mr. Waverley was amiable, gentle, modest, and sympathetic, cheerful in disposition and of steadfast virtues and principles. He was heartily liked.

BARNEY WILLIAMS.

TO those who knew him, if not to the public mind in general, the news of the death of Barney Williams came with a shock. He had long been conspicuous on the stage. His vital presence had grown to be very familiar. He was like some immemorial usage. He had filled so considerable a space in that theatrical life which enters so largely into our social experience and enjoyment that he had become a part of every day. No playgoer dreamed of doing without him. Nobody thought of being suddenly called to part with him. He was an institution; and we took it for granted that he would last our time. That was yesterday. To-day he is dead. He was only a player of Irish peasants; he was never accounted a great actor; his name was never written with those of Liston, Reeves, Burton, and Power; yet he did a very important work in his little world; and now that he has gone the way that we have to travel will seem longer and duller to many of us who have walked within the sound of his cheery voice and the light of his kind smile. That voice is hushed; that smile is frozen on his still face. That fountain of harmless pleasantry and innocent frolic is dry in death.

There is probably no man whose place could not be filled. As one by one the favorites of a generation drop away the generation itself gradually fades out and the new age puts new lords upon the ancient thrones. Barney Williams however will not easily be

replaced or soon be forgotten. Time will make him — as Tyrone Power and John Drew are now — a stage legend, dim and steadily lessening. But for the present he will hold his place in memory. He had a strong and interesting individuality. He had risen from almost nothing, by dint of this, and he had impressed himself strongly on his time. He had gained, first popularity, then reputation, then distinctive professional rank, and all the while he had grown in social esteem, position, and consequence, and likewise in wealth. He had asserted himself, moreover, through the medium of an art in which no one ever really succeeds, as he did, without brains, study, and energetic cultivation of the better elements of character. It was a little thing, perhaps, to personate an Irish peasant; but he did it thoroughly well; and in the doing of it he was able to pour forth, through that simple medium, a power of personal allurement and humor which captivated human sympathy in a manner for which the stuffed stick and the black bottle could never account. His materials may have been common; he may have wrought with hackneyed types; but when he spoke of the shamrock you could smell its perfume, and his bright Irish drollery and sweet Irish sentiment have brought the sunshine and the dew into the eyes of thousands of his countrymen.

Judges of man who try to write the inventory of the attributes of a human being attempt more than they can perform. "The best of what we do and are," exclaims the poet Wordsworth, "just God forgive!" Barney Williams doubtless had defects of

nature and made errors of conduct. He was a conqueror of many obstacles in the more sordid business of life. He was but imperfectly educated. He was called to bear the great trials to which vanity and sensitive ambition and poverty are subjected in the profession of the stage. He had prejudices, animosities, and some quarrels. But he was a man of whom it can truly be said that his heart was in the right place. Had it been otherwise he could never have succeeded in the peculiar line of artistic portraiture that he followed so well. There was a look in his face which won kindness and there was a ring in his voice which awoke generous impulse. Neither narrowness in particular directions nor any crotchet could stand in the way of this manly warmth and honest force. His acting, seldom notable for detail work, was mainly made appreciable through this means. It presented his individuality in masses. It revealed—to the heart as well as the eyes—a little, compact, bright Irishman, impulsive, sagacious, full of animal spirits, loving liberty, hating restraint, aware of the sweetness of youthful love, keenly alive to all that is venerable in age and sacred in patriotism, and reveling in mischievous capacity to vault from the leaden dullness to the rosy and roguish intelligence of the true son of Erin. It showed a kind heart, a bright mind, a ready wit, the natural capacity to glide into various moods of feeling and sets of circumstance, trained skill, virtuous humanity, and an aggregate of personal peculiarities—unique and potent—that awakened sympathy, kept attention, and commanded respect.

Barney Williams had been upon the stage for forty years. He began as a supernumerary. He was connected with the Franklin Theater as long ago as 1836, and he had not been ten years on the stage before he became a favorite. His own oral narrative of his early experience and of his long connection with the stage was full of amusing anecdote and instruction. He passed through a rough ordeal and presumably it did him good—for he rose rapidly and he rose upon his own merits and not upon the ruins of others. In 1845 he was the manager of the Vauxhall Garden in the Bowery. In the same year he acted at the National. He was married on November 29, 1850, to Maria Pray, then the widow of Charles Mestayer—with whom his life was happy, to whom he was devoted with a love entirely noble and chivalrous, and who, with one child, a daughter, survives to mourn him. In 1854 he visited California, accompanied by Mrs. Williams, and in the next year they were in England, at the London Adelphi. “The Irish Boy and the Yankee Gal” had now become famous and their structure of repute and fortune grew steadily from that time. In the autumn of 1859 Mr. and Mrs. Williams acted with success at Niblo’s Garden, reappearing after their return from England. Their career after that flowed in the open daylight of almost continual public observation. They acted together in all the important cities of the United States. For two or three seasons ending in the Autumn of 1869 Mr. Williams managed the Broadway Theater (first Brougham’s Lyceum and then Wallack’s). There “Caste” was first

acted and there Mr. Williams brought out Brougham's imaginative, romantic drama of "The Emerald Ring," in which he had the chief part. With this play, with "The Connie Soogah,"—by Mr. Charles Gayler, produced at Niblo's in 1864,—and with "The Fairy Circle," the names of these actors must long be associated. One of the most essentially representative scenes that they ever acted (and their action of it ranks with the best drollery that ever art caused dramatic circumstances to elicit from character upon the stage) was that passage in "The Fairy Circle" which presents *Con O'Carolan* trying to explain to his attentive but exasperating wife the legal facts as to "old Blake's will." Comic perplexity was the essence of this, and it was as exquisitely natural, in their expression of it, as the perfume of a flower. Among the other plays with which Barney Williams associated his labors and often his brilliant success were "Rory O'More," "Barney the Baron," "The Irish Lion," "Born to Good Luck," and "The Shamrock." He appeared in many different parts but he acted only one character under different names. He was the ranting and the roving blade of old Ireland. He wore the marvelous bad hat and twirled the blackthorn; he sung "Welcome all" till the roof-tree rang; and he capered with all the vim and endurance of that irrepressible saltatory female in the song who "danced till the string of her petticoat broke."

Mr. and Mrs. Williams made a trip to Ireland toward the end of his career and acted in Dublin and elsewhere, in "The Connie Soogah," with their usual

success; but Mr. Williams had been in gradually breaking health for some time and his later performances were intermittent and feeble. His last appearances on the New York stage were made at Booth's Theater in December in "The Connie Soogah" and "The Fairy Circle." On Christmas night, 1875, he took the farewell which was destined to be the long and last. He was to have appeared at the Boston Theater on the 13th of March, but he was suddenly afflicted with pneumonia and had to pause. From this sickness he recovered; but disease of the brain, which had twice before threatened in strokes of paralysis, renewed its attack, and under this baleful enemy he sunk and expired at about noon of April 25, 1876, in the fifty-third year of his age.

And so he fades away from this weary, working world! Poor, merry, innocent Barney! He helped to brighten many a care-worn hour; and, though the thought of him may be sad it will have its brightness. In the hearts—and they are many—to which he found his way his image will often arise, with the old smile, and the blue eyes that twinkled with fun, and the pale, grave, earnest face, and the tufted dark hair, and the slender, beautiful hands, and the trim little figure, as daintily dressed as ever Tom Moore was in his gayest days. And as often as it rises will come the thought—

"He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear—but when he died."

ZAVARR WILMSHURST.

THE death of Zavarr Wilmshurst, which occurred on Thursday, December 27, 1887, at No. 70 State Street, Brooklyn, removed from the business world a gentleman who for many years had been conspicuous as a writer and an editor in that department of the press which is devoted to insurance; and it removed from the literary world a figure that was interesting in days now far distant and about which still lingered a reminiscent charm. The real name of Mr. Wilmshurst was William Bennett, but in early manhood he obtained a legal change of name and adopted the designation under which he lived and died. He was born in England in 1824 and in his youth was one of the literary vassals who clustered, in her later days, about the celebrated Countess of Blessington. At that time he wrote many verses and stories and attracted attention by making a careful poetic translation of some of the more important of the Norse poems. At a later period he became a clergyman and preached for several years, his sermons being noted for fervent piety, broad humanity of feeling, and vigorous eloquence.

On coming to America he devoted his talents to miscellaneous literature and published two collections of his poems. He became connected with the New York press and was an editorial writer for a weekly newspaper called "The Atlas"—now extinct. He also wrote for the stage, producing, among other

plays, a drama on the subject of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" (with the consent of Nathaniel Hawthorne) and a tragedy entitled "Nitocris." He had a strong leaning towards the dramatic profession and he came forward on the New York stage at an incidental performance at Wallack's Theater (the Broome-Street and Broadway house), when he played *Clifford*, in "The Hunchback." On the death of Theodore Hagen [well known in his day as an authoritative writer on music, who died at 304 West 14th Street, N. Y., on December 26, 1871], he became editor of "The New York Weekly Review." He was associated editorially with "The Insurance Monitor" and "The Insurance Times." In 1874 a collection of his poetical writings, called "The Winter of the Heart and other Poems," was published. In the latter part of his life he contributed to periodical literature, chiefly short stories and religious poetry. Some of his hymns are favorites. Mr. Wilmshurst professed the Swedenborgian faith. He was an excellent scholar, particularly in languages, and he wrote well upon subjects connected with German poetry and the German stage. He was admirable for dignity of character, integrity of principle, enthusiastic labor in good works, active charity, and gentleness of heart and life.



FRANK WOOD.

FRANK WOOD, well known in New York journalism, died at Haverstraw, N. Y., on March 26, 1864, aged twenty-three. His career as a writer began about 1858, in one of the publications of Frank Leslie. He subsequently became the editor of "Vanity Fair" and one of the contributors to the "Saturday Press"; and he wrote in the "Leader" a series of sketches of the Pulpit Orators of New York. Later and just before South Carolina left the Union he resided at Charleston as correspondent for "The New York World." On his return he delivered a lecture entitled "Down South in Secession Times," edited a daily paper in Brooklyn, wrote theatrical criticisms for the "Illustrated News," and during about six months was night editor of the "Journal of Commerce." For a time he discharged the duties of dramatic critic for "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times." He was the translator of Michelet's "L'Amour," although the translation, published by Carlton, purported to be the work of Dr. J. W. Palmer; and he wrote for the stage his burlesque of "Leah the Forsook" and a burlesque called "The Statue Bride," and he was one of the adaptors of "Taming a Butterfly." As a writer he was clear, vigorous, often humorous, always manly and truthful. As a man he met frankness with frankness and did his duty faithfully and gained true friends. His faults were those of youth. He was taken away in the spring of life and the promise of his young days

is a sad as well as a sweet memory. He had planned many literary tasks—never to be fulfilled. His grave is at Auburn, N. Y., where he was born.



A. W. YOUNG.

A. W. YOUNG, long a member of Wallack's theatrical company, died in London in April, 1876. This actor first became known on the New York stage in 1856 at the National Theater. He played *Jem Baggs*, *Launcelot Gobbo*, and kindred parts. He was singular for the drollery of his grave countenance and enjoyable for his distinctness and involuntary quaintness. Among the parts in which he is remembered are *Alain*, *Diggory*, *Mr. Meanley*, *Robert Crutch*, *Plethora*, *Squire Richard*, *Henry Dove*, *Sparrow*, *Vattel*, *Brouillard*, and the Dutch lover of *Pocahontas*, in respectively "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Bosom Friends," "Speed the Plough," "Secrets Worth Knowing," "The Provoked Husband," "Married Life," "The Country Squire," "My Noble Son-in-Law," "The Wife's Secret," and "Pocahontas." The mention of these indicates his versatility. Mr. Young claimed to be descended from Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts." He was a studious man and took especial

pleasure in the French language and literature. He was the adapter of "La Famille Benoiton," brought out at Wallack's under the name of "The Fast Family." He played exceedingly well the stage Frenchmen who speak broken English. He went to London about 1876 and but for a single visit to the United States—when he came with Mrs. John Wood and acted at Niblo's Garden—he thereafter remained a stranger to the American stage. In person Mr. Young was small; in aspect very serious; in character intensely English; in art as French as it is possible for an Englishman to be. He held a good rank with Reynolds, Mark Smith, Blake, Norton, Sefton, and Davenport, who were his companions and who preceded him across the border. Mr. Young left a widow and children, in poverty.

CONTENTS.

	<small>PAGE.</small>
ADAMS, EDWIN	1
ALEXANDER, LAURA C.....	6
	—
BATEMAN, H. L.....	7
BECKETT, HARRY.....	10
BELLEW, JOHN.....	12
BELMORE, GEORGE.....	14
BLAKE, MRS. W. R.....	18
BLAND, HUMPHREY	19
BOOTH, JUNIUS BRUTUS—THE 2D.....	20
BOOTH, MARY MCVICKER.....	24
BROUGHAM, JOHN.....	28
BRYANT, DAN	45
BURNETT, JAMES G.....	47
	—
CLARE, ADA.....	48
CLARKE, N. B.....	50
COLLINS, JOHN.....	51
CONWAY, FREDERICK B.....	52
CONWAY, MRS	54
COOKE, GEO. FREDERICK, TOMB OF.....	56
CRAIG, ROBERT H.....	58
CUSHMAN, CHARLOTTE.....	59

DAVENPORT, N. T	71
DAWISON, BOGUMIL.....	72
DEAN, JULIA.....	74
DE BAR, BENEDICT	76
DILLON, CHARLES.....	79
 FAWSITT, AMY.....	82
FECHTER, CHARLES ALBERT.....	84
FIELD, MRS. J. M	90
FLOYD, WILLIAM R	92
FORREST, EDWIN.....	94
Fox, C. K.....	126
 GANNON, MARY.....	127
GRAU, JACOB	131
 HACKETT, JAMES HENRY.....	134
HALE, CHARLES B	141
HANLEY, J. G	142
HAYES, JAMES E	144
HAWLEY, FREDERICK	145
HERON, MATILDA	148
HOLLAND, GEORGE.....	152
HORN, EPH.....	166
HOYT, ADOLPHUS DAVENPORT (Dolly Davenport). .	167
 JAMIESON, GEORGE W	169
JONES, MELINDA.....	173
JORDAN, GEORGE CLIFFORD.....	174
 KEENE, LAURA	178

LEIGH, HENRY S.....	182
MARLOWE, OWEN.....	183
MASON, CHARLES KEMBLE.....	187
MATTHEWS, JULIA.....	189
MATTHISON, ARTHUR.....	191
MCCULLOUGH, JOHN.....	193
MCDONOUGH, JOHN EDWIN.....	216
MCVICKER, FRANK H.....	217
MONTAGUE [MANN], H. J.....	218
MOWATT-RITCHIE, ANNA CORA.....	221
NEILSON, ADELAIDE.....	222
NORTON, WILLIAM HENRY.....	230
PALMER, HENRY D.....	231
PLACIDE, HENRY.....	245
PRAY, ISAAC C.....	246
PRIOR, J. J.....	247
RAYMOND, JOHN T.....	249
ROSA, EUPHROSYNE PAREPA.....	253
SETCHELL, DANIEL E.....	255
SEYMORE, CHARLES C. B.....	258
ROSE, GEORGE (Arthur Sketchley).....	261
SMITH, MARK.....	262
SMITH, SOL., THE ELDER.....	268
SMITH, WILLIAM HENRY SEDLEY.....	269
SOTHERN, EDWARD A.....	273

THORNE, MRS. C. R.	282
→ TREE, ELLEN	283
UNSWORTH, JAMES	290
VERNON, MRS	291
WALCOT, CHARLES MELTON	293
WALLACK, JAMES WILLIAM	295
WALLACK, JAMES W., JR	308
WALLACK, LESTER	313
WARD, ARTEMUS (C. F. Browne)	323
WAVERLEY, CHARLES	328
WILLIAMS, BARNEY	329
WILMSHURST, ZAVARR	335
WOOD, FRANK	337
YOUNG, A. W.	338

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